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AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SEX... LIKE YOU'VE NEVER HAD IT BEFORE

NEWS WARS INSIDE TV'S COMBAT ZONE

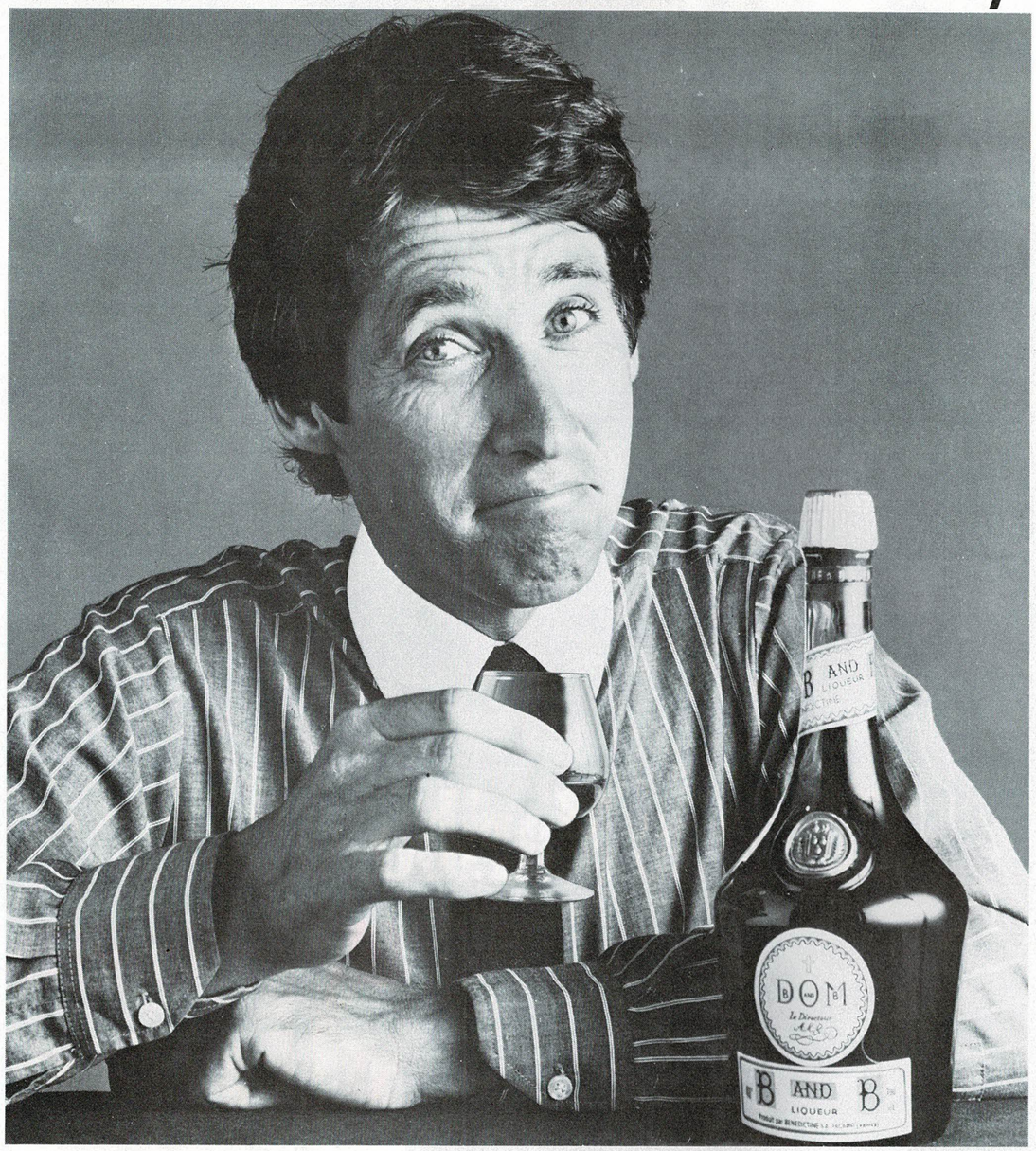
THE BIG READ A HOLIDAY BONUS OF PURE FICTION

HOT JOBS 10 ENVIABLE WAYS TO EARN A CRUST

Come to Marlboro Country.

LEO BURNETT 2-2432 CC9 79 '82

Who on earth would mix Benedictine and brandy?



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563.P.211
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PLAYBILL

THE NEW YEAR edition is the perfect time to launch Sex, a column by Australia's foremost authority on the subject, **Bettina Arndt.** As the editor of *Forum* magazine, Arndt became the most conversant psychologist in the nation on everything relating to sexual behavior. Now this eminent sexual academic has joined PLAYBOY and her monthly column is compelling.

Book sales suggest that this is the time when just about everybody likes to get into a good bit of fiction. In this month's Australian PLAYBOY, we're serving up a terrific holiday bonus in The Big Read. It's an extra ration of fiction in supplement form and highlights our commitment to fostering home-grown literary talent. We've selected five original works from fledgling Australasian writers whose fiction has not been sighted in PLAYBOY before.

You don't have to watch much television to know that news ranks pretty high in the old ratings game. In News Wars, **Chris Pritchard** looks at how the networks' commitment to be the first with the latest has placed news and current affairs programs in almost every viewing time slot and dramatically altered our ideas of entertainment. The illustration came from the drawing board of **Miles Parnell.**

Who has those jobs you dreamed about scoring while cruising through school and uni? **P.D. Jack** knows because he went in search of 10 great lurks, and in You Call It A Job? he tells us about them. **Philip Quirk** trained his camera on one of the more appealing vocations, just to add to your envy.

The artist holds a special place in white and black society. Dick Roughsey, an Aboriginal painter whose work has been fostered by white men, finds himself straddling both camps. It was a dilemma Albert Namatjira found impossible to conquer and in Man of Two Worlds, freelance writer **Robert Reid** profiles Roughsey and his struggle.

Few places in the world offer columns of newspaper ads for people wishing to move in with a bunch of complete strangers. Staffer **Steve Bunk,** intrigued by the possibilities and in need of a roof over his head, went on the sharing trail. **Chris Payne** got his foot in the door long enough to shape the artwork.

Martin O'Brien produced the best idea for a travelogue we've yet encountered: his basic idea was to screw his way around the world by buying a girl in every port; and then write a book about it. In an exclusive excerpt from *All The Girls,* O'Brien finds himself in Sydney. The illustration is by **Frants Kantor.**

Speaking of girls, we've got them in abundance this month. Our Playmate is the glorious Charlotte Kemp, photographed by **Ken Marcus.** You'll also see why photographer **Rico Mettbach** almost went overboard for sensuous shipmate Denise Newey.

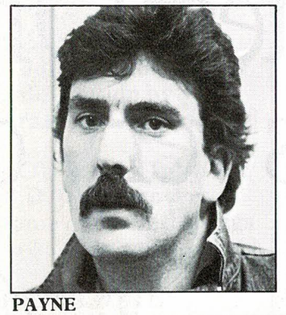
To pander further to your escapist bent, **Elisabeth King** takes a multi-hued look at the popularity revival of cocktails with samples of what the Beautiful People are drinking this summer. The art of **Steve Gorton** spotlights Celebrity Cocktails.

Open-wheeler racing has suddenly emerged as a star of Australian motor sport and the revival can be traced to the launching of the Formula Pacific series. PLAYBOY's motoring editor **Rob Luck** commandeered one of the quickest cars in the series for an exclusive road test.

Some blokes like to surf on their bums, or to be more precise, while sitting on wave skis. Associate editor **Neil Jameson** paddled on to the new wave of ski popularity to learn that seat-of-the-pants surfers will be a real force this summer. **Tony Nolan** snapped the action shot of champion ski rider, Mike Petrie.

Comedy we've got in abundance starting with the PLAYBOY Interview. It's Robin Williams, the man who made Mork, re-made Popeye and is considered one of the world's sharpest comedy acts.

Cartoonist **Gahan Wilson** profiles the Hi-Fi Hero as light relief to an interview with Akio Morita, the founding wizard of Sony and The Man Who Put Headphones On The World.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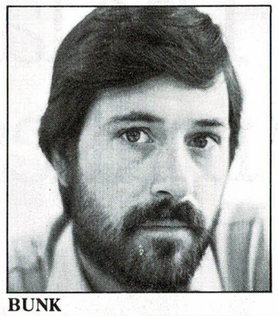
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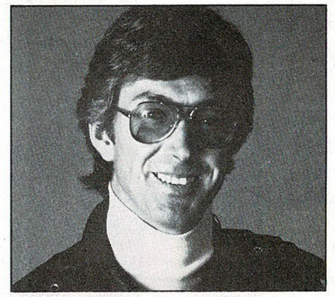
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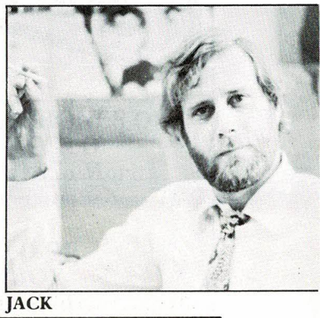
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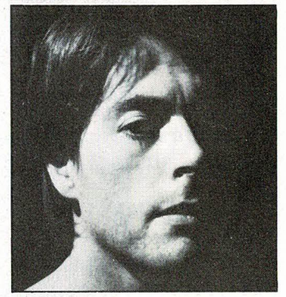
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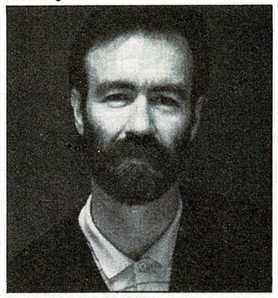
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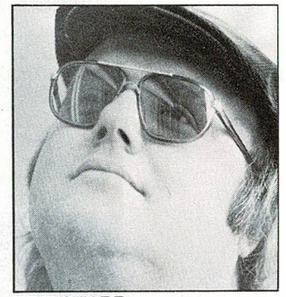
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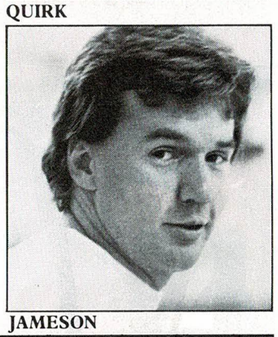
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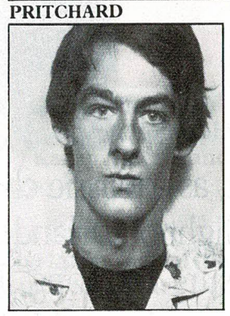
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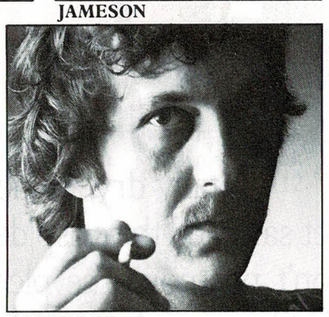
METTBACH

The latest Orlando label makes very dry reading.

Totally dry, in fact, as a classic chablis style should be. If you haven't yet sampled the crisp delight of Orlando's new chablis, may we suggest you don't postpone the pleasure too long. It's everything you'd expect in a chablis from Australia's premium white wine makers. **ORLANDO**

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AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY 1983

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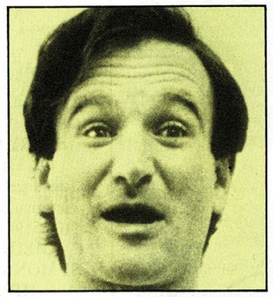

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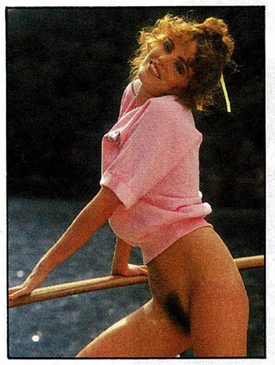

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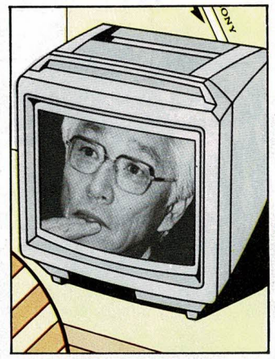

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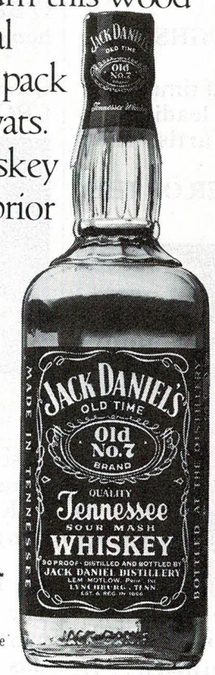

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AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

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CREDITS
Boat courtesy of Clipper's Anchorage, Akuna Bay (Pages 47-53).

DEAR PLAYBOY

address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010

VALUE FOR MONEY

I must congratulate you on the quality of your magazine. Your recent Man and Woman series was most interesting and highly enlightening.

The article on motor vehicles in your August issue was also good but I do have one complaint. You seem to have the idea that most Australians buy cars priced between 12 and 20,000 dollars. Maybe this is so, but how about doing an article on four-cylinder cars? These are usually priced below $10,000 and are more in the price-range for us younger guys!

Your magazine is the only one I buy, and while I must admit that your bunnies definitely are titillating, I am more interested in the quality and scope of your articles. Here is one area in which you really excel and thanks again for lots of interesting reading at a reasonable price.

Greg Dounton,
Brighton, Qld.

KEEP IT UP

I have just finished reading your August edition and I just had to write in and say how much I liked Dani Ruechert. I was wondering if you will be featuring her again in future editions?

As long as your centrefolds remain as exceptional as they have been lately, and the quality of the photos persists, your magazine will remain my favorite reading material.

James Brown,
Beaumaris, Vic.

TOGETHERNESS

I was impressed by the swimwear fashion photography in your November issue and found the poses of the two models on the beach very sexy. It's a good idea to feature males and females in your pages from time to time as this can be just as stimulating (if not more so) than nude females.

What do other readers think?

Chris Mayne,
Gooseberry Hill, WA.

WILLING WENCHES

I've just read your Dear Playboy page in the November issue and have come across a letter from D.M. of North Rockhampton who claims that Queensland girls are shyer and more old-fashioned than those from southern States.

When was the last time you went to the Gold Coast or to Noosa, D.M.? In my book, Queensland girls are the most attractive and willing women in the whole of Australia and you can keep your pale-skinned and stitched-up women from other States!

Daring Dave,
Hemmant, Qld.

SLIME TIME?

Your piece on Prime Time in the November issue of PLAYBOY is the funniest bloody story I've read since I don't know when. It's about time someone sent up all those ridiculous games shows and you've done it in the inimitable PLAYBOY style. Good on you!

PS: Slime Time would have been a good heading, too!

D.S. Mayo,
Hyden, WA.

BREWS FROM ABROAD

I thoroughly enjoyed your feature on beer in November PLAYBOY. I don't think too many people would argue with your winning choice of Heineken Lager.

If you ever do a similar test again, however, please try Asahi beer from Japan. This is a far superior ale to Sapporo, the only Japanese one you tested. I've just spent six months in the Land of the Rising Sun and it's definitely Asahi for me.

Drew Flintlock,
Hawker, ACT.

IN LOVE WITH LYNDA

I'm in love! Lynda Wiesmeier from your September edition is the most gorgeous creature I've ever seen. Why, dammit, wasn't she in the centrefold?

"Beautiful Dreamer", my word, and I'm having beautiful dreams about her every night!

"Sweet Dreams",
Grange, SA.

TOP INTERVIEWS

Had to write and say how knocked out I am by the great interview with Cheech and Chong which you ran in your October issue. I am continually amazed by the scope and standard of your PLAYBOY interviews and feel that these alone warrant the cover price. Yeh, that's right, even more so than the girls (who *are* dolls) and your probing features (particularly recent ones on marijuana and Sinai).

Looking forward to reading many more first-class interviews in my favorite magazine.

Gerry Frazer,
Como, WA.

SMILE!

I find great delight in looking at your PLAYBOY centrefolds and pictorials and also the World of Playboy pages (which could be given more space, I feel).

I'm as much of a voyeur as the next guy but I am more turned on by suggestive poses rather than explicit ones and this is where PLAYBOY is way ahead of the competition. The girls always look sexy, but are never displayed in an offensive way. I think, however, that they could be encouraged to smile a bit more. It's a big turn-on to know that the models are really enjoying what they're doing.

Russell Mayo,
Tottenham, Vic.

TEMPTING TETCHA

I've always believed that Filipino women are amongst the most alluring and exotic in the world and the spread on Tetcha in your September issue confirms my views.

I would like to see more Asian and South Pacific beauties in your magazine, particularly as we are geographically located in this corner of the world and the inclusion of models from such countries would be more relevant than seeing German and American girls.

And don't, of course, forget the Aussie lovelies as well. Sandi Shepherd (September) is a stunning lady but looks younger than 22, and Amanda Dole leaves me speechless!

"Buster",
Careel Bay, NSW.

SINGULAR STYLE

Your recent profile of Peter O'Toole (October, 1982) was one of the most unusual approaches to reporting about a celebrity that I ever have read. It was as if author O'Connell Driscoll deliberately decided to avoid all big issues and concentrate instead on the tiniest details of O'Toole's everyday life.

Still, I did get a feel for the wackiness and the manic energy of O'Toole that hasn't come through in other interviews or articles I've read about him. Even if it did take awhile to figure out what Driscoll's unique style was all about, I have to applaud him for a daring effort!

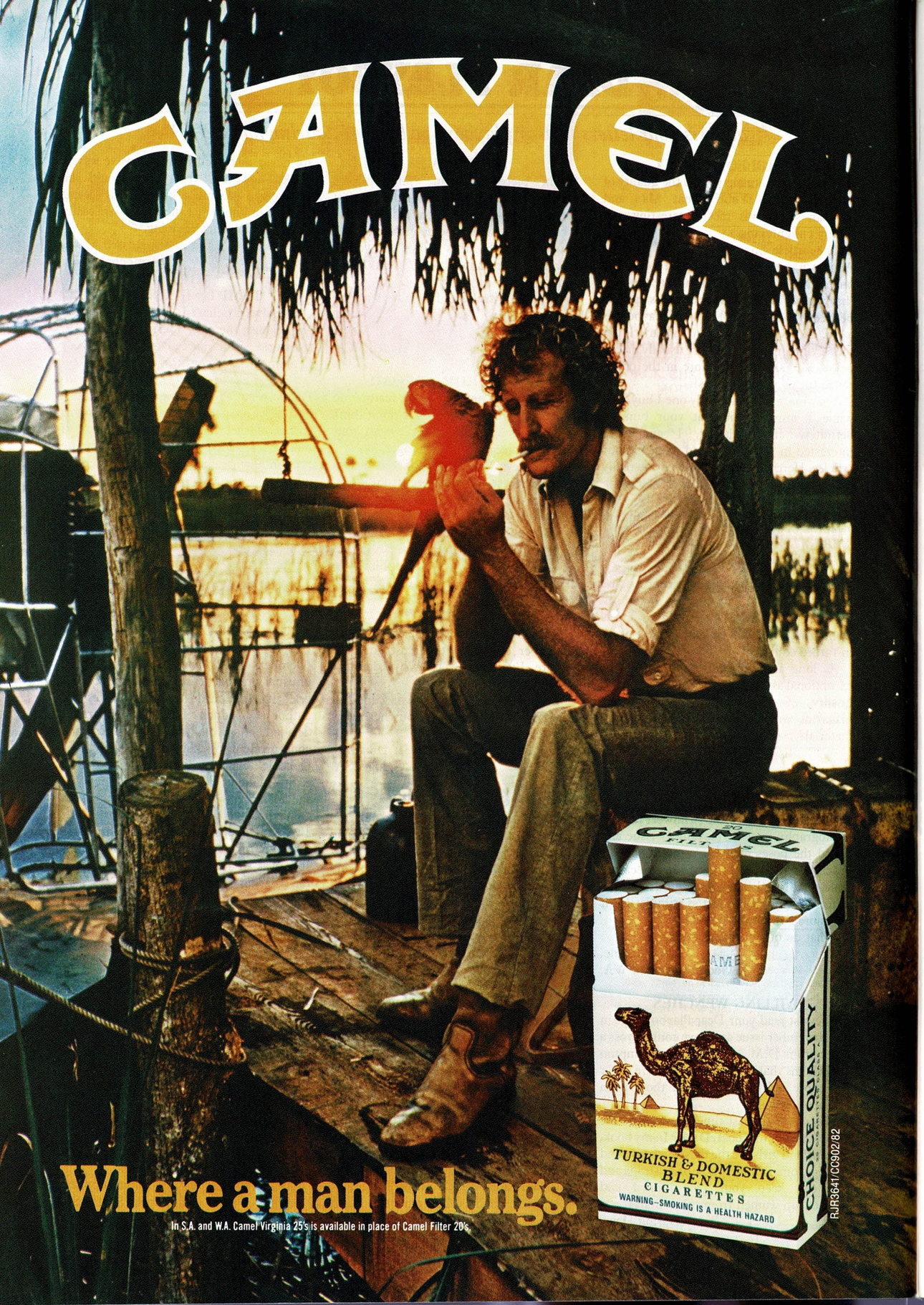
B. Gibson,
Hobart, Tas.

SPACED OUT

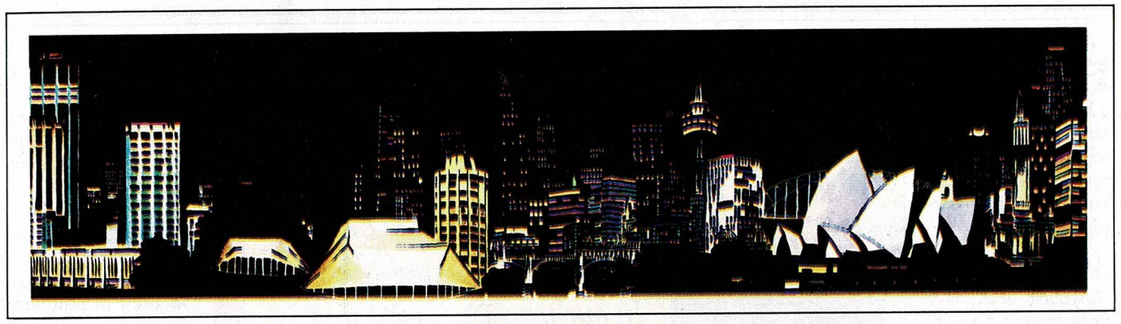
I am an avid reader (and collector) of science fiction and science fantasy, but I was thoroughly disappointed in James A. Michener's *Space* in your October magazine. Not only was it an immense bore, but it was also poorly written. Surely an author of his repute should have spent more than the 10 minutes he obviously allowed for writing a story for international publication.

Michener may be famous, but I'm sure there are a lot of other writers more capable (and more readable) in this field.

Name supplied,
Henley South, SA.



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



GOOD AS GOLD

The big go, it seems, is a Gold American Express card, which, among other things, gives the bearer access to credit up to $50,000.

Hmm. Having experienced the gap between what the advertisements say and what actually happens, we doubt whether you really can just saunter into your local bank, flash the card, sign a chit and walk out with 50 big ones. Still, you never know. Indeed, most of us *will* never know. It isn't the sort of card they'll post out in a mass mailing, is it?

DANGER-MAN

Okay, so the bloke in the powder-blue Mercedes who parked it smack bang on the edge of the main intersection in the middle of Sydney to give the chrome a bit of a shine was probably what his personalised number-plate said he was: a DEALER.

But how about the guy in the bright-red Ferrari hooning around town with his plates indicating DANGER? Maybe he's just a bad driver.

#@!*

If *turd* and *peed* are the naughtiest four-letter words you know, then you should win hands down with My Word, the newest card game from the John Sands people.

These are the only two "undesirable" four-letter word combinations which supposedly can be made in the game. My Word is played with a pack of 48 cards, each having combinations of two letters. When the cards are laid out next to each other, four-letter words can be found and points scored.

The game retails for $3.50 and its compact size makes it an ideal travelling companion. The publishers claim they'll send a compendium of games to anyone who can successfully come up with any more offending combinations (excluding "wild" cards).

GALLOPING GHOSTS

Next time you're in Alice Springs and feel like a flutter on the turf, watch out for ghosts.

The Central Australian Racing Club has been hit by some severe competition recently — the blackjack tables and roulette wheels of the local casino. Attendance at the gallops has slumped by one third since the casino opened last year. To try and lure punters back to the track (which to be honest is dirt, not turf) and away from the plush surroundings of the casino, the Racing Club has decided to reduce the number of meetings from 57 to 41 a year.

But how will this improve the gate takings?

According to Club President Les Loy there will be more starters and higher stakes with fewer races — and on days when there are no races, there will be "ghost meetings".

"We'll give the public a free day," said President Loy.

"They can use the facilities, the bookies and the bar and bet on Melbourne, Sydney or any other meeting. I think the club can provide better facilities to the ordinary punter at the racetrack."

Everything, that is, except the horses.

MUSO MALAISE

The sense of alienation and frustration in unemployed British youth that gave rise to the Brixton riots has not yet reached such explosive expressions of anger in Australia, although some social workers and psychologists say the potential is there. However, the punk and new wave music which is another manifestation of the malaise is very much alive and well and living in the suburbs, if not the record charts, and the names of the local bands give some indication of where their heads are at.

Take, for instance, the cheap wall poster that appeared around Melbourne, advertising a recent gig: "SEVEN BANDS $1 COULSON RESERVE HALL, CLIFTON HILL. VIRGINS, WANK, DEPRESSION, SPEW FORTH, YOUNG OFFENDERS, DOGS OF WAR, NEW BORN BABIES."

ASEXUAL CINEMA?

Is sex getting a raw deal in Australian films? According to some critics, the depiction of sexual relations in Aussie movies is generally both chauvinistic and dispassionate.

No less an authority than American critic Arthur Knight, writing about "Sex in Cinema" for US PLAYBOY, has complained that "women's lib barely exists there; it's a man's world, and many of the better films, from *My Brilliant Career* to *Monkey Grip*, are centered on women who have the strength and courage to break out of that conventional mode".

In a brief survey of Australian films, Knight extends kudos to Bruce Beresford's 1976 film, *Don's Party*, and to John Duigan's *Winter of Our Dreams* for their treatment of erotic themes, but he's thumbs down on Beresford's more recent *Puberty Blues*, "where the high school girls' highest aspiration is to become rooters of their favorite beach boys".

Closer to home, expatriate film critic and novelist John Baxter returned to Australia for last year's Sydney Film Festival, to lead a seminar titled, "No Sex Please — We're Australian". Baxter challenged his audience to name one Australian film that is as honest in its celebration of sexual pleasure as are, for instance, the foreign flicks *Body Heat* and *Bilitis*. Baxter may have a point there. But why, of all places, would he then stomp angrily back to. . .England?

SEX

australia's leading sexologist joins playboy

Clinical psychologist Bettina Arndt has spent the last 10 years working as a sex therapist and educator. Her long stint as editor of Forum *consolidated her position as Australia's foremost authority on sexual behavior. In our new* PLAYBOY *column, Bettina shares with us her expertise and advice on the problems, perversity and pleasures of sex.*

Have your morning-afters been a bit frosty lately? Do you have the feeling no one is likely to stand up and cheer after your next sexual performance?

Well, mate, in case you haven't realised it, Australian men have been getting a pretty bad press in the women's magazines in the past few years. Specifically, they haven't received too many bouquets for their sexual skills. Chances are your wife or girlfriend has been sitting in the hairdresser filling out one of those dreadful questionnaires: "Is your husband a lousy lover?" "Have you a sex-lazy man?"

Don't worry, this isn't going to be another assault. This is the case for the defence. Not exactly an eulogy in praise of the Australian male, but rather an attempt to point out it takes two to tango and we women haven't been perfect bed partners, either.

Much of the problem lies in our expectations. The reason you men do cop so much of the blame for what goes on in bed is that men and women are still inclined to regard sex as a male responsibility. Men are expected to initiate, to turn the woman on, to turn themselves on; to lead all the way deciding what to do when, to give her an orgasm, to produce their own orgasm. Phew! It's a hell of a load.

What's more, you are supposed to do all this without anyone telling you exactly *how* to do it. Men are expected to know all about having sex, arousing a woman, bringing her to orgasm but are given very little accurate information to prepare them for this task. From an early age, men learn that in order to be masculine they have to pretend to know it all. . .as American comedian, Bill Cosby, shows in a superb comedy skit:

"So, man, Saturday comes, and I've been thinkin' all week about this p-u-s-s-y. You know, and I'm tryin' to ask people questions about how they get some p-u-s-s-y. And I don't want guys to know that I don't know nothin' about gettin' no p-u-s-s-y. But how do you find out how to do it without blowin' the fact that you don't know how to do it? So I come up to a guy, and I say, Say, man, have you ever had any p-u-s-s-y? And the guy says, Yeah. And I say, Well, man, what's your favorite way of gettin' it? He says, Well, you know, just the regular way. And I say, Well, do you do it like I do it? And the cat says, How's that? And I say, Well, hey, I heard that there was different ways of doin' it, man. He says, Well, there's a lotta ways of doin' it, you know, but I think that. . .you know, the regular *way. . .I say,* Yeah, *good ol' regular way. . .good ol' regular way of gettin' that p-u-s-s-y."*

Cosby, aged 11 in the story, continues his ruminations on the way to the girl's house. The one thing he is sure of is that a man should know what to do.

"So now, I'm walkin', and I'm tryin' to figure out how to do it. And when I get there, the most embarrassing thing is gonna be when I have to take my pants down. See, right away, then, I'm buck naked. . .buck naked in front of this girl. Now, what happens then? Do you. . .do you just. . .I don't even know what to do. . .I'm gonna just stand there and she's gonna say, You don't know how to do it. And I'm gonna say, Yes I do, but I forgot. *I never thought of her showing me, because I'm a man and I don't want her to show me — I don't want* nobody *to show me, but I wish somebody would kinda slip me a note. . .I stopped off at a magazine stand to look and see if there were any sexy magazines about it. I mean if I wasn't going to learn how to do it, I figured there might be some pictures in there of somebody* almost *getting ready to do it. But I don't find nothing."*

Cosby arrives at the girl's house in a state of near-hysteria and avoids having sex with her. But on the way home, he struts like the world's greatest lover and boasts to his friend Rufus about the "gooooooood p-u-s-s-y" he had. When Rufus asks how he did it, he answers: "If you don't know how to do it, I ain't gonna tell you how to do it."

And so it goes. Sound familiar? Well, that's only the male side of the story.

From the female point of view, the woman knows that men think they must be experts and ought to know what to do. This makes it very hard for her to throw in a few helpful hints or tell a man that he isn't doing things quite as he should. Even a delicate little "a bit to the right" or "not quite so hard" may be taken amiss by a male who feels he is supposed to know it all.

The trouble is that when women find that what the man is trying isn't quite doing the trick, they often end up pretending it *is* because they are afraid of bruising the male ego. And here is where we make our greatest mistake. . .as the following letters illustrate:

When I met this man, he had a chip on his shoulder about his looks, women and life in general. I did tell him in the first six weeks that I had never reached a climax, but because he was not a very good lover (how could he be, he did not know anything about women — a couple of one-night stands and prostitutes), after six weeks I made him believe that he made me come to make him feel good. It did, because he changed, took life as it was, did not care anymore that he was not attractive to most women, etc, and our sex and companionship was great (I thought). I still wanted sex about five times a week and found out six months ago that he could not have it that often. Twice a week, he really enjoyed it. Why I wanted sex so often I do not know. Maybe to give the impression that I was a hot *bird, etc. What with me faking and with him still thinking he was Superman — like they say: "the easier she comes, the lazier he gets."*

I am 22, I've been married twice and soon I will have my fourth child. I have a problem — I have always faked orgasms. I fake orgasms because I don't know how to explain something to my husband that I don't really understand. The last couple of months, I have been wanting something more than just the feeling that I have satisfied my husband. His satisfaction gives me a great deal of pleasure but in all my experience with sex, this is the only fulfillment I've really known.

We are cutting our own throats. Why should a man offer a second helping or a different recipe if he thinks what he is doing is filling the bill? But the real trouble is that

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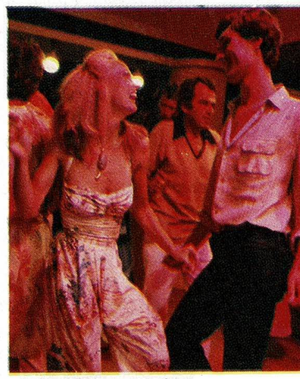

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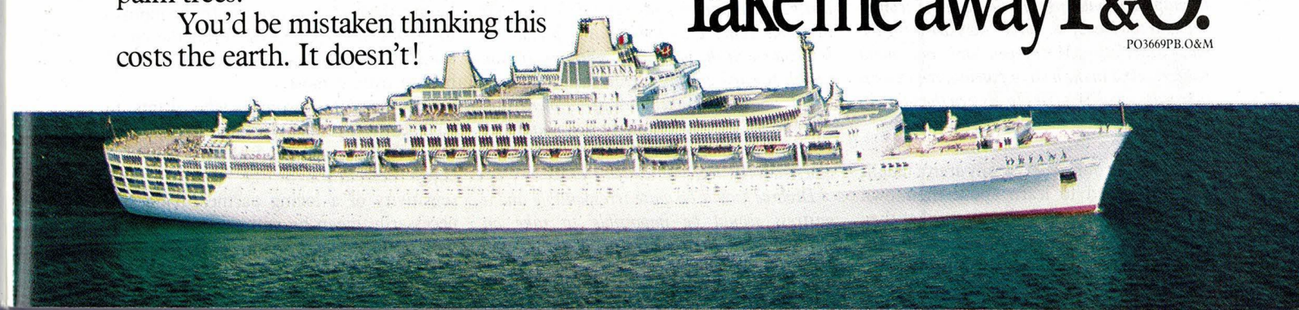


this type of dishonesty is very disconcerting for the male who *is* interested in satisfying a woman:

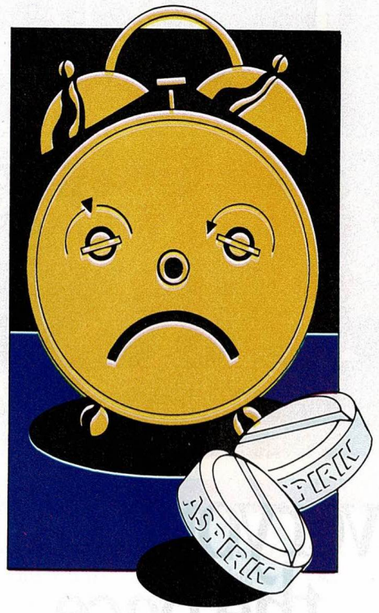
I can never tell for sure and it makes me very uneasy. I am always in doubt. I asked one woman but felt very awkward, foolish, and ignorant doing so. She seemed to give an honest reply and I believed her. But another woman felt that if men were sensitive enough, they would know. Well, goddammit, I'm doing my best to develop that sensitivity, but right now, since each woman seems to be different, it seems thoroughly baffling to me.

Over the years, hundreds of men have talked and written to me about how much they would like feedback from women to tell them whether or not they are trying the right thing. The point is that no matter how experienced a man is, he can't really know exactly what stimulation a woman enjoys unless she is prepared to tell him. Women vary so much in how they like to be touched that unless the man is given specific guidance as to what she wants, he is left fumbling around in the dark wondering if he is doing the right thing, as these men show:

I was performing cunnilingus one time and all of a sudden I stopped and said to my girlfriend, "Where the heck is your clitoris, anyway?" I think she was a little embarrassed and just gave one-word answers, "higher", "lower", while I prodded with my finger. All of a sudden she said "there". I looked to see where my finger was, but I couldn't see anything special. I still don't know where it is. We've made a deal that sometime when we're really into it (horny) we'll tell each other exactly how to make the other reach orgasm. It's going to make me really self-conscious but deep down I want to do it.

It's hard to know just what feels good for the woman unless she gives constant feedback as to what's feeling good and what's not. The clitoris is very sensitive and a little too much pressure in the wrong place can be more uncomfortable than pleasurable.

Women seem to hold back when I'm down there. And I hardly ever receive any directions. I do sometimes feel "less than a man" when I can't bring a woman to orgasm by cunnilingus but I think it's partly her fault by not providing me with sufficient directions. Perhaps I'm missing the subtle hints women are said to give. If so, maybe they are using too much subtlety. Most men are not mind readers. And in the heat of passion, who listens to words, much less tries to discern the subtlety behind them?



Women in our society really aren't taught that they need to learn about their own arousal and teach their partners what they want. They think they will be able to leave it up to the man and it will all just happen naturally. When things don't work out this way, the woman often worries that there is something wrong with her, and becomes hostile or defensive. It is sad to hear from so many males who *are* trying to give their partners pleasure but come up against a brick wall:

I have found that very few women were willing to openly discuss the things that turn them on. This is a major problem in my eyes, because this means that these women may, somewhere down the road, complain that their men are only interested in rolling over and going to sleep after intercourse. With my own wife, when I have tried to talk with her about how I think our sex life should be better, she first gets defensive and then gets very depressed with a lot of crying. For this reason, I have written all of this while she was away. There are many things here I will never tell her.

My wife, perhaps because of her background and upbringing, has looked upon my sexual needs with the unstated but obvious, "You can do it to me now if you want to." That turns me off right away. She obviously dislikes even touching my genitals but permits me some contact with hers as a prelude to intercourse in the missionary position. If I am unable to move quickly to enter her (and I must do it unassisted), her disappointment and disapproval of my failure is communicated brutally. As time goes by I am becoming more obsessed with oral sex, which I crave.

Divorce would be quite irresponsible and a mistress would be impossible to take on discreetly. Any attempt to discuss the matter with my wife is abruptly terminated by my being told that I am just trying to blame someone else (her) for my own inadequacy. I feel that there is no real hope for improvement in our relationship at this time, although there may be a glimmer of hope as we grow older. It would seem, however, that the belief she holds that sex and anything connected with it is dirty, to be avoided or at least hidden by secrets and darkness, must go back a long way with her.

I suppose I should add that I have become deeply resentful of the sexual freedom enjoyed by the young over the last 20 years, during which time my sole role was to work my guts out to provide the house, cars, holidays, education and financial security expected of me.

Maybe what I have written is routine to you. For me, however, this is an all-pervasive problem that nags at me throughout the day and night, causing me to react with bitterness and anger and sometimes an overwhelming sadness. Is there any way to make this life of mine any more satisfying?

Letters such as these can't help but make one feel great sympathy for men who are deprived of what should be one of the really pleasurable aspects of marriage. Yet it should be realised that it isn't easy to change for women who have been brought up to think of sex as wicked and sinful. Women in this situation often are aware that they are being unfair and sometimes want to change but don't know how to:

I have been married for over 10 years now and feel like my marriage is good in most ways except for sex. The frequency of our sexual relations as of the past few years is about once a month. Before that it was once every few months or so. This arrangement is entirely *mine, not my husband's. I fully realise that I am depriving my husband, but I can't seem to change. Since I have been reading* Forum *I have learned a great deal about sexual needs and the ways to fulfil those needs. That is what is prompting me to write this letter. Is there any way, or anything that I can do, to stimulate my needs so they match my husband's? Right now, I feel like a selfish and cruel wife and I don't like that feeling.*

When a woman is genuinely interested in overcoming sexual inhibitions, she can be helped through sex therapy. In the months to come I will explain what sort of therapy is available in this country, and who can benefit from it most.

But for every woman who wants to change, there probably are another five who don't. And even when a woman is helped to enjoy sex through the patience and sensitivity of a loving partner, it doesn't necessarily mean he will gain the benefit:

It was the first time
he'd ever played something
romantic - and then I gave
him mere Scotch
instead of

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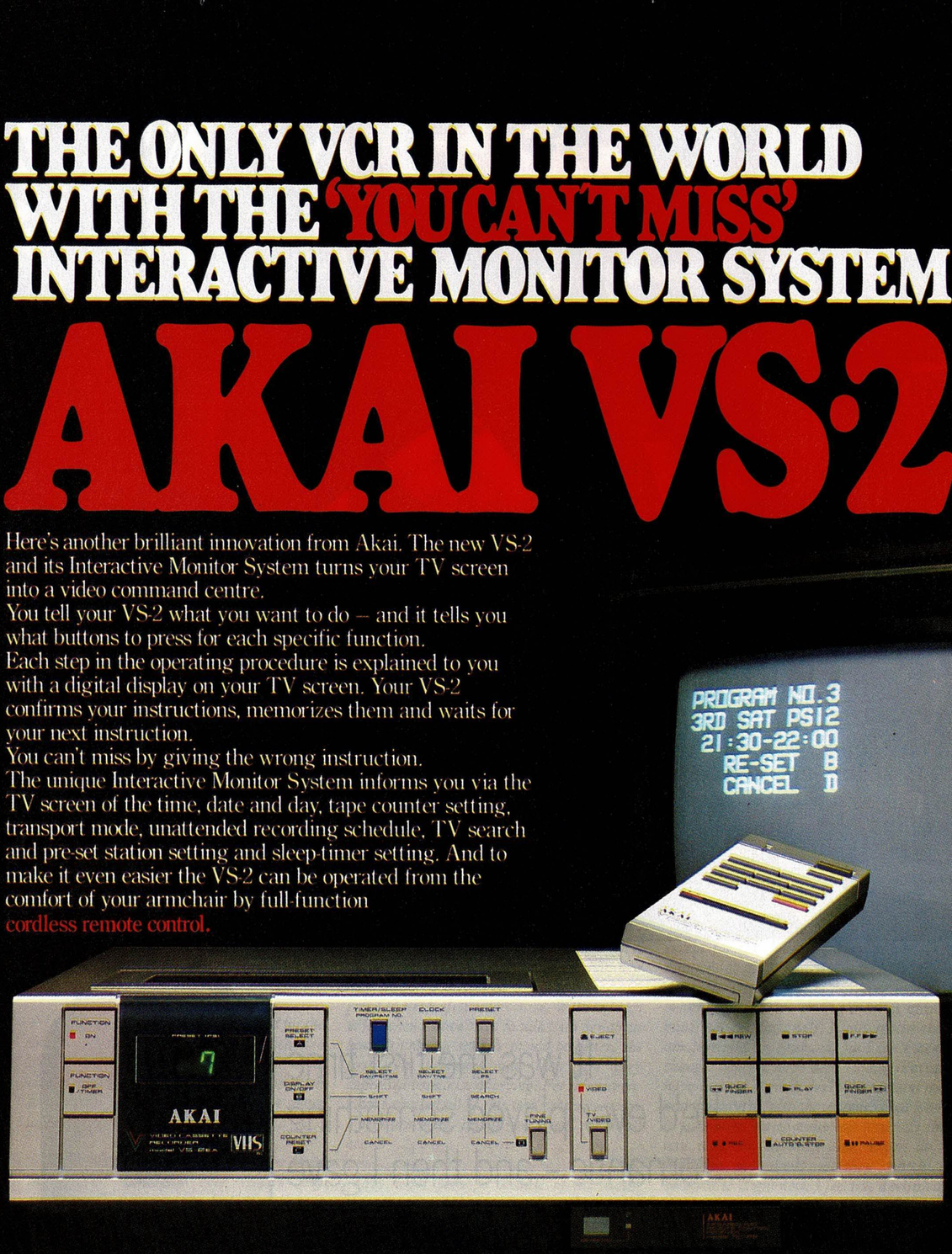

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SEX

I'll never forget the following letter — such a classic case of biting the hand which feeds you:

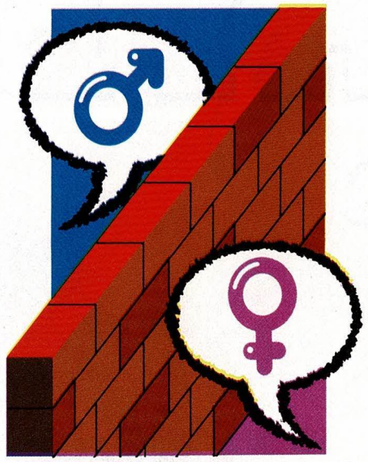
I am 22 and suffer badly from premature ejaculation. A year ago I had a serious relationship with a girl two years younger than myself and at the time of first meeting her she was still a virgin. She and her family were devout Catholics. At first she was scared of the idea of having sex and for the first six months after we met, every attempt that was made to have a fully satisfying and exciting sex life ended up disastrously. She thought she was frigid, totally incapable of ever enjoying any form of love play.

After each time, she would burst into tears and mention something about "should have been a nun". Uggh! I wanted to leave, it all seemed so hopeless, but I could not leave her over that — it might have screwed her up completely. So we persisted and persisted and after awhile things were starting to work out nicely — for her. After awhile I started coming much too soon, sometimes shortly after penetration.

Anyway, our relationship ended terribly. She could not handle the idea of all the hassling around again, so she left me, completely cured of her little hang-up, while I found myself "jumping the gun" every time.

It's all so complicated, isn't it? And then there are the men who resign themselves to a life with a partner who isn't terribly interested in sex and then, kapow! It all changes. . .

I am aged 53 and for the past two-and-a-half years, after recovering from a hysterectomy, feel that I must be half-way to being a nymphomaniac. My husband and I have been married 31 years and up until about three years ago he always wanted sex, he was the one who was always after it. When you are tied to the menstrual cycle, three children, etc, sex can only go on behind the locked door of the bedroom when the children are also in bed or otherwise occupied. That, thankfully, is over, has been for nearly four years and it seems that these years of freedom which I looked forward to for so long (my husband was always crazy about me) have turned out to be a bitter disappointment. The tears I have shed would fill a bucket, now that I want and need sex, love, affection, the whole bit, he is playing hard to get or something. All he wants to do, it appears, is to come home from work, have a shower, have his tea in front of the telly and go to bed. He says, "there is nothing else to do". Sometimes I try to hold out and he would only have to put a hand on me, that would be all I need, but he just sits there till bedtime, finally after about two hours of aching, literally aching and being turned on, I have to be the one to make the first move and then, guess what? He comes and I don't because he gets carried away.



women often give men a pretty hard time in bed

This does not always happen, we have had a few good sessions together, but they are too few and far between, once a month if I am lucky, more like six weeks. What I want is for him to make love to me. His reason for not doing so is because in past years, particularly when I was approaching and going through the menopause, I was too damn tired or always had a headache and had heavy periods which sapped my strength. I was always working full time and did not always respond enthusiastically and he has sort of given up trying, thinking the situation is still the same. I told him two years ago it was all different now and that I needed and wanted sex about two to three times a week, tried to explain to him, but do you know what he did? Just rolled over and went to sleep.

It shows you really can't win but sometimes, thank goodness, the change is very much for the better:

Can you explain the unusual behavior of my wife? She is now 43, I am 45.

Up to about two years ago she was cool in sex, to say the least. It was always the same position — me on top. We did not touch each other's genitals by hand, and oral sex was unthinkable to her. Consequently, our sex life was boring and became practically non-existent.

About two years ago, she was seriously ill with pneumonia for about two months. The change in her attitude to sex when she recovered was unbelievable. She wanted to try everything and wanted me every moment we were alone together (I was thankful that we have two children to be around at times!).

We rarely have straightforward sex now, but when I do insist, she begs me to finish her off with my mouth and tongue. I am afraid to deny her anything, in case she reverts to the sexless woman she once was. After so many years of frustration, I have no wish to do or say anything which might turn her back to her previous cold ways. I am quite happy to carry on as we are, even though I would love normal intercourse sometimes.

Positive proof that life begins at 40. There are many possible reasons for this type of change of behavior — I will discuss some of these in future columns — but the point I want to emphasise here is that it certainly isn't easy being a man. Women often give men a pretty hard time in bed. . .although I doubt if it's usually quite as dangerous as the hazards this poor Sydney man faces:

I have been married 12 years, and my wife and I have a good sex life. The problem is that as my wife climaxes she scratches me, claws me, and bangs her fists against my chest and ribs. She apparently doesn't even know that she does this. She's in a dream world at the time. But my body isn't in a dream world, and, by golly, it hurts.

Sometimes she claws my back or chest and I have marks that last several days. She apologises afterwards and says that she didn't realise she was doing it. Sometimes she bites as she climaxes, and this really hurts. She's bitten me on the finger, hands, lips and even the tongue.

One time when we were doing 69 she had a climax as I was giving her a tongue massage. Of course, at the same time she was sucking my penis, and she clamped down with her teeth, and for a minute I thought she had bitten the end of my penis off. What a nightmare; but it was okay, I was just slightly wounded. Since that time, I don't dare do 69.

It's time women started sharing the load and taking more responsibility for their own sexuality. If we want a better time in bed, we have to teach men what we want. To quote one angry man:

I think we are now at the stage where it is time women should cease some of their complaining about male sexual insensitivity, chauvinism, and selfishness, and get on with the business of becoming familiar with their own sexuality and teaching the male population what to do about it. Speak up and speak out, women! Declare yourselves!

Well, I'll be doing my best in this column in the months to come to declare myself, to answer your letters, to explain the female point of view. So write and tell me what's bugging you and I'll try to find a way out or at least point you in the right direction. Sex *was* made to be easy. . .It's a pity we so often manage to balls it up.

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The girl languidly slipped the second cigarette between her lips. Spotlights tripped on her dark, downy hair as she lit it from the glowing tip of the first one. Contracting her stomach muscles, she drew in deeply and then exhaled. Smoky dragons whisped from both her mouth and that lovely, southerly orifice with which we do not usually associate such oral gratification. The audience responded with a mixture of awe and terminal guffaws.

Well, that was years ago and the movie was *Emmanuelle*. Ever since seeing its Bangkok night club sex show scene, I'd cradled a wicked, schoolboy-like desire to catch the *real* thing, live. That graceful Oriental princess with her amazing capacity for receiving cigarettes, eggs and bananas with such labial dexterity had remained in my mind as one of the wonders of the world. If I ever journeyed to Thailand, I was determined to look her up.

Last Christmas I had my chance. But alas, the Queen of Parts ain't want she used to be. Nor is Bangkok — and maybe it's a good thing in the long run. These days there's a new boss of public morality, Colonel Chamlong Srimuang, and he's not nick-named "Mahi" or "The Monk" for nothing: he's a strict Buddhist who boasts two years of celibacy — so far — within his marriage.

Reports of Thailand's young orchids doing on stage things that would make the Marlboro Man blush were not much to his liking. Nor was he amused by Bangkok's reputation as a sexual adventureland for horny, moneyed males from the repressed West. In 1980, he clamped the chastity belt on the city's booming industry of explicit sex cabarets.

'Twas the night before Christmas as my driver rotated me through the Rubik's cube of a Siam traffic jam. Up main streets, down back lanes and across parking lots, Bangkok's nocturnal emissions of neons, food aromas, scratchy loudspeakers, urchins, limos and madmen on motor cycles changed places and rotated faces until we arrived at a back street night club.

Below a conjunctivitis-pink neon, a pair of poor but dishonest street boys emerge to open my door. All greasy hair, old bell-bottoms and no chance at all of getting any higher in the Military-Narcotics Complex where crime really *does* pay, they indicate the quality of the dive I'm about to enter.

I'm relieved of 300 baht, or about $12, and ushered to my table inside the shadowy club. It's as sulky as a bad temper, with a peeling decor of red and black. A four-man band bashes away at The Wall while two thick-waisted girls in black underwear go-go like slack windmills.

The Mama-san, a beautiful young Chinese women with eyes like a calculator,

the bangkok you don't see, unless you go looking

approaches and asks if I'd like a beer and/or a girl. As soon as I've said "yes" to one, and before I can say "no" to the other, there's a Singha beer in front of me and a small negligeed lady named Tina insinuating herself around me.

"You-want-me-now-I-want-you," she chimes.

"Maybe later, honey. I've come to see the show first."

She looks puzzled by my rejection, but it's only a flesh wound. I realise her English doesn't go that far. Mama-san intervenes and says that I've still got 20 minutes before the show, plenty of time to go upstairs with Tina. For only $60!

I shake my head and mumble something un-cool about it being cheaper in King's Cross. Mama-san shakes hers and leaves this peasant tourist to his beer. From time to time Tina continues her sing-song: "You-want-me-now-I-want-you-now."

And then it's time for the show.

It doesn't take place, as it did in the movie, on the dance floor in front of me. Instead, those of us who've paid for "something special" are led out a side door, up two flights of stairs, through someone's living room and into a gloomy little den. Goodbye Emmanuelle: hello The Monk.

This is where the glamorous, sultry and profoundly gifted queen of my dreams is going to perform? It's a wretched little place, three metres by four with Masonite walls and a single blacked-out window. A roaring air-conditioner and a twitching fluorescent tube suck the life out of it. The room is furnished with 18 chairs lining the walls and a brown vinyl-covered mattress in the centre.

The audience files in: three middle-aged German tourists; three Thai couples, the girls looking no older than schoolgirls; eight Thai guys of varying ages; and me, the only English-speaker. No sooner are we seated in the tiny room than its door opens, then slams behind two naked Thai teenagers.

They leap onto the bed, bow briefly and get straight down to business. The girl has pretty breasts and an open ulcer on her leg; the boy is nondescript. They embark on their demonstration of love-making with all the eroticism and conviction of hot-dog vendors at a football game.

A brief flurry of fellatio seems to do the trick, and before all his gains are lost, they hurriedly adopt the missionary position. From there on it's a mechanical ballet of symmetrical positions. A bored banter begins to circulate among the spectators. I decide it's more interesting to watch the reactions of the three young and virginal Thai schoolgirls. It's obvious that their older and decidedly lecherous boy-friends have brought them along as a "this-is-what-you're-meant-to-do-tonight" sex education lesson. The girls are blushing crimson.

The rest of the audience doesn't quite know what to do, either. The Germans have seen better equipment and moves in the wank-tank cinemas of Hamburg. The single Thai guys are wondering if they can get their money back and buy a slice of their own action. And I'm so hilariously bored that all I want is another English-speaker to whom I can yell buffoon comments across the bums of these two joyless grinders.

Then, as suddenly as it began, it ends. He's come and gone, just like that; or maybe time was up. Anyhow, another bow and they disappear out the door.

A moment later, the girl reappears. This time she carries a sign which she displays and reads aloud: YOU GIVE ME GOOD TIP: I SHOW YOU GOOD TRICK. The atmosphere becomes more palpably leaden. Only the air-conditioner breaks the silence. Everyone is acting like the message is for someone else. The Thai girls look at the floor. The Thai men look at the Germans. The Germans look at the girl. She glowers at everyone, and then everyone looks at me.

"We've already paid you 300 baht," I yawn, "on with the show."

It's obvious that no more cash will be forthcoming, so she resolves the stalemate by quitting the show. A few minutes later she is replaced by an older and tougher model.

The new girl enters with a sheet of paper, a bottle of Coke, two eggs, two golf balls, a banana and a marker pen. Vigorously shaking the Coke bottle, she demonstrates

"I thought he was glib until he said Gilbey's."

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that its cap is firmly sealed. No foam escapes. She then squats on the mattress and inserts the bottle top into the last place on earth you'd regard as a bottle opener. Several amazing moments later, the audience applauds what is not only an anatomical near-impossibility, but also the world's first hard porn soft drink ad.

Next, she spreads the sheet of paper on the mattress, then squatting over it, she inserts the marker pen into her multi-purpose orifice. She moves her hips in a hula-type movement for a few minutes and then holds up the sign she has written: HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

One of the Germans looks across at me and groans: "For to make *this*, you teach them English?"

He's right. Remorse — well, almost — starts to wash over me. Ah, these prurient curiosities. And the war. How would the place and its girls be if the Vietnam conflict hadn't turned it into a big Western brothel? But *she's* not concerned with such reflections. For her there are sex objects and sex objects. Right now she's one and so is this banana which just disappeared up her vagina. She arches her back, jerks her hips forwards and ejects it like a torpedo. The world's weirdest banana split.

I tell myself that if she's a country girl, and if the rumors are right, she's saving her dowry to go back home and marry the rice farmer next door. But right now in this greasy little den, that seems an optimistic scenario.

After a few predictable tricks with eggs, the show sort of peters out. The audience has grown restless inside this torpid warp of de-eroticised sexuality. This detumescent spectacle has left us as aroused as we might have been had we seen her do the same things with her mouth.

We file out of the room and back downstairs, finally getting our adrenalin thrills by finding ourselves trapped at the back door. The Vice Squad is outside: we're trapped between The Monk and the Madam. Finally, the "all clear" is tapped out and we slip away into the nightclub.

The Mama-san makes one last play for my 60 bucks. She was right all along. She knew that sex would be the *last* thing I'd want after a show like that. As we trace our way back through the noisome labyrinths of Bangkok's insomniac traffic jams, my driver points to a War Memorial.

"That is for the Thai soldiers who fought for the Allies in Europe during World War Two."

"I've never heard of that before," I answer, bemused.

"Oh yes," he explains, "they went, but got there after the fighting had finished."

So, if you're ever in Bangkok with a night to kill, and you've heard about the sex shows, try the War Memorial. It's not erotic either, but at least it's worth a laugh.

— S.T. JACKSON

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MEN

in a forest of empties, with a moron at the wheel

It began with one of those spontaneously excessive Chinese lunches: no one had anticipated that six of us would drink all the riesling in the restaurant.

But it was Friday, and the waiter was attentive and after two hours it began to seem like the best lunch and the best Friday and the best jokes in the history of modern gluttony. The riesling wasn't bad either.

When we finally stood up, the table was a forest of empties clotted with an undergrowth of prawn heads, bulging ashtrays and mangled napkins. It was 3pm, late enough to discourage work and just early enough for ports at Fortitude Valley's Empire Hotel. By 7pm, we had switched to Bundaberg rum and were singing a Jimmy Buffett number called Growing Older But Not Up. It had become the best Friday in recorded time and would stay that way for another 90 minutes. . .when it would suddenly become the Friday they took my belt and valuables and locked me up.

Omens and warnings were thick on the ground but I didn't recognise any of them until the next morning, which proves how very drunk we were and how people truly enjoying themselves can be more of a danger to mankind than earthquakes and nuclear fallout.

Sometime after eight, I glided from the Empire Hotel to my car and, without a qualm, drove into the traffic with the radio blaring and a righteous rum smirk below my big red nose. A sitting duck.

I drove very slowly because after a short time, it became obvious (even to me) that there was a moron at the wheel. I was aware that the moron needed to be watched closely in case he hurt someone or pranged the car.

Despite his protests, I made the moron drive in the parking lane at about 30kph. . . and when a parked vehicle appeared, this sanguine fool and I drove jerkily around it with our tongue between our teeth, then returned to the parking lane until we encountered the next obstacle. My mind was functioning sufficiently to take these precautions, but not well enough to deduce that the precautions were attracting attention. Even when I saw the police car in the mirror, I felt no alarm. . .just rising irritation because cops were about to spoil the best Friday in history.

They stopped me four blocks from home. The crystals turned green in a flash, of course. Then I was heading back to town in the rear of the police Falcon, noticing all the parked cars I had avoided hitting on the way home. "That's life," I remember saying to the two young constables. "Up the ladders and down the frigging snakes!"

They took me to Brisbane police headquarters and upstairs to a small room

which housed the breath-testing machine. I still felt dangerously good-humored as the cop in charge of the machine went through his spiel and then asked me to breathe into the mouthpiece.

At that instant, my brain issued a bum steer: it ordered my mouth to refuse the test. If you don't refuse, the brain warned, they'll find out how intolerably drunk you really are. The machine will fuse out and the police will invoke some small print in the road rules and have you shot immediately as a menace to Western society.

They charged me then, with refusing the test, and took me into a small waiting room. "Wait here, smarty pants," said the constable with the moustache.

The desk sergeant asked for all valuables — wrist watch, belt, cigarettes, lighter. . . Chinese serving spoon. "A business lunch?" he enquired, examining the spoon.

They walked me to a cell and I sat on the bunk, locked up for the first time in my life. The bunk felt surprisingly comfortable. . . and when I woke, two hours later, a friend was peering at me through the bars. The same friend who had suggested the switch to rum at the Empire when it was still the best Friday in recorded history.

"Where did they get *you?*" I asked, expecting to see the rest of our luncheon party installed in nearby cells. But, of course, he'd come to take me home. His wife was driving. My wife had contacted them. . .the pieces were fitting together. And next morning, the pieces assembled all too well.

Under Queensland law, my licence had been automatically suspended for 24 hours: I would have to appear in court by 10am to enter a plea — but which one? Not guilty had seemed ideal last night. . .today it seemed silly. Of course I was guilty.

Guilty of not taking the test and morally guilty of endangering lives. Guilty of being too drunk to realise how drunk I was. Guilty of passing through the suburbs like a stray (but very slow) bullet, fired in a moment of indefensible thoughtlessness.

When my six-year-old son discovered what had happened — that Dad had been locked up and would soon lose his driving licence — he was unmerciful. I became known as the Big Drunk and right then lost all credibility in matters involving driving, cars and mechanical problems. Months later my son announced in a school class discussion about driving: "My father can't drive. He's too drunk."

Wallowing in all this guilt, I consulted a lawyer friend who advised me to plead not guilty. "It will delay a hearing until you consider a defence," he said. "If you don't have a defence, you can change your plea. Standard procedure."

I pleaded not guilty and received a hearing date two months in the future. Eventually, after consulting a barrister who recommended a guilty plea, I changed my plea, appeared before a magistrate and was disqualified for six months and fined $300.

The barrister I consulted before going to court once got a priest off a DUI charge by arguing that his client, unaccustomed to alcohol, was too drunk to deduce how drunk — and therefore dangerous — he really was.

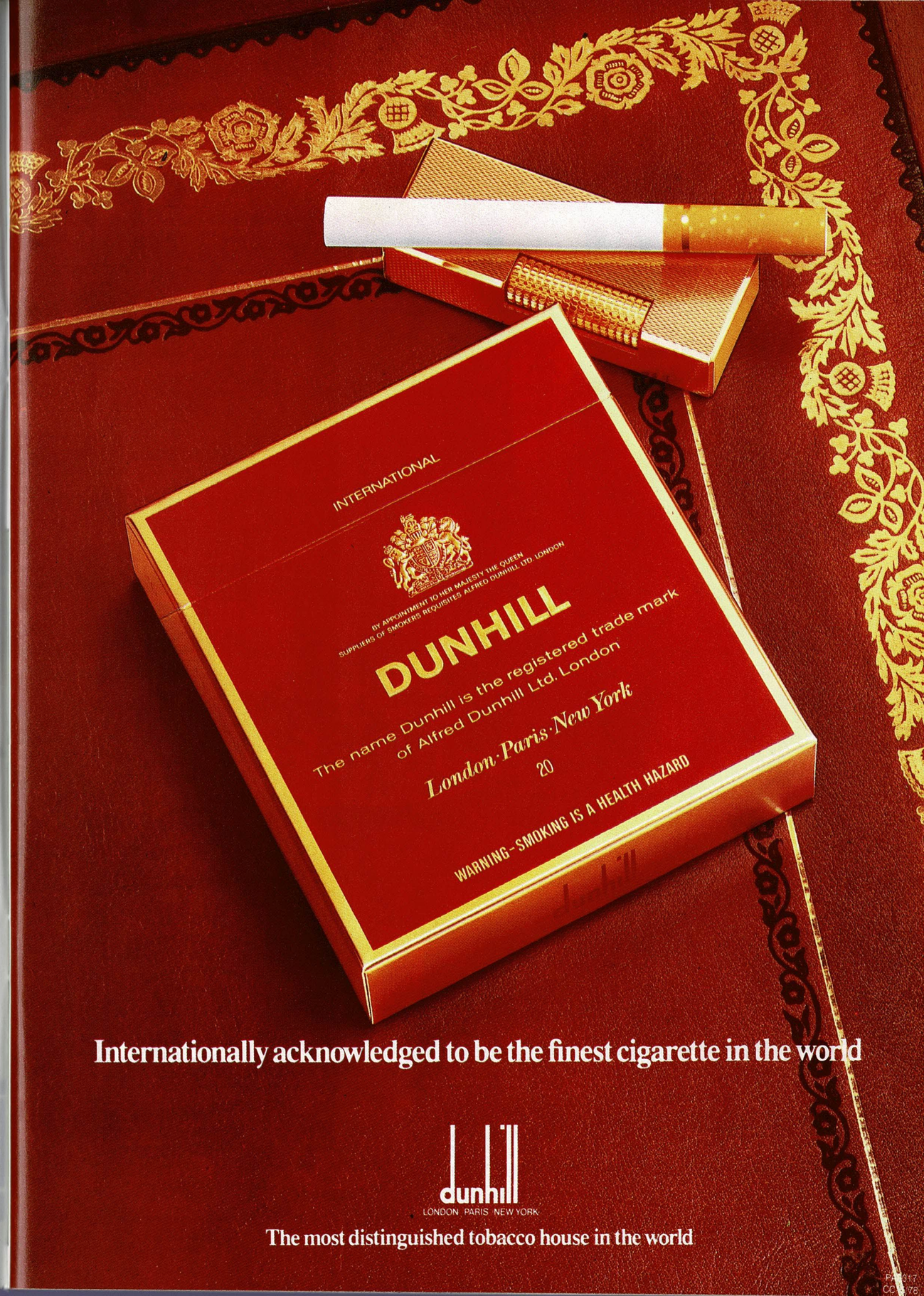
It might not work for the rest of us, but there is simple logic in this defence: why else do one in eight Australians get staggeringly pissed and play Russian roulette with their vehicles?

It could be argued that ordinary Australians who get drunk and then drive become something other than themselves — the booze evokes a separate personality capable of murder through simple absence of thought. So, perhaps the reason driver education fails to reduce booze-associated road accidents is because the education is aimed at drivers' sober personalities; akin to lecturing Dr Jekyll in an effort to pacify Mr Hyde. Mass lectures of raving drunks, including films of accident victims, could have more relevance.

Eventually they gave me a licence. . .a provisional one, which means if I accumulate four or more points in the next 12 months, the licence is revoked.

The children were wary about riding with me at first, as if I might regress at any moment to a cruel and deadly inebriate. They still point out police cars, but I don't really mind. . .sometimes it can be quite handy.

— FRANK ROBSON



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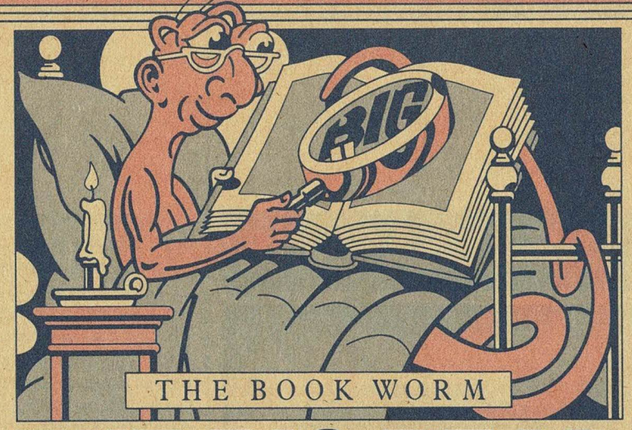

THE BIG READ

FICTION:

1. THE ASSASSINS
BY J.EDWARD BROWN
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1

THE ASSASSINS

I WAS IN the bar of the Lake Waitoto Hotel when Tindall, the owner, came in. He was carrying the head of the Maori chief from the grave he had desecrated. I'd seen it before, but I shuddered and drank my whisky quickly.

It was a horrible object, a yellow-brown color, the teeth bared, the hair long and black, dark whorls of tattooing on the cheeks and chin. Tindall swung it carelessly by the hair.

The barman, a young Maori bloke, was looking in horror and loathing at Tindall.

"Put that book away," Tindall said sharply to the barman.

The barman slid the book under the bar. He wasn't doing any harm, it was a textbook, something about psychology.

There was only the hotel chef and me in the bar. I thought Tindall was going to order the chef back to work, but he didn't. He stalked out.

"If looks could kill, you'd be dead," I said to the chef. I ordered another whisky.

"He might wake up one day and find himself dead," the chef said savagely and drank his beer.

I'd only had two passengers on my bus when I'd arrived an hour ago, an ancient old Maori accompanied by a young Maori boy of about 15. They both sat in the back of the bus, not moving. The old man had a curious look on his face, as if he were in a trance. The boy had guided him aboard and had sat patiently, blankly, with him. There wasn't much heat in the bus, except up near the front. I'd asked them if they'd like to move up; they'd ignored me.

I do the 100-mile trip to Lake Waitoto once a day during the tourist season, once a week in the winter. Lake Waitoto is a cut-off place in the winter, dominated by the Southern Alps rearing high into the sky. There are a Public Works Department foreman and a couple of his men doing road work, the trout hatchery joker, the ranger, and the hotel with a few guests. Tindall often talked about closing the hotel during the winter because it didn't pay.

It was different in the summer; the population exploded. But even then, Lake Waitoto was always lonely, that was its attraction, the big sheet of water, the snow-covered mountains. I usually do the trip in three hours, but because of the snow I was hours late. It was just getting dark as I came over the last hill and went down the road to the lake and hit the seal. The snow had come almost down to the lake edge, which was unusual. I ground up to the front of the hotel. The wind had dropped temporarily, the blue gums along the lake front were still.

The boy helped the old man out carefully, respectfully, like an acolyte attending a priest. The old man was wearing a black suit, no tie, a wide-brimmed stetson hat. The boy was wearing light trousers, open neck shirt, a wind-breaker, black shoes. . . not exactly snow clothes.

Tindall came out on to the verandah. "Any guests?" he called to me, looking at the two Maoris.

The Maori boy eyed Tindall in a curious way, speculatively, up and down. The old man kept his eyes downcast, but I was almost certain he had done a full appraisal. The boy took the old man's arm and they both walked in the soft snow down towards the lake front. The old man had no baggage and all the boy had was a Maori flax kit.

"Who are they? Where are they going?" Tindall asked querulously.

He was drunk, as usual, which perhaps explained some of his actions.

I shrugged. There was nowhere to go in Lake Waitoto in the winter, but it was a free country.

"Why are we getting all these Maoris here?" Tindall asked plaintively.

"Maybe they are ganging up on you," I said, jokingly. He suddenly looked frightened and went back into the hotel. I took the mail bag around to the post office and parked the bus in back of the hotel beside the engine shed where the big diesel pounded, supplying power.

Tindall didn't like me parking the bus on the hotel grounds, but to hell with him. That's what a lot of people said. Nobody liked him, except maybe the receptionist.

Tindall was a miserable bugger. I must have spent hundreds of dollars in his bar, but I never got a free drink out of him. If I ever got him on my bus, I'd give him a ride!

I'd brought in a Maori waitress last week, which was odd, as Tindall said. There were no Maoris living around this area. There had been, a long time ago, but they preferred the warmth of the North Island. The only local Maori had been Tindall's dead one, the one whose head he was so fascinated by, and carried around the hotel. Out of bravado? I don't know. He had more courage than I.

Tindall had found a Maori burial cave on an island in the lake at a spot where no one would normally land. Tindall was drunk when he accidently ran the hotel launch aground.

The cave was unusually dry for this wet area and in it were the desiccated remains of a Maori sitting burial. It was a tattooed chief facing east, supported by a fan-shaped arrangement of manuka and beech stakes, the body draped in a flax cloak. Carbon dating of a piece of manuka stick had placed the burial in the year 1600.

It was a unique find for modern times, but Tindall had pillaged it. The chief had no name, he had been forgotten, but he still was *tapu* and Tindall had been warned about fatal consequences for himself.

Anybody who treated Maori bones with contempt didn't live long.

"That was a hundred years ago," Tindall had said scathingly. "This is the 20th Century, and there aren't any Maoris around here, so who's going to put the *tapu* on me?"

Tindall was in trouble anyway. He had been admonished by the government; they said he should not have touched the burial cave. The Maori Affairs Department had been on to him about it. He was supposed to give the bones to a museum, or else restore them to the cave. He had done nothing. There had been talk of direct action by Maoris.

The barman said, "Grave robber. Such men should not be allowed to live."

I said that the Maori had been dead a long time.

"In the old days, anybody who handled the bones of the dead was made *tapu*," he said, "but to handle the head of a chief is even worse."

"What happened to the offender?" I persisted.

The barman said simply he would die.

I asked if he could possibly make amends.

He nodded. "By dying."

I said that was drastic.

"He could get a *tohunga* to undo the *tapu*, but it is difficult; anything he has touched has become unclean also. Everything he has touched must be destroyed — his clothes, eating tools, cooking pots, his house."

The Public Works foreman came in. He said he'd shot a deer that morning on the road. He offered me a piece.

"The bastard I'd like to shoot is Tindall," the barman said angrily.

I had dinner in the dining room. The chairs were old-fashioned Victorian, and probably valuable antiques, upholstered in velvet. There were a massively carved side-board and antique ornaments, maidenhair ferns in Victorian stands.

It was good tucker. "It's for the bus driver," the waitress called to the cook, and came back with lashings.

She was a Maori girl with no teeth on one side, upper and lower.

Tindall came in, carrying the head. He plonked it in the middle of the table. His wife shuddered and asked why he insisted on carrying it around.

"It's my only friend," he said gloomily. He frowned at the Maori waitress. "Modern Maoris don't have the teeth of the old-time Maoris." He patted the head of the long-dead Maori chief.

Why did Tindall wander around the hotel with the head? Ghosts did it. Did the Lake Waitoto Hotel have a ghost? I'd never heard of it. It was no castle, just a second-rate tourist hotel, rambling, wooden, in old gingerbread colonial style with a corrugated iron roof. Tindall had been talking of spending a lot of money on it to attract Americans.

The bathrooms were ancient, with chains hanging from the cisterns above the lavatories, which took a lot of ingenuity and local know-how to operate. They clanked and groaned.

But Tindall was his own ghost, the ghost of a man who might have been. If he kept off the booze, the hotel would be a gold mine.

The weather was worsening with wind-driven snow. Soon it would be a howling blizzard. I'd never seen weather like it at Lake Waitoto.

The barman said we were isolated tonight, cut off from the rest of New Zealand. He said it gloatingly. He frightened me.

I went to bed at 10pm, when the bar closed. There was a hot-water bottle in my bed, put there by the housekeeper. In the winter I always got a good room, with a double bed. I wondered where the old Maori man and the boy were.

I woke because of the smoke. I turned on the light. Smoke was coming under the door. I got out, got dressed and opened the door. Thick smoke! I

slammed it shut, coughed and went out through the window into the snow. Cold! The hotel was well alight, flames fanned by the wind going up through the roof, eerie red on the falling snow.

I floundered down the back of the hotel. Apparently, all the staff were okay, they were in detached quarters — though I didn't see any of the Maoris. The half-dozen guests were out front, roused by the staff. I didn't see Tindall anywhere, he should have been organising. But the fire was worst in Tindall's quarters. Nobody commented.

The Public Works foreman arrived, and the fish hatcheries man. We could have got water from the lake, if we'd had a pump, which we hadn't. All we could do was stand by and watch the hotel burn.

Tindall and his wife definitely were missing; so were the Maori barman and waitress. But we couldn't go looking for them in the dark.

We spent the rest of the night in the staff quarters, not sleeping. Somebody had saved some whisky from the bar. There didn't seem to be any point in saving it any more, so we drank it.

It still was snowing in the morning, but it was the burnt-out hotel which gave me the shivers. All of it had gone, except the verandah at the front which apparently had not burnt because of the wind direction. The roof had fallen in and the remains were being covered by snow.

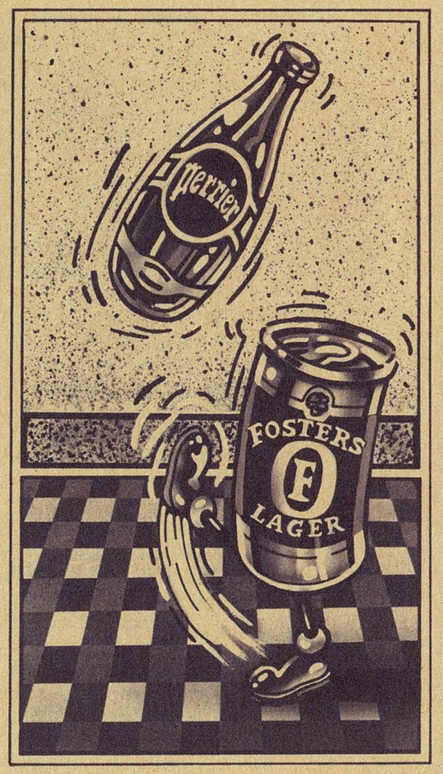
I peered through the snow. There was Tindall. He was sitting on the verandah, staring out across the lake, motionless, wearing a Maori flax cloak. Odd, I thought. There was a fan of burnt timbers behind him. I went towards him across the snow, and he seemed to nod at me. Perhaps he was drunk. But where had he been all night?

I was a couple of metres from him when the flax cloak blew aside. His head had no body. The head was stuck on a piece of wood with a crosspiece tied to it for shoulders, the cloak thrown over it.

Then the barman, the waitress, the old Maori man and the boy appeared. They were also dressed in Maori flax cloaks. I halted, afraid.

The old man was just as impassive as he had been on the bus. His acolyte still had the flax kit. The waitress kept her mouth shut. The barman didn't. . . "Tindall would have looked better tattooed," he said thoughtfully.

And I nodded, in agreement.



2 24 HOURS FROM HOME

IT'S PRECISELY 5pm as they enter their room. They have just returned from the aquarium. The fish seem more interesting than the French, he says. Rubbish, she replies. Well they're not as rude, he persists. She decides to ignore this comment; she is long used to what she calls his jaundiced insight. He announces that he is going to take a shower, she replies that she is going for a swim. I'll meet you in the bar in half an hour, she says. Okay; he knows she will be an hour or more.

He enters the bar freshly showered and dressed in clean clothes. He likes the bar but he doesn't like the French staff, the French wine or the French cigarettes. What he does like about the bar is the atmosphere. He has explained away this apparent contradiction by saying that he despises the French but admires their lifestyle. He approaches the counter and orders. Urn beer, he says. The waiter grimaces, he grimaces back. *Pardon,* says the waiter. This time he holds up one finger and then points to the beer tap. The barman nods impatiently and pulls a beer for him. He slides the money across the counter, collects his beer and retires to the terrace. At least they don't expect tips, he mutters to himself as he takes a seat.

Fifteen minutes later, he is back at the bar ordering another beer. The barman tries to ignore him but cannot evade his loud EXCUSE ME. Having

gained the barman's attention, he simply gestures with his glass and waits. Your French must be as good as mine, he hears an Australian voice say; he turns, it's the man next to him. Name's Eric, the man says. He asks Eric the latest cricket score (he is not really interested in cricket but at this stage he'll talk to anyone about anything as long as it's in English). Eric tells him the score in the cricket and in a number of other things, too. Eric believes in nuclear power, the Liberal party and free enterprise; he believes that the dole is too freely available and that there aren't enough police on the streets. Eric is in the import business and spends a lot of time in this part of the world. He doesn't like the French. At least we have that in common, he tells Eric. Over more drinks — beer for him, gin and tonic for Eric — they conduct a desultory argument, returning to their mutual dislike of the French if things start to get heated.

She finally arrives at 6.30. He is annoyed that she has taken so long but is relieved to see her, he has had enough of Eric and wants to get away but he is not quick enough; Eric introduces himself and orders a fresh round of drinks: she asks for Perrier. Eric changes tack and starts to discuss the local restaurants with her. Before he can intervene, the two of them have arranged dinner at a place that Eric assures them is excellent. She'll be sorry, he thinks to himself, she hasn't heard Eric on life yet; he makes a silent vow that she will. Over dessert, he starts to niggle at Eric and soon they are engaged in a heated argument, both having abandoned their earlier restraint. Over coffee, she attempts to make a point but Eric interrupts her and says that women are too soft-headed about these things. Her response is drastic but effective — she pours the contents of the ice-bucket over Eric's head, then walks out of the restaurant. He wishes Eric good-night and follows. Sometimes he wishes he had her courage. Then he remembers the bill, returns and gives Eric an appropriate number of notes.

As he climbs the stairs, he realises that he is drunk. He finds her sitting in the bath; he sits on the floor beside the bath and talks to her. If she is annoyed she does not show it and he tries not to show that he is drunk. They discuss Eric for a while and then they turn to other things. Let's go to the markets tomorrow, she suggests. He hates the markets but feels at a disadvantage, so he reluctantly agrees. It is a little after midnight when they finally get to sleep.

She wakes him at 6.15am but she tells him that it's 7.15. She hands him a cup of coffee and he lights a cigarette. She says they must hurry if they are to get to the markets before everything has gone. He protests that he doesn't like the markets. . . that they are full of hippy junk. Not these ones, she replies and anyway he agreed last night that he would go. He tries another tack. . . I feel sick, he says; he is telling the truth, but she shows little sympathy. It's all the beer you drank last night, she replies. No, it's the French food, he protests, it's too rich. You'll feel better after a nice trip to the markets, she consoles.

By 6.45am they are standing at the bus stop. They already have had a minor altercation over, what he termed, her falsification of time; she pleaded innocence, claiming that it was an honest mistake. Nonetheless, he is sulking. The bus arrives and they climb aboard, get off at the terminus, then walk the long way to the markets. They suspect that it is the long way but neither of them is prepared to ask for directions. He announces that he has resolved never to attempt the French language again and that he hates the language almost as much as he hates the people, whilst she argues that she is sick and tired of always being the one to ask directions.

In any event, they arrive at the main entrance after a 10-minute walk, he reluctantly follows her into the courtyard and across to the main hall. In spite of himself, he is impressed. He notes with relief that there is no hippy junk — just food, and the food looks fascinating. He comments that the fish are more impressive here than they were at the aquarium, typical of the French, he adds, to eat the good-looking fish and show the ordinary ones to the tourists. The fruit and vegetables are all exotic: strange yams, mangoes, Chinese vegetables, limes and coconuts. Some of the coconuts are green; he always has wanted to eat a green coconut and decides to buy one, then he remembers his upset stomach and starts to sulk again. In fact he starts to complain loudly, so she tells him to go and wait outside.

Eventually, she joins him. He is sitting under a tree soaking in the early morning sun. A proto-native, she calls him; he glares at her. They go to a nearby cafe for breakfast and claiming to be mindful of his tender stomach, he orders black coffee and brioche. He takes the opportunity to register his contempt for French food; brioche is French, she reminds him. Well, it's not rich, he retorts; she decides to change the subject. She shows him what she has bought: some limes, three mangoes and a coconut — he notes that the coconut is not green, he registers his disappointment. After breakfast they return to their hotel, she bears the fruit like a trophy, again he tells her that he had hoped she would buy a green coconut. She decides to go for a swim, he stays behind and reads a book. She returns in time for lunch.

It is 3pm. They are sitting in their room when she suggests a swim; we could take the coconut down and eat it, she adds. Okay, he says, but let's crack it first. They search for a suitable implement,

3

but even hotels in the tropics don't supply coconut-cracking tools. They do, however, manage to pierce the husk and drink the milk. Then, inspiration: they decide to use the bathroom floor. Together they enter the bathroom; the floor is tiled but it has a concrete base. He raises the nut above his head and hurls it to the floor. The tiles are rubberised and it flies straight back and hits him in the throat. That's one way to get a husky voice, she says. Anger and pain overcome him and he hurls the coconut to the floor again. This time it hits him on the forehead but this time the nut has a large crack in it. There is some discussion as to whether the crack was caused by his head or the floor, but the matter is not resolved.

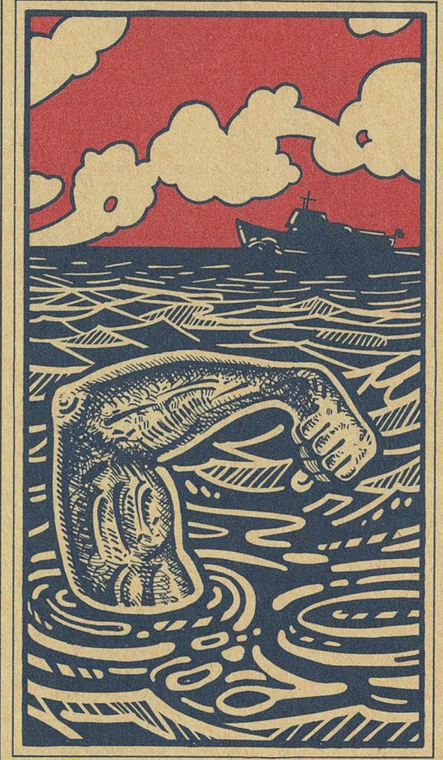
Let's go to the pool rather than the beach, he suggests, and explains that he doesn't want to get sand all through the coconut. She concurs and they go down to the pool. They find that the pool is surrounded by people and they choose a spot on the grass away from the crowd. They soon become aware of one particularly loud group, drinking beer from an Esky, and he soon recognises them as Australians; he wonders if it's an Australian Esky. She says it is too crowded to swim in the pool and that she will just duck over to the beach; he undertakes to break the coconut up while she is gone. As he is breaking it up, he realises that he is attracting a certain amount of attention from the loud Australians but he haughtily ignores them. Having completed his task, he settles back to read his book — he has decided against a swim. The book is engrossing and soon he has forgotten about everything else.

Suddenly he becomes aware that someone is standing over him. He looks up. 'SCUSE ME, says one of the loud Australians, (she is speaking slowly, emphasising each syllable), IF I GAVE VOO SOME MONEY. . . WOULD VOO GIVE ME SOME COCONUT? Pardon, he says; his voice expresses both confusion and irritability. She resorts to a dumb show, holds out some money in one hand and points to the coconut with the other. Don't offer him money, Doreen, calls out one of her friends, they get offended if you do. By this time he has realised what is going on. He smiles and hands her some coconut; he waves away the money, she drops it by his side. MERCY, she says as she walks off to rejoin her friends. He returns to his book, but the smile remains.

He is still reading when she returns from her swim. Where's the rest of the coconut? she asks. He looks up. Oh, I sold it, he says with a hint of smugness. We made a tidy profit, he adds. They eat the coconut in silence. He doesn't tell her that he had been mistaken for a Frenchman. Come and I'll buy you a drink, he says.

They enter the bar, he orders *deux vin rouge s'il vous plait,* oh, *et Gauloises, sans filtre. Oui, monsieur,* says the barman. Her mouth is still agape when the drinks arrive, but she knows better than to say anything. She looks at her watch. It is precisely 5pm.

ONLY A SMIDGIN OF PIDGIN



VANUATU? Vanuatu. . . the same place as the New Hebrides? No bloody way. The same spot on the map, and that's the end of it. There was nothing like the New Hebrides and there never will be. A man could put his shoulders back and have a go in the New Hebrides; the Frogs and the Poms in the condominium were too busy fighting each other to do anything about stopping him.

Nothing ever added up right. Take Santo. Santo the town wasn't really Santo at all; Santo was the name of the island. Luganville was the name of the town but everybody called it Santo. A few centuries ago, some stupid dago tried to set a bit of a show there for true Christians all loving one another and doing the right thing. Called it Terra Australis del Espiritu Santo (the poor sod thought he'd discovered Australia, trust a bloody Portugueser to get it wrong) and while he was preaching the milk of human kindness and what bad things fornicating and thieving were, they were all fornicating and thieving as hard as they could go until they'd done all there was to do on the island. Then they pinched his boat and went back home.

Just lately, Santo was Jimmy Stevens' home town. Called himself president and staked his claim to meetings attended by practically everyone on the whole island. Used to keep the crowd — thousands of them — rolling about holding their sides with laughter, all sitting under a banyan tree as big as a football pitch. His 25 wives out there laughing harder than any, even if they had heard the jokes a dozen times before. The only politician in the world to make people happy. They soon fixed him.

Shot his son and gave him 15 years in jail. That'll teach him not to get up and spoil it for all the miserable bastards we've got running the world and stuffing it up for all and sundry.

Santo was the Corsica Hotel. Two galvanised iron sheds stuck together and run by Alan Brown who had given up the priesthood to get more seriously into the liquor business (you'll be getting some idea of what Santo was made of by now) who used to shoot the lights out when he thought that the customers had had enough and should be clearing off home to their wives. Or, in most cases, somebody else's wives. They usually left. . . when all the bulbs were shot out it was too dark for Browny to see very much but he could still get a shot pretty close to anyone still around.

I was in the Corsica Hotel one evening having the hard word put on me by a fellow Australian, trying to sell me his inter-island trading ship. Said he wanted the money in a hurry and would let it go half price, throwing in a guaranteed six months work a year for Burns Philp. He wanted the money to buy two battleships. These two battleships are in Santo Harbor — sunk during the war and still lying there just under the water for all to see and drool over what's in them; the ships being American. (No, they weren't sunk in gallant action for democracy; they both got lost and sailed right into their own minefield. This is the New Hebrides, mate.)

This fellow had got onto some sort of a salvage deal on these battle wagons and had to get the plane next day from Vila to the States if he was going to pull it off; that was why he was selling me this ship.

Well, I'm not the man to knock back a chance to get on in the world. The thought of swanning round the Pacific like Errol Flynn and getting paid for it by Burns Philp sounded like the gravy train to me. When you've knocked around a bit, you get to be a judge of your fellow drifters and I was pretty sure that this bloke was dinkum, or at least as straight as you're likely to get in these hard times. It looked all right. . . except for one thing.

"Right on, mate. With you all the way. The snag is that, though I know my way round the islands, I'm no hand at navigation and not a real hot shot at boat handling. Not in the sort of weather a man can find himself in round here, anyway."

"No worries. Leave all that to your crew: Willie, Joe, Henry. These coons have got some sort of knack of telling where they are and which way to go. Like homing pigeons, the buggers are. Can't miss. Tell 'em where to go, give 'em a few orders to show who's boss — they won't pay any attention so you won't come to any harm — and stretch yourself out on the deck and work out what you are going to do with all the money you're making."

"I'll need a skipper's ticket."

"Easy. Go to the Poms and tell 'em that if they don't give you one, you'll pull down the old Red Duster and put up the Tricolore and go to the Frogs. They'd give blind Freddie a ticket sooner than see that happen."

This fellow keeps rabbitting on about cargo rates and that sort of stuff and I'm sitting there listening and slurping up Browny's whisky and the whole thing's looking better with every slurp. What this bloke says about the natives as sailors is too true — they have sailoring born in them. With a crew of three New Hebrideans, I'd skipper the *Queen Mary.*

I'd just got to the stage of filling the time for the other six months of the year taking a boatful of beautiful female tourists round the archipelago, when there was this bloody great bang and it was time to go. Browny had shot out one bulb and was lining up the next. There's no future hanging about when Browny is taking aim, it's all right when he's plastered and blazing away like John Wayne, but when he's lining up, it's time to go. Luckily he missed a couple of shots when we got stuck in the mob jammed in the exit and were able to finish our deal after we ran out of puff a couple of hundred yards down the road.

So, the next morning, there I am, the proud owner of the foundation vessel of the Great South Pacific Mercantile Fleet. Trouble was that I couldn't find it. Not at first, anyway.

"Himfala kru bin take aot sip long ples blong him," they told me.

That's pidgin, or pidgin English, and it means that the fellows of the crew have taken the ship along to the place that belongs to him. Or to "them"; there's no fancy stuff like plurals in pidgin.

Never have been able to handle pidgin, craps me right off. You'd think the Poms would have too much pride to use their language as a series of interruptions to all these blongs and longs and

blongalongs. However, I did know enough about it to get the message about the crew going home and took off after them in the direction this lad was pointing.

It wasn't far. There I was, standing on the beach looking at my prized new possession gently bobbing up and down a few yards out in the harbor. Suddenly there's some hefty New Hebridean standing beside me.

"Yu, Masta. Skyusmi. Yu nu boss blong sip?"

That's the funny thing about the islanders: what they know. How did this bloke catch that I was the new owner of the little ship out there? Jungle drums? Yes, but who banged the first one? Everybody mixed up in the deal had been white.

I said "Yes," and it occurred to me that he must be one of the crew. I was impressed. . . he was a powerful chap, three like him should make life easy enough. I wondered how the other owner had got three like this as cheap as he did, not much more than most skippers pay for one. He stuck his chest out a bit; he knew what I was thinking about him.

"Me nambawan kru blong sip blong yu," he said.

I nodded. If he was number one, what would number two and three be like? I looked round for them. No sign. Scratched my head and tried to ask him where they were. Hoped one of them could speak real English.

"Yu go faenum twofala morefala kru blong me?" I tried. Not your real crash-hot grammatical pidgin, but I thought it might get across.

From the look on the chap's face, I hadn't managed it. He looked mystified.

I wondered which one he was. "Yu Willie?" I enquired.

He let his head tilt sideways a bit, the way they do when they say "Yes". If he was Willie, where were the others?

"Wea Joe?" I asked him.

He let his head fall to one side again. Either we had a bad language barrier or the man was a nong. I tried again.

"Wea Henry?"

Again the head went over. Did this bloke say "yes" to every question you asked him? He saw that I was puzzled, thought for a moment and then broke into one of those hearty chortles they let out when they've been embarrassed and then ease the tension a bit.

"Masta. Skyusmi. Mi Willie Joe Henry."

He looked really pleased about this, and I laughed too when the penny dropped, although I had nothing to be pleased about. I had bought a ship with a crew of one, not three, due to sail that afternoon for the Banks Islands with very little experience and one bloke to help.

Bloody hard work. And neither of us with more than the foggiest clue what the other was talking about. But I could cope with that one: if they don't understand, shout, and if they still don't catch on, kick 'em up the arse. Never known to fail.

The next day we were well on our way. The tub was not exactly fitted with stabilisers but it didn't roll all that much. Not so that you would take precautions, anyway.

I was lying on top of the cabin having a bit of a spell, dreaming of the day when the craft would be loaded down with nubile popsies all looking for a big romance with a sea captain to make their holidays worth remembering, when I noticed that Willie Joe Henry, who ought to be steering, was lying back on the transom, fast asleep.

Well, I'm no Captain Bligh but you can't have people sleeping on the job on a ship. I decided on a bit of action. If I slipped quietly off the cabin, dredged up a bucket of water and let him have it in the face, it might be some time before he did it again. Especially if I didn't hold on to the bucket.

Trouble was I was still locked in to the Errol Flynn bit and I jumped down onto the deck with a gay, mischievous smile flitting across my lips before I realised that one foot had gone to sleep. I tripped on the side rail and overboard I went.

"Hey! Hey! Willie Joe Henry. Stop, stop," I shouted as soon as I broke the surface.

Willie woke up, saw me in the water and, silly bastard, dived straight over to save me.

"Oh, Masta, Masta, Masta," he was shouting as he made towards me with that funny bobbing up and down way they have of swimming.

"Go back," I yelled. "Stop the bloody boat."

Waste of time, he can't speak English and I'm in no state to try this blong blong pidgin stuff. I swam towards the ship and Willie Joe Henry sailed towards me and we soon met. He still yelling "Masta, Masta," when he made a grab at me to save me from drowning.

Save *me* from drowning. Me, Iron Man at Bondi two years running. My only danger was that this silly bugger hanging on to me like that would have me under water for the count. He had me in a cuddle I'd give my right arm for from a woman when I got a knee into his ghoolies and took his mind off rescue work for a bit.

Well, there we were. . . two of us stuck in the middle of the Blue Pacific Sea and the boat, with nobody on it, full of fuel and with the old Lister diesel bonking away, making for the far horizon. Everyone knows a Lister keeps going so long as there's as much as a smell of fuel around so it looks like there's not much we can do except wave goodbye.

Or think. It always helps a bit to think when you're in trouble. No matter how sticky things are looking, there has got to be some way out. Trouble is to find it.

(continued on page 121)

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

ROBIN WILLIAMS

a candid conversation with the lightning-quick comedian about mork, popeye and garp — and the person behind them

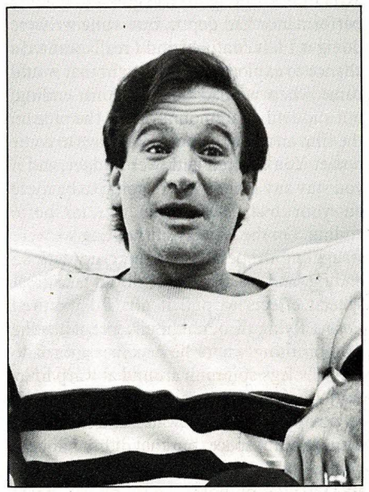
Four years ago, an unknown off-beat comic named Robin Williams starred in the first installment of TV's Mork & Mindy *and after two weeks, the ABC situation comedy became one of TV's top-ten-rated programs — and Williams was being hailed as the medium's brightest young star. As Mork from the planet Ork, Williams portrayed a zany, engaging extra-terrestrial whose rapid-fire ripostes were the series' strongest asset. Ably supported by actress Pam Dawber, who played his girlfriend (and then his wife), Williams made mincemeat of TV's tidy demographic series, for he somehow appealed as much to adults as to children.*

Even during the program's peak, Williams didn't briefly stop honing his high-energy night-club act. As a night-club comic, Williams was totally unlike his TV persona. Anxious to put as much distance as he could between himself and Mork, the funky performer often began his act by asking people at the front tables to move back a bit, whereupon he grabbed his crotch and announced, "I'd like to show all of you something I'm really very proud of." After that, Williams unleashed such comedy creations as Beverly Hills blues singer Benign Neglect ("Woke up the other day,/ran out of Perrier"), the Reverend Earnest Angry ("Remember, you can fool some of the people some of the time and jerk the rest off"), and Russian lounge entertainer Nicky Lenin ("I would like to begin by doing some basic Soviet suppressions"). A brilliant impressionist himself, Williams became Bette Davis playing Quasimodo, Jacques Cousteau doing a commercial for Union Oil, Lord Olivier selling Ripple wine and Mr Rogers greeting America's tots with, "Let's put Mr Hampster in the microwave oven, OK? Pop goes the weasel!" And if all that weren't enough, Williams then acted out all parts of an imagined Japanese horror movie titled "Attack of the Killer Vibrators" before presenting his original one-man ballet, "Death of a Sperm". It was ingenious high-powered stuff and in 1979, when Williams recorded "Reality. . . What a Concept" (his only comedy LP thus far), the album quickly went platinum by racking up sales of more than 1,000,000 copies. In what seemed like the blink of an eye, Williams had become America's unquestioned young king of comedy, and TV, record and night-club reviewers felt no compunctions at all about comparing him to everyone from Sid Caesar and Jonathan Winters to Danny Kaye and Marcel Marceau. When Williams was picked by producer Robert Evans to star in the movie version of Popeye, *most show-business observers believed that the 5'8" performer would quickly emerge as* the *new screen star of his generation.*

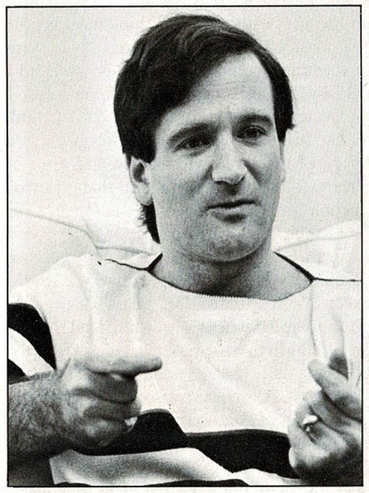
At that point, however, a funny thing happened to Williams' career: it began to fall apart. When Popeye *premiered in December 1980, Williams received lukewarm reviews and the movie itself turned out to be a turkey.* Mork & Mindy*'s ratings then began to plummet, and after sticking with the show for a fourth season, ABC cancelled it last June. Williams' second movie,* The World According to Garp, *was released last August, and although they didn't put down his acting ability, most critics agreed with* PLAYBOY*'s Bruce Williamson: "Good as he is," Williamson noted, "this still isn't* the *breakthrough role to suit his unique talent." Many of Robin's fans began to ask themselves an unspoken question: was their boy's rocket-like rise to the top about to flame out as spectacularly as it had begun? The comic himself didn't think so.*

To find out how the actor/comedian's self-confidence is faring these days, PLAYBOY *assigned* ***Laurence Linderman*** to follow *Williams around California. Linderman reports:*

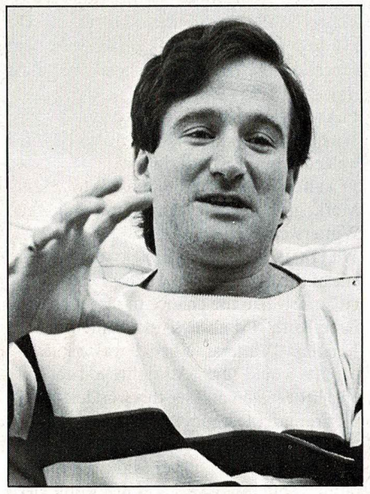
"Robin Williams and his wife, Valerie, live a peripatetic life. They've got two residences in the LA area (a home in one of the canyons and an apartment in Hollywood), an apartment in San Francisco and a ranch in the Northern California wine country. I live just outside Sonoma and I bumped into Williams there when Tommy Smothers, who owns a nearby vineyard, brought him to Marioni's, the town's leading hangout. The word for Williams is charming. He's polite, amiable and funny, and also caught up, I think, in puzzling out how to hold on to aspects of his personality that he wants to share with no one but himself and his wife. Valerie, incidentally, is one terrific lady. Williams told me he was trying to spend as many weekends as he could at his recently purchased spread in neighboring Napa Country, where he wanted to begin our



"I had this thing about Lawrence Welk going, 'Tank you, tank you. Now let's get down and get fonky.'"



"I wish I could play a supporting character in the next film I do, so that I could sit back and watch people work. . ."



"I thought I'd made it into the big time and that I'd have a big house and everything else that goes with being on a hit TV show."

interview. Several weeks later, I met him there one afternoon when he was watching a telecast of On the Waterfront. *Want to know who Robin Williams is? In the last 10 minutes of the movie — when Marlon Brando's Terry Mallory is getting the shit kicked out of him by Lee J. Cobb's Johnny Friendly and his hoods — I glanced over and noticed that Robin had a hand over his face, which didn't at all conceal the tears that were streaming down his cheeks. I don't think I've ever interviewed a more sensitive guy. Or a gentler one, for that matter.*

When we finally began our interview, Mork & Mindy *had just been cancelled, and that provided the opening subject for our conversation.*

PLAYBOY: Why did the show's ratings slip so badly during the past couple of years?

WILLIAMS: I think the stories just got too complex and that we got away from the simplicity of the character. *Mork & Mindy* originally worked because it was about this cheerful little man from outer space doing very simple things — "Mork buys bread", or "Mork deals with racism". Mork and Mindy were both very straight-laced, and the charm of the show, I think, was in having Pam Dawber deal with me in normal, everyday situations — which I would react to in bizarre ways.

PLAYBOY: What happened to make the show fail?

WILLIAMS: The network got cocky. Television is like a game of chess, and guys at the three networks are always trying to gun each other down. Good shows help a network build power blocks. Once you build a power block, you're able to sweep certain nights and then you slowly but surely expand outward. When we started our second year, ABC took shows that were doing well and split us all up because they wanted to sweep *every* night. So for that reason, they shifted *Mork & Mindy* from Thursday to Sunday nights and scheduled us opposite *Archie Bunker's Place*. As a result of all the manoeuvring two or three ABC series got cancelled, including a very good one called *Angie*.

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction?

WILLIAMS: It didn't piss me off as much as I walked around wondering *why*?

PLAYBOY: Were you opposed to having Mork give birth to Mirth, the Jonathan Winters character?

WILLIAMS: No, having him on the show was one of the main reasons I stayed with it. For me, it was like the chance to play alongside Babe Ruth. I'd always just wanted to *meet* Jonathan Winters. When I was a kid, my parents would say, "All right, you can stay up a little longer and see this wonderful man fly around the room and do all his crazy stuff." I found out much later that Jonathan's shows never did well in the ratings, but an awful lot of people I've talked to remember those shows, and they vividly remember things that he did. And I mean exact lines and whole routines.

PLAYBOY: How hard did you take the news that *Mork & Mindy* was being cancelled?

WILLIAMS: Well, there was a period where I thought, "Oh fuck, man, they're out to kill us *all*!" After that, it was, "All right, let us die gracefully." My feeling now is that we did some good stuff — some *strange* stuff, too — and I know that we made an impact on our time.

PLAYBOY: Did *Mork* ever run afoul of network censors?

WILLIAMS: Sometimes, but we always had wonderful censors. We had a Filipino lady censor who was great, and then we had a black censor who's really something else. I tried to sneak a few Yiddish phrases past him, but he knew all of them. It turned out that the guy speaks Yiddish, and was also studying other languages. Mostly, the network's censorship worries had to do with product references. For instance, we had a major hamburger chain sponsoring the show, and one time I did something about a hamburger chain selling kangaroo meat. I said, "Look, Min, my hamburger has another hamburger inside its little pocket, and there's *another* little hamburger inside *that* one." No chance.

I'd lose the circulation in my arms and they'd lock up, so we'd have to stop shooting. They'd untie me and say, "Relax, Robbie, relax."

PLAYBOY: Your film, *Popeye*, wasn't a total dud, but it certainly wasn't the blockbuster most people thought it would be. What went wrong with the picture?

WILLIAMS: *Popeye* was a nice fairy tale with a loving spirit to it, and I think most people — especially movie critics — were expecting a combination of *Superman* and a Busby Berkeley musical. In some ways, I expected that, too, but in the end, I think what (director Robert) Altman got was a very gentle fable with music and a lot of heart. I recently found out that a lot of people are buying videotapes of *Popeye*, and that their kids watch it four or five times a month. That makes me feel good, because although adults were expecting what they'd seen in cartoons for years and were disappointed when they didn't get it, no one tells children what to expect.

PLAYBOY: In a conversation we once had with him, Altman surprised us by saying he conceived of *Popeye* as a morality tale about a young man searching for his lost father.

WILLIAMS: That's probably why it missed, because everybody wanted to see the *Popeye* they remembered when they were kids. I knew that when we were making the movie, and I could feel what was missing. For instance, we needed a couple of slam-bang musical numbers that really tore the tits off the place. Same with the action: when the cartoon Popeye started dancing, walls would come down, windows would break, people would go flying out the door and Popeye would be swinging Olive Oyl around with her body parallel to the floor. Instead of all that, we shot in a real small space where you couldn't kick out the jams. A lot of the movie was filmed on a sunken steamer that was sitting on the end of the bay in Malta, and that kept things confined. So, we wound up seeing the softer side of *Popeye*. *(In a fey voice:)* "I enjoyed *Popeye* because the *clothes* were so interesting. And I *loved* those rubber forearms. I want to *meet* this man. If I give you money, will you put those arms on for me?"

PLAYBOY: How long *did* you spend getting made-up each day?

WILLIAMS: About an hour and a half, and after that they'd strap on the latex arms; they tied me off almost as if I was a junkie. In some of my fight scenes I'd lose all the circulation in my arms and they'd lock up, so we'd have to stop shooting. I'd ask for a little blood and they'd untie me and say, "Relax, Robbie, relax." Once the circulation got going, they'd tie up my arms again so I could fight for another half hour. It was very strange and very strenuous.

PLAYBOY: How did you happen to get the part in the first place?

WILLIAMS: I first heard about *Popeye* when Robert Evans asked me to be in the picture. Dustin Hoffman originally was supposed to play *Popeye*, and he also was supposed to do *The World According to Garp;* if there's another film you don't want to do, Dustin, just tell me and I'll be there. *Mork & Mindy* was real hot when he backed out, so I guess Evans thought, "Well, we'll get Williams and let's see what happens."

PLAYBOY: What did you think of your work in *Popeye?*

WILLIAMS: I thought I had guts and that my performance had depth, but while we were doing it I felt confined and I really wanted a chance to explode out. I thought that would come when we had our big boffo ending, but suddenly Paramount pulled the plug on the film and said, "You people have to come home. You're tired and over budget, and if you stay any longer you're going to be there on your own." So there *was* no boffo ending. On the last day of shooting we were struggling desperately to come up with an ending, and we all knew it would take great special effects to pull it off. I'd pictured *Popeye* flying through the air, sort of like the cartoon thing where he becomes a tornado with his legs spinning around at warp four. And I know that I was supposed to punch an octopus out of the water and have it go whirring into space, but that didn't happen, either.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

WILLIAMS: Because when we got ready to shoot the ending, the special effects guys had already left Malta. We were backed up against a wall, and we all knew it. Shelley Duvall, who was terrific as Olive Oyl, was supposed to be attacked by an octopus, but the octopus that was built for the movie couldn't *do* anything. The Disney Studios had half-investment in *Popeye*, and if anyone had let them know that the octopus couldn't even manipulate its arms, I think they would have sent over a couple of guys and we would've had an octopus that could blink, wink, blow bubbles and smoke underwater. Shelley had to do a scene with the octopus grabbing her, so she literally wrapped the octopus' tentacles around her like a wet rubber boa and had to sell the fucker as hand-to-hand combat — that's when I was supposed to show up and launch the octopus into outer space. We blew it up instead, but you couldn't actually tell what happened. I've got distance from it now, but *Popeye* was real painful for me, especially when it first came out and got knocked so heavily by some reviewers.

PLAYBOY: How do you think *The World According to Garp* — and your performance in it — will be received?

WILLIAMS: I don't know, but the advance word is good, because since I did *Garp*, I've been getting a lot of scripts. There was an initial wave of parts offered to me when people found out I wanted to do films, but after *Popeye* the number of screenplays sent to me tapered off. It comes in waves — Hollywood's really like that: "Ah, he's *hot* again." Studio executives go to screenings of just about every film before it's released, and I guess some of them liked what they saw in *Garp*. Of course, if the picture doesn't do well, they may start recalling all the scripts I've been looking at.

PLAYBOY: Do you have another movie already lined up?

WILLIAMS: No, and right now I'm just interested in learning what I can about movies, because there are two possibilities: I can act in other people's films or I can eventually write and act in my own. I wish I could play a supporting character in the next film I do, so that I could sit back and watch people work rather than take the burden of being a major character like in *Popeye* and *Garp*.

PLAYBOY: At this moment, we're sure a lot of actors out there are giving you a *great* deal of sympathy.

WILLIAMS: Oh yes, I can hear them now: "Fuck you, scumbag. Oh, how *tough* it must be Robin, playing all these leading roles. I've been playing a spear-carrier for several years now, you motherfucker, so I can really appreciate your problem." Yes, I just want to explore *minor* roles for a while, folks. "Mr. Williams, you might very *well* begin exploring minor roles. You might even begin to explore the Zen concept of not working at all, you lucky asshole." Ah, but I want to explore *all* possibilities. "One of the major possibilities, Mr. Williams, is that you might be on unemployment like the rest of us, jack. So enjoy your major roles while

(continued on page 144)

ILLUSTRATION BY MILES PARNELL

d'ya want the good news or the bad news? the tv moguls are bombarding us with both, in an all-out assault on network news ratings

NEWS WARS

AND, from the front, comes this exclusive report. The news bombardment of Australia has intensified. Rival networks are wheeling out new weapons, many of them untested, as they intensify their struggle to push each other back from possible television ratings victory. The prize: the Australian population. Each network plans to colonise as much of it as possible. Meanwhile, Australians, caught in the middle of this news war, aren't ducking for cover. Instead, they are increasingly exposing themselves to the network barrage. The nation is awash in news. Some of the news actually *is* news. Some of it makes news. Despite a vast supply of available news, some network generals prefer to fire splatters of pap at hapless Australians, an apparent act of mercy because of the program planners' assessment that too much hard news could be painful. Worse, it could drive the pathetic news-bombed creatures to their nearest Skyline Drive-in or Westfield shopping mall. With news continuing to gush freely over a heavily news-blitzed people, network intelligence sources acknowledge there's unlikely to be any lessening of the news onslaught. McNair-Anderson — an organisation that monitors the effect of the struggle on the civilian population, using a ruthless mechanism called ratings — has provided network strategists with support for a bizarre notion: *Australians are becoming*

article by chris pritchard

addicted to the rash of news bombings, displaying a craving for more *news.*

Sceptics who argued that, "you'll never get the lazy buggers out of bed to watch early-morning news", have been proved wrong. And, in a cruel stab at the heart of our leaders' lifestyles, politicians have had to alter their behavioral patterns dramatically. Mistresses, wives and others are callously abandoned on Sunday (yes, Sunday) mornings as, dragging on their clothes while they run, politicians eagerly stampede to newly-established on-air interrogations.

People may be asking, "Will it last or be replaced by soccer?" but indications are that news will continue to grow rapidly to fill still more of our lives. But don't worry, as the warm tide of news washes over you, your consciousness won't be expanded and you probably won't be better informed. And, should you want any depth to your reporting, as an antidote to large quantities of nebulous fluff, you'll still have to READ!

For all its faults, *60 Minutes* deserves full credit as the pioneer. It taught the networks something new: that there are big bucks to be made out of news and current affairs. Network chiefs responded by launching a gush of new material, much of it in the past year. The phenomenon continues and competition will, in fact, be greatly intensified in 1983.

We are following in the pattern of the US: a demand for *more* news and background that is readily met by television industry decision-makers seemingly out to prove that more needn't mean *better*. New shows which have emerged, both here and in the US, have become, for the networks involved, handy containers into which expensive corporate-image advertising can be placed (The Quiet Achiever, The Big Australian and the like). The US experience has taught that more news isn't *really* more news. Cable News Network, the Atlanta-based outfit which writers usually insist on linking, in every reference to it, with its chief executive, celebrity sailor Ted Turner, is an all-news operation. But there's not much more news worthy of the name available from it than on, say, *NBC Nightly News*. Instead, there's plenty of repetition (that's acceptable because viewers float in and out of CNN) and massive dollops of "soft news" (mostly human interest features) rather than in-depth additional coverage of national and international issues.

The fear remains among editors that a heavy dosage of foreign news will be boring unless there's plenty of "bang bang" footage. (Lebanon and El Salvador filled the bill. The Falkland Islands didn't because of Britain's surprising refusal to allow even the limited level of media access available in the Iraq-Iran war.) When there's no "bang bang", a steady diet of "gee whiz" material that looks as if it only just failed to earn inclusion on *That's Incredible* is a ready substitute.

Since 1981, there's been a great increase in news and current affairs budgets, new shows and available on-air time. In a pattern followed across the country, Sydney's news programs received a vigorous shake-up:

- Channel Seven revamped its news operation, replacing its long-time anchor, — after a transition period using two newsreaders, with a recruit from ABC.
- Channel Ten later announced a $1 million expansion of its *Eyewitness News* operation. The changes appeared to be the work of a team of cosmeticians but the number of live crosses to locations such as the parking lot outside State Parliament have, apparently, increased. This flurry of activity, in itself, needn't improve news content and indicates a rather dated desire to prove the reporter was actually there. Another new gimmick from the Rupert Murdoch stable: an amazing, exclusive two-headed weatherman. Or is that two weathermen? It's not easy to remain alert through a breathless hour of *Eyewitness News*, in which a heavy weight team of reporters

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sadly have to fill a bantam weight program pitched at the bottom end of the market.

- Channel Nine has remained aloof from these changes, unsurprisingly, because it already presents the most professional nightly news among the commercial stations in the cities it serves. Nine, recognising its strength in providing a crisp, tightly-edited 30-minute newscast, hasn't tampered with its format. Instead, it has injected the same format into other time slots: mid-morning and late-night bulletins, the latter being a commendable half-hour of world news. (Nine's service isn't identical in all cities it serves and, of course, it doesn't tell you, despite its advertising jingle, all you "need to know". But, in terms of sophistication and news judgement, it's way ahead of the competition.)

Start viewing in the early morning and, through much of the nation, you get Network Ten's *Good Morning Australia,* a similar format copied from the American Broadcasting Company's *Good Morning America*. Head-to-head with it is the Nine Network's *National Today Show,* a format that imitates the National Broadcasting Company's *Today*. And there are industry rumors — worrying to watchers of early-morning cartoons — that the Seven network is considering a morning news format similar to that of *CBS Morning News,* the Columbia Broadcasting System's first newscast of the day.

There are critics who condemn this heavy lifting of ideas from US networks. However, if you want early-morning television for a population whose lifestyle is not radically different from that of the US and whose television services have more in common with the US and Canada than with, say, Britain, why not take advantage of millions of dollars spent there researching concepts and fine-tuning them to fit in with audience demands?

Another criticism, as our news wars develop, is that our networks shouldn't use US formats because they are too shallow for Australian audiences. This argument ignores the fact that the most serious US current affairs programs, which have had long and successful runs on the networks there and *are* available, haven't been copied for Australia. *Meet the Press, Face the Nation* and *Issues and Answers* are three of these. The bottom line is that US technology, research and high-quality spoken reporting make it the obvious source for material and ideas which our small (and relatively low-budget) television industry can't be expected to generate.

Network executives agree the news wars won't bring a big influx of British-style current affairs programs to our screens. The best of these are *Panorama* and *World in Action. Panorama,* when it's good (and on location), regularly astonishes viewers with its unrivalled expertise. But, when it's in the studio, it is often remarkably tedious prime-time viewing. Talking heads (such as an insipid collection of armchair generals discussing the Falklands war) show little mercy toward their viewers but, without a serious ratings war in Britain, television can remain elitist (this elitism is personified in *Panorama* anchor Robin Day, who for years has retained an expression of perpetual disdain) and not bothered that huge potential audiences aren't watching.

World in Action, however, has a definite skill for making serious political reporting (particularly Third World events that many viewers may find uninteresting) into riveting television. The format has been considered here but has been quickly dumped: networks realised that we don't have the necessary budgets, or armies of experienced researchers, to spend two months on one story, especially when a program has to go to air weekly. (*World in Action,* perhaps because of financial cutbacks, seems now to be concentrating more on local stories, not the kind that earned it its fame.)

Mid-mornings have changed in Australia. From being a wasteland of inane plug-shows ("and our guest today is Freddie Bloggs, manager of the David Jones babywear department who'll show us some of the gorgeous David Jones babywear in the David Jones babywear department") amid the soaps, there's now an effort to upgrade content. Seven and Nine have mid-morning newscasts, each with a suitably relaxed touch that is maintained without surrendering the shows' tight formats. Another morning change, partly within the realm of current affairs, is the advent of the quality talk show. *Donahue*, taped at WGN in Chicago, is widely syndicated to North American stations. In Australia, WIN-4, of Wollongong, bought national rights to the show, which is on the station's weekday schedule. It began trying to sell *Donahue* to other stations. Sydney's Channel Seven was the first to buy it, to fill a 9am time slot.

Australian networks — and viewers — have an ambivalent attitude towards foreign talk shows. The *Tonight Show*, with Johnny Carson, didn't succeed (or was so often pre-empted by umpteen cricket replays that it wouldn't find an audience) despite Carson's quick wit and often excellent line-up of guests. But *Parkinson in Australia* succeeds simply because it's taped here. . . with its imported host and, often, imported guests. Without explanation, the Yorkshireman is described as the best interviewer in the world. Have the authors of this fanciful description ever seen the competition?

Donahue is in a different category. The audience, mostly —but often not overwhelmingly — women, is directly involved in questioning the guest. Sometimes it's pure entertainment (Sylvester Stallone, for instance). Other times it's loaded with information as women question surrogate mothers, laetrile users, euthanasia advocates and so on. Phil Donahue told this writer: "I can't believe how stupid women are perceived to be in the eyes of many people who make TV programs. The fact that there's an insatiable demand for a serious-but-interesting alternative proves how wrongly women have been treated by TV."

Not just women, but kids too, are being carried along on the news binge. The team behind *Simon Townsend's Wonder World*, the innovative children's show that occupies an afternoon slot in many parts of Australia, is tinkering with a soon-to-be-launched kiddies' news program to screen in the afternoons.

News for kids? A couple of years ago that would have sounded just plain dumb. Now Network Ten executives — and the production company behind the show —are confident it will work.

Now let's trudge our way through the news swamp to the generals' tents to examine battle plans, listen in on briefings and check network assessments of the war story so far.

Behind the first tent flap. . .

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Brian Dale, press secretary to New South Wales' State Premier Neville Wran, was "boisterously" (Dale's word) telling two fellow guests at a reception that Network Ten should have a current affairs show. The twosome, Rupert Murdoch and senior Murdoch aide Ken Cowley, listened attentively. Dale doesn't recall any reaction from either man. But, a couple of months later, Dale received a call from Cowley and an invitation to Mahogany Row (as the executive offices at News Limited are dubbed).

"We want you to do that show," Cowley said. Dale was puzzled at first. As Cowley spoke, the reason for the newspaper executive's enthusiasm became clear. Ah, *that* show. Dale decided at once to take it, but he asked for a few days to think it over. He confided in Wran and a few friends. They all confirmed his view that he should seize the opportunity, he says. *The Reporters* began to take shape.

Officially, when he arrived at News Limited, Dale was to be in charge of "special projects". Editors in the building didn't like it one bit. In the Murdoch organisation, editors are generally replaced before their chairs get warm. It's known as the revolving-door system of editorship. As Dale prowled the Holt Street newsroom, pacing and thinking, the editors' edginess increased. *He was after one of their jobs!* Dale heard the gossip, enjoyed it, but wasn't yet ready to reveal why he was in the building.

He hired John Westacott, assistant editor of *The Australian* to help him plan his new show.

The two had worked together before. While Dale, now 36, was handling Wran's public relations with enormous success, Westacott was covering State politics for Sydney's *Daily Telegraph* with greater impact than had been the case before or, indeed, has been since. Regular front-page exclusives saw Westacott's career soaring. Inevitably, the tongues wagged. Dale and Westacott were good mates, helping each other's careers along. Wran got the publicity. Westacott got the hot-shot image along Macquarie Street.

"Bullshit," says Westacott, a tall 34 year-old whose outward frivolousness only thinly masks an extremely serious approach both to the program and to his career. Friends describe him as exceedingly ambitious. "I can't stand Dale and I know he hates me." There is no evidence to support this lightheartedly stated view. Moreover, from the rapport between the two — Dale as executive producer and Westacott as program editor — has evolved an effective

(continued on page 129)

"I need some help with my thesis. You see, I have this list of 27 sexual myths and fallacies that I'm trying to disprove."

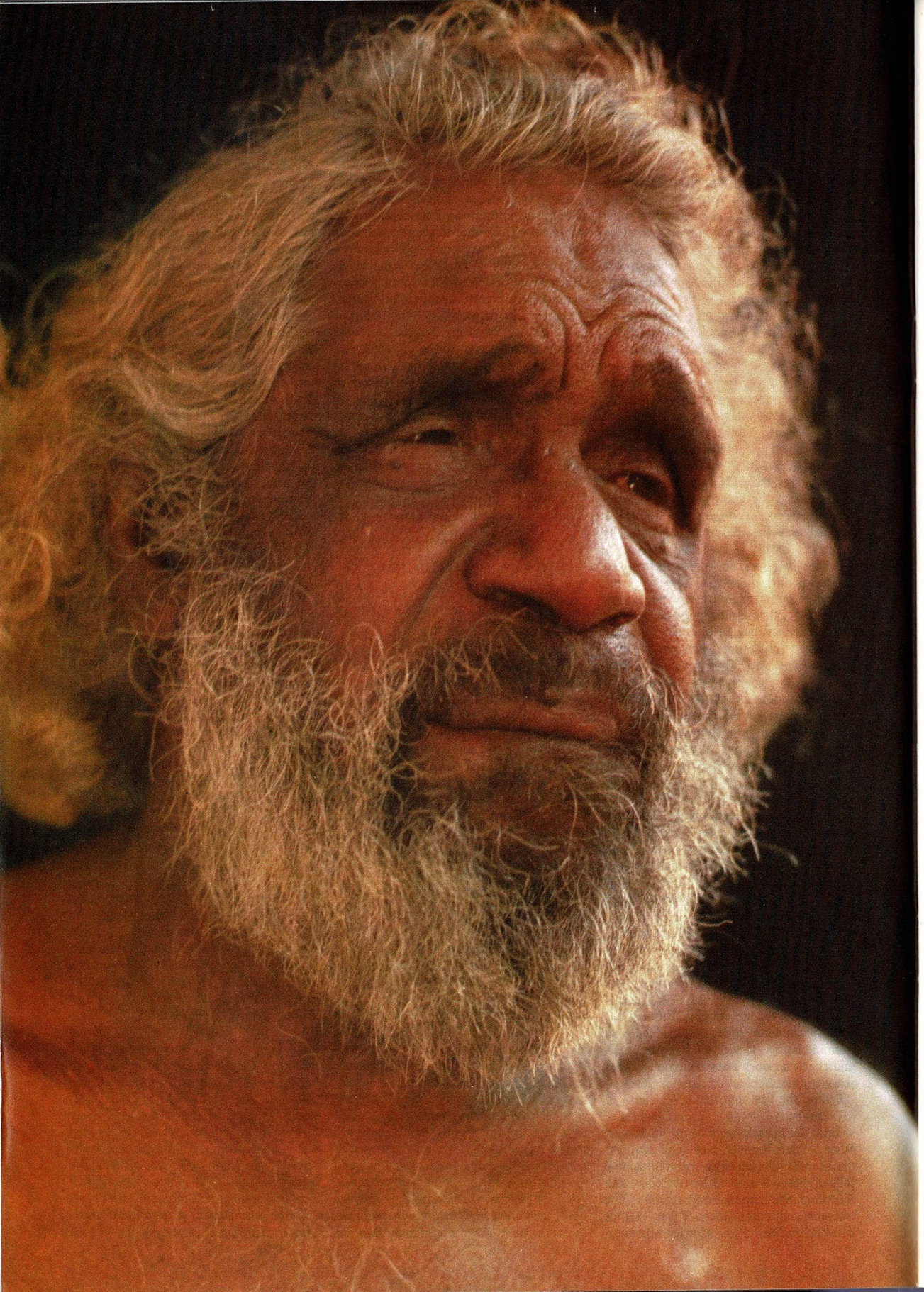

PHOTO BY DAVID MARSHALL

profile by robert reid

MAN OF TWO WORLDS

like namatjira, dick roughsey has found the crown of premier aboriginal artist is encased in cultural conflict

LATE AT NIGHT, the end of a hot April day in North Queensland. Dick Roughsey sits quietly on the verandah of a darkened house. Outside, the bush stretches away into the ageless land of Cape York. The balmy night air is heady with tropical fragrance; buzzing with the confused flights of myriad insects. Roughsey is stone-still, barely discernible in the shadows. His eyes are narrowed, focused on the outside scene. Not a human sound is to be heard. Roughsey, the Aboriginal man, knows the meaning of silence.

Occasionally, Roughsey reaches for a bottle and takes a drink, or rolls a cigarette with slow deliberation. His eyes never leave the bush landscape; his senses are alive to its natural pulse.

Dick Roughsey, OBE, artist, writer and tribal elder, relaxes from the day's events. He is looking at tomorrow, planning a painting program. He prepares his mind, fixing a subject in his consciousness, ready and clear for the morning.

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Up on Mornington Island, in the Gulf of Carpentaria, he is known by his tribal name, Goobalathaldin — usually shortened to Gooba, or Goobla. Goobalathaldin means "water standing on end", or "rough seas" — hence Roughsey, a white-man name invented for his father by the missionaries.

He was born under a clump of pandanus palms on his home island of Langu-Narnji, now known as Sydney Island — a land mass connected to greater Mornington at low tide by sand bars. Langu-Narnji is the ancestral home of his people, the Lardil tribe, and is traditionally owned, in part, by the male elders of the Roughsey clan. The year of his birth is unknown, but was some time around 1920, when the first missionary, Robert Hall, was murdered. Years are irrelevant in Aboriginal history, all events of importance being noted by the seasons.

To a tribal man, no matter where you may go, your true home is always where you were born. Roughsey doesn't get back to Langu-Narnji much now, but he speaks of it with soft reverence: "I like to go back there whenever I can, and take off my city clothes. I don't think I will ever be able to live there again, all the time, because I'm stuck with all this painting and travelling about. . . I can't get away from it, always such a lot to do — exhibitions, meetings, all that sort of thing."

Roughsey does indeed carry a heavy load. He is Australia's premier Aboriginal artist, author of an autobiography and a prolific writer and illustrator of children's books. As well, he is committed to the preservation of Cape York as a wilderness area, and the conservation of the environment for future generations. He is a relaxed, amiable man, who laughs easily and enjoys sharing a joke. His full blood face has the friendly but unreachable depth of the black Australian. His eyes squint in the light, a legacy from a childhood bout of trachoma, a disease which permanently blinded a great many of his people. He likes a drink and a smoke, to sit around and yarn with a mate. He has wined and dined with the rich and famous, and has, in turn, become famous himself. But to Roughsey, fame is a coat to be worn or discarded as the occasion demands.

"When I go home, I'm just old Goobla — nobody calls *me* mister. We're all the same in the tribe — you can't get away from it." He laughs at the thought.

Dick Roughsey is a religious man, an active member of the Presbyterian Church — the missionary master of his boyhood. In spite of this, he remains firmly loyal to the old tribal spiritual beliefs. He does not feel that one cancels out the other. He "keeps them both", and experiences no difficulty with the concept of a dual-religion. It is no different to other aspects of his black-white world.

"Why give up anything," he explains. "I try to accept all the things that happen to me as already worked out. Nothing I can do about it. The Lardil belief is not so different from the white man's really. . .but the missionaries would never accept our ways, and tried to make us cut it all out. It doesn't make any difference now — not to me anyway. I make a good living with my art, and I'm very happy."

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Roughsey is apolitical, uneasy with conversation or questions dealing with governments and political parties. Likewise, he shies away from — but does not entirely shun — the struggles of his black brothers. He sees himself as a balanced "in-between man", a black man successfully straddling the difficult line between two cultures, as at home in one as in the other. But his prime responsibility is to his art, and the respected position he holds in modern society.

His paintings portray the intricate existence of tribal black people, windows into an almost-vanished timescape. Black figures stalk a surreal bushland, alert for the sinister presence of the feared Quinkans (supernatural spirits). Their nervous progression dominates the painting, an alive quality from the artist's memory.

Invariably, he is compared with the late Albert Namatjira. Like Namatjira, Roughsey has broken through the tough barrier into the white art business — the place of big money, and its attendant pressurised lifestyle. But, unlike Namatjira, Roughsey has avoided the pitfalls that success can bring to a tribal man. He steers clear of group drinking marathons and is modest in his living habits. But Namatjira, the artist, was his model, and inspired him to carry on the proud tradition of Aboriginal art. He recalls the decline and death of Namatjira with sadness and anger: "That poor old fellow. His people — and my people, too — did that to him. . . I don't know. My first tries at oil painting were copies from his style, but they weren't any

good at all. Now, some people have said that I am as good as he was, but that is hard to believe. He was the best, and maybe one day I can do as well. I'll just keep on going, and do the best I can."

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The artistic abilities of Dick Roughsey may never have matured but for the chance intervention of one man: Percy Trezise.

Trezise is a man of diverse talents. He is an artist in his own right, an author, pilot, anthropologist, explorer and conservationist. His discovery and documentation of Aboriginal rock paintings has been recognised as perhaps the greatest study yet undertaken in the field of primitive art. With Roughsey as guide and collaborator, Trezise continues the work, with regular expeditions into the Cape York hinterland.

In the early 1960s, Trezise and Roughsey met at Karumba, in the Gulf country. Both men were working for Reg Ansett: Trezise as an airline captain for ANA and Roughsey as yardman at the Karumba Lodge. It was a simple, chance encounter.

Roughsey had settled into the hotel job after years of drifting around northern Australia, working as drover, timber-cutter, and deckhand on coastal vessels. He recalls the meeting: "Percy was flying a DC 3 up around Normanton, delivering mail to the outstations and all those places. He used to land at Karumba and stay the night at the Lodge. At the time I was painting on bark in my spare time. Well, he saw me doing this one afternoon, and that night we had a long yarn together. That's when it all got started. Before I met Percy there wasn't much that I was interested in. I just seemed to live from day to day. . . nothing was real good. Without his support I don't think I would be where I am now. After that, he used to bring me up bundles of stringybark from the hills around Cairns — fly them up in the DC 3 — because I had a lot of trouble getting the right bark for my painting. He helped me in many ways, and later on I was able to help him in return."

Over the past two decades, Roughsey and Trezise have bonded their lives into a firm friendship. They are seldom far from each other's company, and share common interests in art, writing, wilderness conservation and Aboriginal history.

Roughsey was carefully guided into a career as an artist. This was achieved without haste, and without a traumatic sacrifice to his way of life. Trezise proposed a 10-year plan, and advised Roughsey to continue his work with traditional bark painting for a period of at least five years. Gradually, he was introduced to the European style, and tutored in the use of oils and acrylics. It was a long haul, but both men stuck solidly to the original plan. Roughsey considers he has served his apprenticeship.

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Dick Roughsey spent the first eight years of his life in the bush with his tribal family. They maintained their existence in the ancient way for the last few years, before white influence dominated their lives forever. It was the end of the free times on Mornington Island. The missionary was too powerful, and resistance was futile. The days of killing were already over, and the tribesmen had lost their authority to the white invaders.

The young Roughsey was taken from the bush by the missionary's agents — trained "tame" tribesmen known as counsellors, who were responsible for bringing in children of school age. Roughsey remembers it as a time of terror.

"The counsellors were really my own people who had been living at the mission, you see. They had gone over from the tribe to the white man. Robert Wilson was the missionary then — he came after the Reverend Robert Hall was killed. Robert Wilson arrived with his wife and four children — two boys and two girls. Well, the first thing he did was send out his counsellors to gather up all the children around the island. They used to wear a kind of red guernsey with the word

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COUNSELLOR written all over it. There were four of them at this time — one was my cousin, as a matter of fact — and he said to my parents: 'We've come to get the children and take them to school. We got to teach them white man law.' Well, my parents didn't want to give me up, and they argued all night, but in the end they said: 'All right, you take him.' The counsellors had to get the parents to agree, they weren't supposed to take us without permission. So those two, Gully and Paddy, took us into the school. There were four of us in that mob — two girls, another boy and myself. We didn't know what was going on, or what would happen, because we didn't know anything at all about the white man way. I was frightened all right, my word. They gave my parents presents — blankets and tucker — then they went bush, and it was two or three months before I saw them again, when they came into the mission station to see how I was getting on."

It was not an easy life for a bush child, suddenly swept away from the comfort and security of the close tribal family. It was a Spartan existence in the dormitory. The children were taught the English language, and worked hard for the privilege. But even so, the mission had its good points, once fear had been overcome, and the children had adapted to the new pattern. The Reverend Wilson was a tough but fair-minded man, and everybody was well-fed, clothed and sheltered. They learned the Bible messages and sung hymns on cue, and duly paid homage to the new God. They soon understood the deal being offered by the Church fathers: full bellies in exchange for servitude. Regular tucker was a good proposition, and hard to resist. The Christian religion soon found plenty of converts.

Tribal life altered rapidly after the death of Robert Hall, changing into a fringe dependency around the mission settlement. Receiving handouts was easier than chasing wallaby. The Reverend Robert Hall had been unlucky. He fell victim to the last bout of murderous intent by the Mornington Island tribes. He was tracked and killed in the bush by a renegade trio known as Gidegal, Dick Myall and Billy Wamba. They, in turn, were hunted by the police, captured, and tried for murder. The story is legendary on Mornington Island.

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Half a century later, and the wheel has turned. The Lardil people manage their own affairs now, and the Presbyterian Church takes a back seat. But the missionaries did their work well — most of the Aboriginal Islanders are Christians.

The old ways are almost lost. Even the memories are fading. When the last of the elders have gone, it will be over. The young people of Mornington are mainly without jobs, existing on bureaucratic handouts.

Roughsey has separated from his wife, Elsie, but she remains a part of his family, living with his children while he is away. His children have grown into young adults, but he is not happy with the situation. "I would like to see them all with jobs. I can see that my boys are not interested in work. When I was young I went out mustering cattle, things like that, but my own children have got nothing to do. They have no idea of such a thing as work. They depend on social benefits, and all those things. . ."

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In 1970 and 1973, an American psychiatrist, Virginia Huffer, made a study of the Mornington Island women, their tribal habits and the effects of their contact with modern white society. Her observations during this three-year study period are recorded in a book, *The Sweetness of the Fig.* Elsie Roughsey is the main subject, the focal point of this account.

Huffer reports signs of jealousy from the Lardil tribes-people towards Dick Roughsey's success in the white world, a realm from which they feel excluded. But, Roughsey denies this claim. His people's attitude towards him never has changed, he says. However, Huffer writes that Elsie had noted a marked resentment, and that grudges developed due to Roughsey's white-man life. Now that he spends little time with his people, it would naturally be assumed that this resentment would grow, perhaps developing into open hostility. Roughsey is firm in denial. "No, that's not true, I just don't believe that at all. When I first started making big money from my paintings, I never had anyone approach me and say: 'You're a big man, a big-shot rich man, we don't like you', or anything like that. I can tell that it isn't so, because we always look into each other's faces when we talk, and I never saw anything about trouble between us. Never. They treat me as an important man, but you know what that's for. . . 'Give me bacca. . . give me 10 dollar'. . . " He rubs his thumb and forefinger together and laughs.

"Namatjira had that problem too. His mob would send him out for grog, you see, because in those days, in the Northern Territory, he was the only black man allowed to drink. He was badly treated by his people, through booze. But me, I don't bother with that kind of thing, I don't go out and get grog for anyone."

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Roughsey was awarded the OBE for his services to the Aboriginal people as Chairman of the Aboriginal Arts and Crafts Board. He was the inaugural chairman when the Board was formed, and served three consecutive years in that position. The OBE means a great deal to Roughsey, and he sees it as an achievement for his people.

He speaks of the award with dignity: "I'm very glad the Queen did this for me, it shows what I have been doing to help Aboriginals all over Australia. I used to spend a lot of time travelling around the country, teaching art, and showing people how they could use their talent. It was very hard work, I was on the go all the time.

"The Arts and Crafts Board was formed when Harold Holt was Prime Minister, and he asked me if I could gather together all the legends of the old people. Dr Coombs — Nugget Coombs — nominated me for the job. I'm not with the Board now, I resigned, but I'm still a member of the Institute of Aboriginal Studies, in Canberra. The OBE is a white man's gift to a black man who worked hard. All my people are proud of it, because it's for them, too."

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Much of Roughsey's time is spent on the Trezise property at Laura, west of Cooktown, where he paints, writes and works with Trezise on the study of Aboriginal history.

White society has been kind to Dick Roughsey. He is well-known and admired in all quarters of Australia, from the privileged upper-classes down to the out-of-work laborer on the street. Why should he rock the boat? He prefers to steer clear of controversial situations, especially black power activities. To him, the question of racial strife can largely be pinned down to individual malcontents. He does not consider it to be an inherent, always-to-be human problem.

He fears trouble from the escalating land-rights movement. He is disturbed by the black activists, and sees most of them as "a mob of stirrers". Pressed, he admits to the harsh necessity of a strong land-rights campaign, and would, if necessary, participate in protest marches with his people. He does not want to divorce himself from the struggle, but would resolutely refuse to give his name to a futile plan which would result in racial violence. He fears alienation, a destruction of the place he has built for himself with years of hard work and positive attitudes.

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For all his support and ease within the boundaries of the white Establishment, Dick Roughsey has, on occasions, fallen foul of its laws. One such time was on a lazy summer night in February, 1972, at Holloway Beach, just outside of Cairns. Roughsey was "camped" on the beach with his family, living in a caravan and annexe. At that time, Holloway Beach was a retreat for drifters: an unlawful congregation of drinkers, dopers and a mixed bag of itinerant drop-outs.

It was an interesting community, and everybody was having a good time. Roughsey was painting and fishing, and enjoying life with his family and friends. That is, until the night of February 12, when he was arrested by the Cairns Police and carted off to the slammer.

Roughsey recalls what he told the court with a mixture of good humor and indignation: "Percy and me had been putting out fishing nets from a dinghy I had just bought — a brand new flattie. Well, later on — after tea, it was — we went down to the beach, and the boat was gone. The nets too!

"I was really mad about it, and I was drinking bloomin' plonk in those days. Oh man, was I wild! Percy and me walked all over the place, looking for that flattie, but it was gone for sure. After a while, Percy went home, but I was making a big fuss, and some of my neighbors got angry. . . 'There's that Mr Roughsey down there, swearing and making a noise again.' Well, a certain person called the police, and down they came.

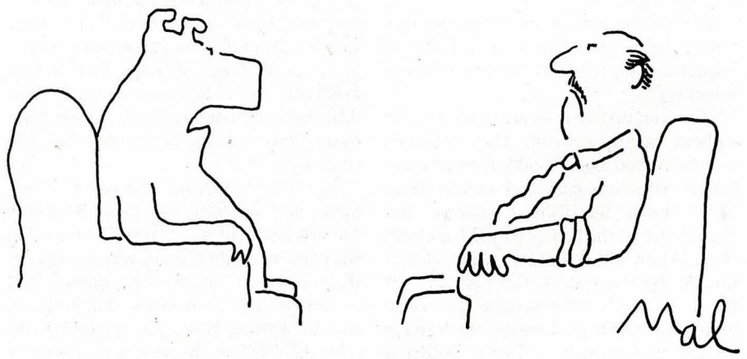
"I was laying down in the annexe of my caravan — that's where I always slept — when they came in and prodded me with a baton. There were two of them — big fellers, too! So they grabbed me by the legs, one each, and dragged me over to the police car. I was putting up a bit of a fight, and they had me on the ground, so I got hold of one by the foot and gave him a good bite on the heel — I had more teeth in those days!

"They got me down to the Cairns lock-up, and there I was. . . under arrest, and no shirt on. Percy had to bring me in a shirt.

"So I goes to the Magistrate's Court. 'Well, Mr Roughsey, you were using bad language, and you damaged a police car and assaulted a police officer, so I'd like to know if you plead guilty or not guilty.'

"I told the Magistrate that yes, I had been using bad language, and so I would plead guilty to that charge. I then requested time to get a solicitor over the other charges. Well, I was granted the time, and eventually I was helped by Nugget Coombs and Professor Zelman Cowen, who was at that time Principal of the University of Queensland. There was no such thing as legal aid for Aboriginals in Queensland. Professor Cowen was a good friend of Dr Coombs, and was very glad to help me. He had many solicitors and barristers under his care — lawyers and so on. He chose for my case a fellow by the name of Frank Gardiner, who brought along a *Courier Mail* reporter and photographer.

"Pretty soon we're all in court, and Mr Gardiner is questioning one of the policemen: 'Where did you find Mr Roughsey on that night?' He replied: 'We found him in the street, running mad all over the place, and that is where we arrested him.'



"Oh, stop your bitching. . . you knew I was a lousy housekeeper before you married me!"

"I had already shown Mr Gardiner where they had dragged me and thrown me in the car. My back was sore for days from the stones on the road. They reckoned I damaged their car, but what really happened was I grabbed hold of the rubber around the door frame, and it came away as they were pushing me into the back seat. Anyhow, the second copper said I punched him on the chest and nose, and then bit him on the leg. That part was true — I heeled him like an old cattle dog! My solicitor said to the policeman: 'You say that Mr Roughsey bit you on the leg. I think you deserved to get bitten. You treated him like a dog, so he *bit* you like a dog!' "

The case dragged on over the best part of a year. Eventually Roughsey was convicted of obscene language, and assaulting a police officer. The charge of wilful and unlawful damage to property (to the police car) was dismissed. He was fined a total of 50 dollars.

The police version of the arrest portrayed a far different scenario. The two arresting officers claimed Roughsey had been disturbing the peace on that night at Holloway Beach, and they had responded to calls from irate residents. Twice they had warned him, the second time as he stood in the middle of the road, cursing them. He was then placed under arrest. He resisted violently, and called them "a mob of fucking cunts". During the fracas, one of the officers was assaulted with blows to the chest, and a bite on the leg. When informed that he was to be charged with assault, Roughsey was alleged to have replied: "This is my country, this is my land — you white cunts won't shift me". Further, it was claimed that at the police charge room, Roughsey spat in the arresting officer's face and again called him a "white cunt".

Although the Magistrate accepted the police officer's evidence, and ruled against him, Roughsey considered himself the victor in a moral issue. He claims to have been victimised, but had stood up for himself nevertheless. The case was a classic "underdog versus oppressor" situation, and attracted a great deal of street-level support for Roughsey.

The missing dinghy and nets eventually turned up in the hands of a Fisheries inspector, who returned them to a furious Roughsey.

"Can you believe it — they took my gear without saying a word. They reckoned somebody had complained about me net fishing without a licence. I said to them: 'What about the fish? I suppose you buggers ate all the fish — jelly fish and all!' Well, I know who it was got me into all that trouble. He was jealous, that's all, and put me in — that's what started the whole business. I used to go along the beach giving out fish to everybody — I never bothered about a licence."

It was a long time ago, and just another story in the life of Dick Roughsey, but he remembers it as a lesson in the complexity of human relations.

Trouble and strife are no strangers to Goobalathaldin. He belongs to a race of people to whom fighting was as natural as eating and hunting. Up until a few years ago, tribal law-breaking was punished by cruelty and death. To the various owner-tribes, Mornington Island was a place of delicate balance between the people and the land. Death was an everyday business. Strangers were not encouraged, and left familiar territory at their own peril.

"Life was very hard for the old people," explains Roughsey. "Sometimes there was not enough food to go around, and everybody was hungry. This made people touchy, and inclined to fight. There was always some kind of fight going on, usually over a woman, things like that. A man could trust only his closest relatives — anyone else might be planning to kill him at the first chance."

Fighting is inherent in the tribal character, and is just as prevalent in contemporary Aboriginals as in their ancient counterparts. The results may not be so final, but the mood persists. Roughsey

"You say that Mr Roughsey bit you on the leg. I think you deserved to get bitten. You treated him like a dog, so he bit *you like a dog!"*

carries a scar depression over his right temple, caused by a large boomerang splinter he received in a tribal fight with his elder brother Burrud (Lindsay). The quarrel began over ownership rights to a dinghy, and escalated into a serious dispute, with no recourse but to fight it out, old-time fashion.

The traditional method of settling wrangles was with a direct confrontation, armed with boomerang and nulla-nulla. A mediator, known as a "growler", first went through the motions of peacemaker. He put on a great show of leaps and shouts, exhorting the antagonists to settle their differences without violence. It was pure theatre, however, and not meant to be taken seriously.

The two combatants squared off. It was night, and visibility was poor. Roughsey was worried. He was " rusty" with tribal weapons, and didn't like his chances against the experienced and stronger Burrud. But his temper was up over the dinghy issue, and his woman, Elsie, was egging him on from the sidelines. Besides, it was a matter of honor, and he had to go through with it.

The brothers exchanged vicious first-throws with the heavy fighting boomerangs, deflecting them with their nulla-nullas. Roughsey hurled his second boomerang, missed, and prepared for the worst. He assumed a defensive stance, holding the nulla-nulla vertically, in front of his head. Burrud's next boomerang shattered in his face, driving a splinter into his temple and knocking him cold. He went down like a "stunned wallaby", and it was all over.

He lost the fight, but managed to survive. It was a deadly serious dispute, and death was waiting for the loser. He denies feeling a great sense of fear, although he knew he could die within minutes.

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The story of Dick Roughsey has a long way to run. Life in the white-man rushabout world is hectic. His time is crowded with projects: painting, writing, and working with Trezise on Aboriginal history and Cape York cave art. It sometimes threatens to overwhelm him, and he suggests he could easily, "give it all away and go on the pension". But he says this with a sly smile, a foxy piece of gammon.

It is hard to visualise Roughsey away from his paints. His style is unhurried, sure and definite. It is as though the slow, sure brush-strokes will go on forever. Like the man himself, his art requires few necessities. A few paints and brushes, a sheet of prepared hardboard, and an old bathroom tile for mixing colors. Give him an old table and chair, and the inevitable tin of rolling tobacco, and he is ready to go. He has never known a fancy studio; he works when and where his "head is right".

He owes no debt to European artists, except for Percy Trezise.

"I've had plenty to do with white artists — but I've never had any real help from them. Nobody has come up to me and said: 'You're doing real good mate, keep it up!' Nobody but Percy.

"I paint my people and my country in two ways — the past and the present. You can see it in all my paintings — the old people on Mornington Island, and the young people as they are now. I *did* copy from a few artists to get started — Percy and Ray Crooke, mainly. But now I'm recognised for my own style, and I don't have to copy anymore."

Roughsey's son, Mervyn — "he's 25 or 26" — is a traditional bark painter on Mornington Island. Roughsey sees Mervyn as his successor.

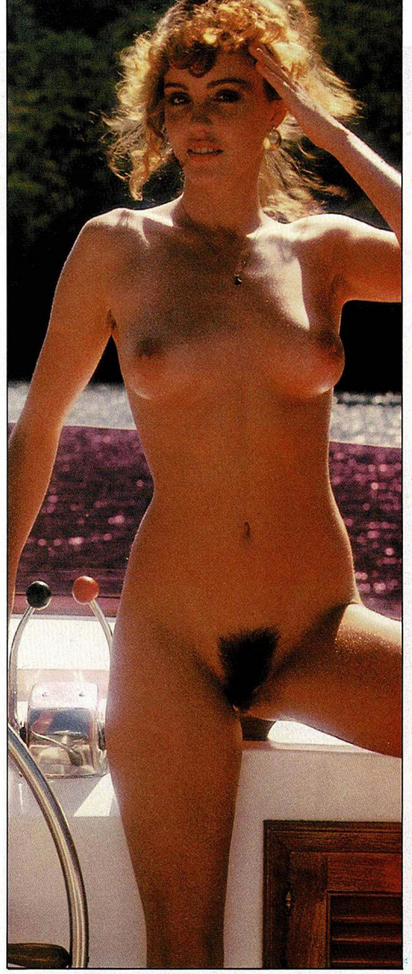
"He's taken all that I've got inside me," explains Roughsey. "That means he has a great talent he can use after I've gone, to take care of his brothers and sisters. When I get back to my country, I'm going to teach him the use of acrylics, and get him away from tribal bark. I think my youngest lad will be all right, too. He's about 15 or 16, and sits down with Mervyn all day, watching him mix colors. So he is learning too, you see. I'm glad they can carry on with what I'm doing, I don't want to see it just stop."

Daughter of the Sun

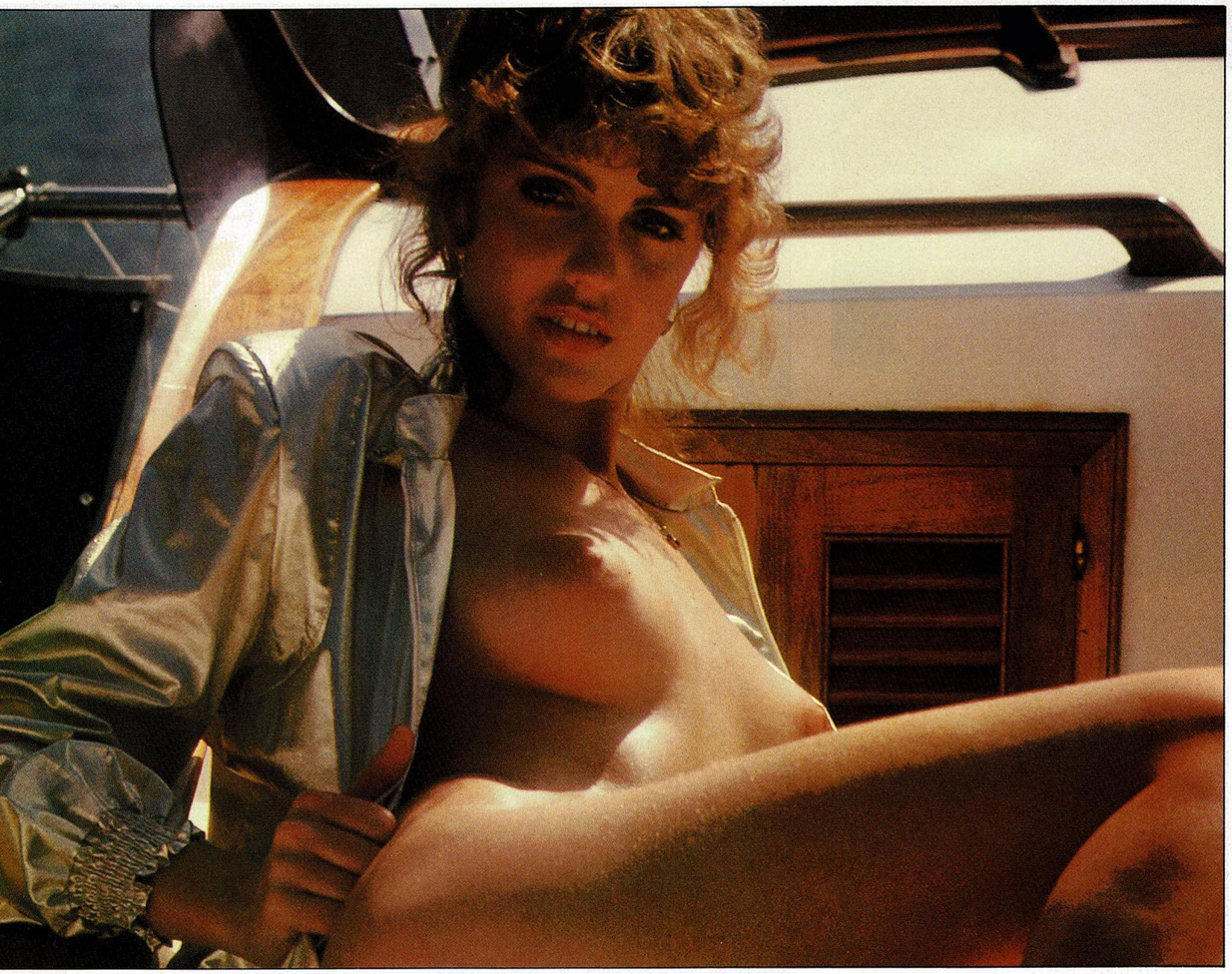
From Queensland with love, sun-bronzed Denise Newey of Townsville is a girl who adores the great outdoors. She yearns to travel to faraway exotic places, to savor the radiance of the sun and the cooling caress of tropical breezes.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICO METTBACH

Denise describes herself as laid-back and easy-going but. . . "As I'm a Taurus, I can *be stubborn. When my mind's made up, I'll do exactly what I want." A modelling career is her present goal: we can see no obstacles to success.*



"I'm generous with love and attention," she smiles. "My ideal man would appreciate my love, would be kind-hearted and have a huge enjoyment of life." He would share, too, Denise's love of animals, the countryside and simple pleasures.



"I like dancing and soft musical ballads," she muses, "but most of all I love to be close to nature. I could spend all my time by the sea. . . swimming, sunbaking, snorkelling, sharing my time and my dreams with somebody very special."

GLEBE

Two want third for small flat. Flexible attitude essential.

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS PAYNE

SHARING

is there anything odd about group living? do cowboys pack six-guns?

THE FIRST scene unwinds in my brain, as sharp as if it already were on celluloid: close-up of a finger tracing down the classified listings. It hesitates at one entry, then goes to the next column. We see the classified subhead, "Share Accommodation". The finger stops. Camera zooms in for a tight close-up of an advertisement: "Female, mid-twenties, broadminded, to share relaxed St Peters flat with three misunderstood artists on the dole, pet kookaburra and two Russian wolfhounds. Prefer smoker, drinker. Own room most of the time."

OWNER OF FINGER: "This looks promising."

Her hand lifts the phone off the hook, and the finger dials. As she raises the receiver to her ear, we see a close-up of her face. She looks like Isabelle Huppert. In fact (what the hell), she *is* Isabelle Huppert. We hear the phone ringing, then the receiver being lifted on the other end. The camera is still on Isabelle, who is biting her lower lip.

MALE VOICE: "Hello?"

ISABELLE: "Hello, I'm ringing about your advertisement for sharing accommodation. . . "

Sorry, I haven't got past that point yet. It's always the plot that stumps me. Cinematic, though, don't you think? It's got universality, too — the macrocosm from the microcosm and all that. It also will have what the government calls "significant Australian content", so I can qualify for Film

article by steve bunk

Commission funding. That's where the kookaburra comes in. Isabelle will play the immigrant, which will provide the big name for international consumption. This movie can't miss. All systems go; I even have the Film Commission's financial assistance application form. The only remaining piece of the puzzle to put in place now is the plot. I already have a rough idea, of course. It will be about a guy who's writing a magazine story about shared accommodation. However, his *real* goal is to storm past the competition into the limelight of Aussie filmdom with an unforgettable saga of sex and violence in a seething Oz setting of shared accommodation. In order to get the research he needs, the writer tails around after a gorgeous French girl (this is where you have to use your imagination) who has immigrated and is looking for a place to share. Unwittingly, the bloke gets emotionally entangled with his project, which is his subject (which is Isabelle). Then terrorists plant a bomb, a car chase ensues and the hero has unique experiences with Isabelle involving felt-tipped marker pens and possibly a dirigible, but I haven't worked out those details yet. What I need first is *research.*

But why a shared accommodation setting? Because it's one of the few non-artificial ways I can think of to put together people of different nationalities — which I reckon is the surest method of making a movie deal here. Hospital, hotel, school and concentration camp movies being old hat, shared accommodation is, by process of elimination, the perfect vehicle to smash the global box-office. It's also typically Australian — where else would heaps of strangers dare to make a common practice of living together? In most countries, to answer a newspaper advertisement of that ilk is to dabble in lunacy.

This, then, will be a real-life Australian movie, and yet fantastic, which is to say it will be real-life. The whole thing will be episodic, yet tightly-knit. I want a free form feel to it, in a structured way. Elements of Proust, with *Sixty Minutes* overtones. With these guidelines established, I decide that the next step is to get a beautiful French girl to stand in for Isabelle during pre-production research. An intelligent, personable, ravishing and bilingual French girl.

Days later, I relent, and begin the research solo. Not too cinematically, my finger (dirty fingernail, wart from fondling frogs), traces down the classified listings. It stops at a number; cut away to a hand lifting a phone off the hook and dialling. In an effort to spice up the ensuing dialogue, I lead with this:

MAN: "Hello, I saw your advertisement. I'm wondering, would your place happen to have a carriage house for my Porsche?"

WOMAN: "I'm afraid not."

MAN: "Not to worry, I can have one built. What's more important is, do you have anything against — don't get me wrong — nudity? I have what you might call an all-over tan."

WOMAN: "Well, I suppose not, if you use a bit of discretion."

MAN: "Not to worry. And is the room furnished?"

WOMAN: "I'm afraid not."

MAN: "That's a problem, then, because almost all of my furniture is bolted to the floor of the yacht. I wonder — don't get me wrong — would it be all right if I shared your bed for a week or two, just until I get some furniture of my own?"

WOMAN: "Gee, I don't think that would be. . ."

MAN: "Fine, I'll be over at four."

By four, the woman has assembled a dozen friends at her flat. Being heavily sedated, she is no longer hysterical. In fact, by the time I arrive, she is wondering aloud whether or not the Porsche has tuck-and-roll. Of course, I say the place isn't suitable for me after all, so she'll never know. (Personally, I doubt that it even had mags, but the cinematic potential of all this is nonetheless evident.)

We join the loose-knit queue as it clucks past the stereo, gabbles at the mod cons, shrieks over the shower fixture and peers in the bedrooms.

As my research proceeds, I find that slightly embellishing the normal course of events helps them to become more picturesque than they normally might be. Otherwise, most encounters would end like my second phone call, in response to this advertisement: "Balmain. Artistic type to share with female, late 20s to mid-30s. Own room. $45 p.w." I ring, she answers, I say something about the room and she replies:

"Look I just got out of the shower someone's at the door the place is a wreck I have an audition this is totally crazy I haven't done this in simply *years* don't you think it's exciting I'm sorry I didn't get your name are you still there oh that doorbell 'Coming!' don't let the cat out I have to go now you seem very nice make it in about a half hour no maybe 45 minutes I hope you're into art I'm an actress here's the address I'm dripping wet they won't stop ringing 'Coming!' I said hang on will you I'll just get the door. . ."

I hang up.

Back to the classifieds, where the research to be had is as varied as the listings. Ah-ha! "Newtown. Two lezzies want third for one-bedroom flat. Messes not allowed."

It didn't really say that, but it may as well have. With practice, I begin to pick off the oddballs by the way they phrase their advertisements. For instance, when blokes put "broadminded", it doesn't necessarily mean they're into women. "Friendly house" has possibilities, but "peaceful" is often a polite way of saying, "asleep on our feet". When they put "professional person", I tend to rustle the paper and send a glower hurtling down the ski slope of my nose. If they say a flatmate is "required", I scope out the place for swastikas and other fanatical scenarios. Advertisements that go on about the magnificence of an apartment often are placed by people who sit reluctantly on plastic coverlets. On the other hand, flats that don't require a bond may be inhabited by folks who want to say something they can't remember. These people are grateful if anyone moves in with them, and they're delighted by motor cycle boots.

In pursuit of the ultimate scene, I spend days, then weeks, answering all manner of solicitations, and seeing too much. In time, I become a de facto expert on shared accommodation. I learn not only to decipher ads, but to shine in interviews, decline offers gracefully, and cull those with the most cinematic potential. Another of my earlier encounters ends in failure, but teaches me something. It begins with this ad: "Cremorne. Person to share flat with three others. Own rm. with harbor view. Bond. $50 p.w."

As I drive to Cremorne, I frame in my mind a slow pan across the room, ending with a lingering shot of sunrise over the sea. A perfect fade in, or is it fade out? Anyway, the cutter will love it. Maybe I should edit the whole thing myself, though. No telling what some silly bastard might do to it. I make another note, to flip through a volume on basic film editing next trip to the bookstore.

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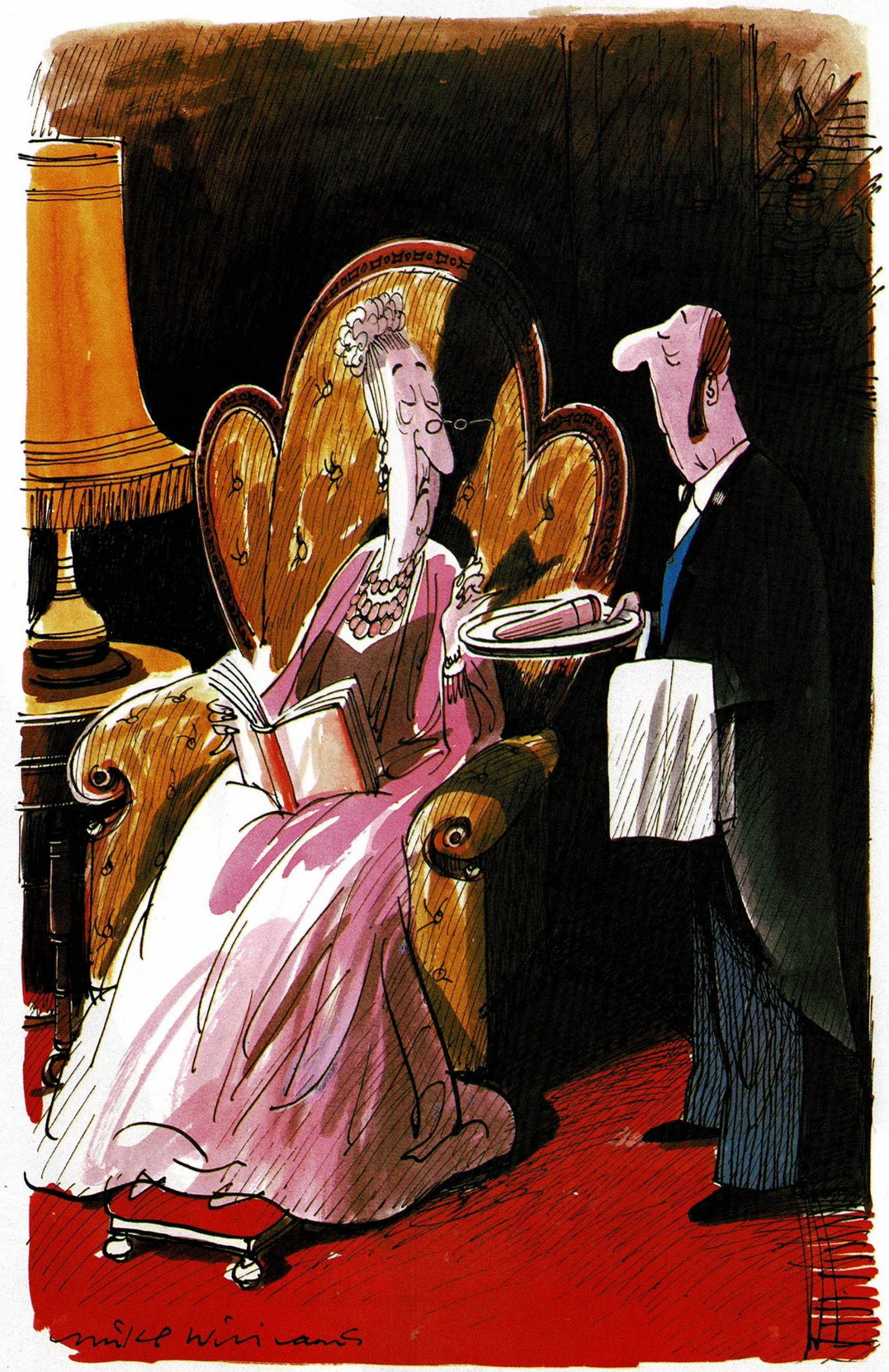
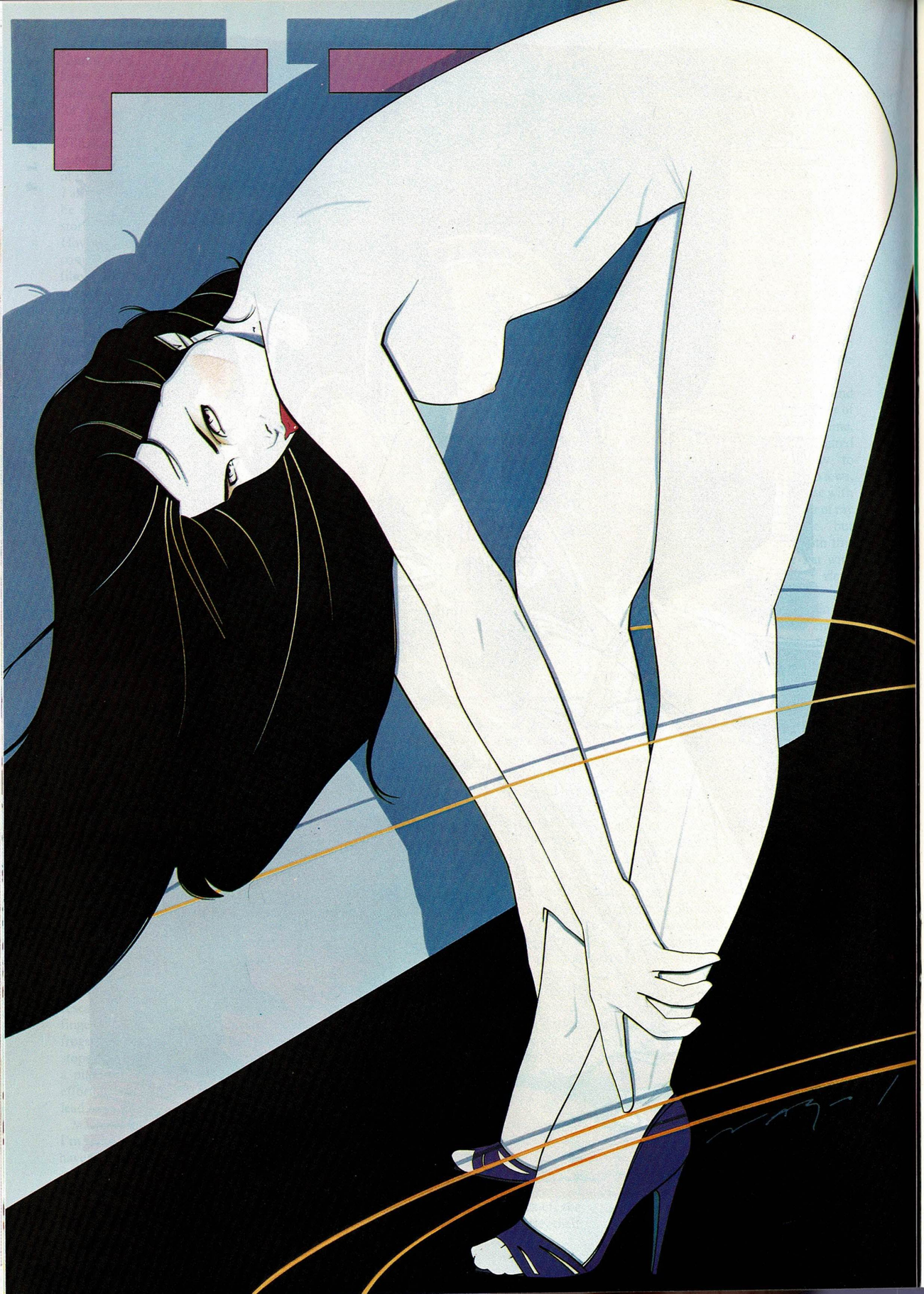
As I step out of the car, the future gives way to the present. A young woman is wandering in the vicinity of the flat in question, looking like she's just been hit on the head. From this, I deduce that she's competition. I help her find the proper address and we go upstairs together. The door opens and we see that a gaggle of other hopefuls has beaten us to the punch. Our escort, a woman, introduces herself and we join the loose-knit queue as it clucks past the stereo, gabbles at the mod cons in the kitchen, shrieks over the shower fixture and peers in the other residents' bedrooms without appearing to pry. By the time we reach the prize bedroom, our escort has struck up a first-name friendship with my adversary, confiding to her that with two men in the house already, she needs another woman. Following the two ladies, I am obliged to allow the bedroom door to close on my foot. Our escort apologises, claiming that she had forgotten my presence. No matter. While her pointy beak and pointy eyes point at me, the cameras are rolling. By the time her jabbering ceases, I have

(continued on page 150)



"Not tonight, Shrimpson."



DAPHNE'S TUNE

"GET A MIRROR; I WANT TO SEE EVERYTHING."

"SO WHY don't you make something out of your life?" Marty says to me.

"Like get married again?" I say. Marty has just taken a new young wife.

"Hmm!" Marty says, savoring his luck. "It's good," he says. "But it's not for you. Go back to Daphne."

I shake my head no.

"You're wrong," he says. "She's beautiful. Do you know what's the matter with Western civilisation? We don't love our women enough."

A stockbroker, he talks like a poet.

"I'm not happy, Marty," I tell him. "I'm not living."

"So do something; that's what I'm trying to say. Live. Don't just let it float by. Be a man."

"I've lived. Want to see the scars?" I start to pull my shirt off over my head. Scars I've got. In the Army, I nicked myself with a bayonet when I was messing around. My first ex-wife's girlfriend stabbed me in the ribs with a kitchen knife. A little operation here, a cigarette burn there. It adds up to a life.

"Put your shirt back on," Marty says. "They'll throw us out of here."

I'm embarrassing him; he loves it. He can tell the story to Wanda when he gets home. They'll chortle over their Pinot Noir at the things crazy Eli is liable to do at the drop of a hat. "I'm telling him about Western civilisation and he pulls off his shirt, the nutty bastard." Afterwards, they'll have a long, satisfying fuck in their new bed and kiss and go to sleep holding on to each other for dear life. Not that his domesticity stops my friend Marty from little interludes with other women. I asked him once why did he have a couch in his office. "Windfalls," he said.

"I know you," he tells me now. "You think if you admit you're wrong, you'll die. You lack flexibility. For example, Daphne. Tell the truth, don't you miss her? That woman still loves you; you could go back."

"Not in a million years."

"What a cook she was," Marty says.

True. Pot-roasts, corned beef and cabbage, cannelloni that would break your heart like a symphony, home-baked breads made out of things you and I wouldn't think to put into bread if your life depended on it. Cream pies, custards, pastry right out of Vienna — it makes me feel fat just to think about it.

And with all that, an educated woman, with a PhD in linguistics and a good job at the university.

Not an ordinary person.

"And sexy," Marty says.

The bartender comes to our table to ask me politely if I would put my shirt back on. "This is a family place," he says. The only family I can see is a pair of ladies I happen to know, caressing each other in a booth on the far side of the room, but all right.

"I was just showing my friend here that I have lived."

Sexy. Well, Marty has it right. Thirty-five years old when I left her, and tits that haven't sagged an eighth of an inch. She takes her shirt off, I'm panting like an animal already.

"So why did you leave?" Marty wants to

FICTION BY FRANCOIS CAMOIN

ILLUSTRATION BY PAT NAGEL

know. He's asked me maybe a thousand times.

If I knew, I'd tell him. He could pass on the information to his young wife for her pleasure and education. But I'm damned if I do know. She was fooling around, but I'm not a jealous man. Women have their urges. She fooled around; now and then, I fooled around; we kept it discreet. Nothing to get mad about. The bartender is watching us. I wink at him, and after a second pondering the proper reply, he cocks his hand like a pistol. The thumb snaps down and an invisible bullet of message flies my way. All right, that's what it's all about. I've been around long enough to know how to behave in public. Let Butch and Butch over there feel each other up under the table. I'll keep my shirt on.

"I'll tell you why," Marty says. "Love. You can't stand to be loved. You would have to give something back, and this you won't do. From this you'd die also, am I right?"

"Fuck off, Dr Freud," I say. "Were you there? Do you know?"

I forget my good intentions about behaving like a civilised man and shout. The bartender catches my eye and shakes his head in warning. If I screw up again in his place, I'm out.

In times of stress or excitement, there's a little tune that Marty hums under his breath. Always the same melody: ta-da, ta-da, ta-da, and so on. I've heard it before. It sounds French and melancholy, like it should be played on an accordion outdoors on a late summer evening. It seems to say that the good times are gone and we never noticed.

He stops humming long enough to hold up his fingers for two more drinks; the bartender comes over and his face says I've had enough, but Marty can charm bartenders, waiters and cab-drivers as quick as a Hindu can get a rise out of a cobra with a tin flute. They stand there and look at him with love. While we wait for the man to come back with the drinks, he hums some more. Ta-da, ta-da, ta-da. There's a message in there meant for me, but I can't read it. The drinks come; the bartender has forgotten he doesn't like me, he loves Marty so much. Across the room the two ladies are staring at us. They don't *look* butch; I just happen to know because I tried with their encouragement to pick them up one night. It's a little game and they play it nasty — I could have been killed.

"To Daphne," Marty says, holding up his glass.

"To life," I say, holding up mine. "Old friends and new wives and ex-wives. Everybody ought to be happy, so how come they're not? How come they're not?"

Marty shakes his head, shrugs. "Who knows?" Ta-da, ta-da, ta-da. "Who cares?"

It comes to me in a flash. This is the same tune. The one Daphne used to whistle between her teeth in the last year of our marriage while she wandered around the kitchen rattling the pots and pans and being unhappy. She whistled off key, which is why I suppose it took me this long to notice it was the same melody. There is only one explanation, I realise in this moment of terrible clarity: she was fucking Marty all that time. So why does he want me to go back to her now? The full dimensions of his treachery unfold in my head. He wants me to go back to her because he has his new wife and probably Daphne keeps calling him and asking for more. Marty's very lovable. Women can't get enough of him. I'm supposed to take Daphne off his hands so he can relax with Wanda, the treacherous bastard.

Only one thing to do now. I nudge him and point to the ladies in the back booth. "They've been staring at you all night," I tell him.

"No?" he says. He wants to believe. Marty is a man who lives by the prick.

They see him looking; the young one flashes him a sweet come-on-over smile, full of innocence and depravity.

"They want you," I tell Marty. "Think of it. Look at those tits; look at those legs. Two at once! What they'll do to you!"

Before he's half-way over there, with visions of an Olympics of fucking dancing through his head, I'm out the door and into a cab.

Ten minutes later, I'm ringing the bell to Marty's apartment. The young wife opens as far as the chain will let her.

"I have bad news," I tell her. "It's Marty."

Her rosebud mouth opens in a little 0. "He's not. . .is he. . .? Has there been. . .?"

Women are so traditional. But I can swing life's cliches with the best of them. I let my face hang in proper mournfulness, preparing her for tragedy. "Yes," I say. "Poor Marty. Only 39 years old."

She fumbles with the chain to let me in. "My life is over," she says. She makes me a cup of coffee and puts some Jamaican rum in it. We sit together on the couch. She sobs on my shoulder. Oh. Oh. Oh. I feel a certain guilt, but I remember Daphne. Who lives by the prick dies by the prick. In this case, mine. It's every man for himself. I put my arm around her. No time for talk. She wants the details. Did he suffer? Last words, and so on. Traditional.

"No, no," I whisper. "It's better if you don't know."

"You were his best friend," she says. I touch a nipple through her blouse. She moans. "No."

"Yes." Before you know it, we're rolling off the couch and tangling on the floor. Her dress is up around her waist. Her panties have little blue flowers on them. I take off my shirt and she sees the scars. She likes them.

●

I wake up later. My mouth tastes like cunt; my ears are sticky, my eyelids glued shut. Wanda is talking on the telephone; her legs are across my chest. When I pry open one eye, it stares at her knee, too close to focus on without pain.

"Daphne," she says into the telephone. "Daphne, Daphne, Daphne."

Marty is likely on his way home now with some scars of his own, if the ladies didn't kill him altogether. In a minute, I'll hear his key in the lock.

Wanda says, "Daphne, Daphne, Daphne."

"Hey, look at it this way, schizophrenia needn't be a lonely thing."

I can see my ex-wife at the other end of the line, listening patiently to this pointless repetition, maybe whistling her little tune.

"Daphne, Daphne, what have I done?" Wanda says. "I'm a good girl; it happened before I knew." She listens for a minute. "No, no," she says. "It wasn't Eli's fault at all."

She looks at me; I close the eye and pretend to be asleep. "He was a perfect gentleman," Wanda says. Her free hand wanders absent-mindedly to my prick, pats it. The devil raises his head. Wanda giggles. I take the phone out of her hand, hum into it. "*Ta-da, ta-da, ta-da,*" and so on. I hang up, grab Wanda and roll over like a perfect gentleman would. I'm happy now. I'm living.

"Do it from the back," she says. "Do it to me from the back. Wait, I'll get a mirror. I want to see everything."

She's gone. This is my chance to put on my pants and exit before Marty comes home magically resurrected. But who could leave now? Like Marty often says to me, a stiff prick knows no fear.

Wanda comes back hugging a mirror taller than she is; she puts it down against the wall; there are two foggy spots where her tits pressed against the glass. She checks the angles, blushes prettily, chooses her spot on the rug, bends over touching her ankles. "How do you like me like this?" she says.

I walk up behind her and make my entrance whinnying like a horse, to be in the spirit of the thing.

That's how Marty finds us.

Wanda has the mirror turned so that it reflects the door and I see him first, but though I want to, I can't stop humping his wife. This gives him the advantage. Wanda is looking down at her toes and sighing deeply, getting ready to come. For her, Marty doesn't exist; and anyhow, she's at the wrong angle to see the door.

I know Marty won't shoot, he won't stab, he won't pick up a blunt instrument and do me in. Marty is not a violent man. Even the sight of the scar on my chest where my ex-wife's girlfriend stabbed me with the kitchen knife made him sick. He has no morals to speak of, but he's a gentle person.

What he does is he screams a long scream in which there is indignation, sorrow, surprise, and also a certain amount of pleasure mixed in. Marty loves having the edge, even when it costs him personally.

The scream takes the traditional shape of *My wife, my best friend!* I see from the mirror that he has a black eye, a split lip and his nose is swollen. He takes off his sportscoat and jumps up and down on the expensive fabric with his expensive shoes. Marty dresses like a prince. Who would trust a stockbroker who wore Sears and Roebuck suits? Wanda still has not seen him, but she heard his terrible scream and she is flopping around on the end of my prick like a salmon on the hook, trying to get free. I can't let go yet. I would if I could.

She looks at Marty between her legs — and between my legs, too, necessarily. "You're dead," she says. "How can you be here when you died?"

●

It takes a while to explain. Wanda makes coffee for all three of us and puts Jamaican rum in it. We drink; we talk. Marty yells so loud that I forget to put my clothes back on. Wanda forgets too. Marty is a sight, those girls must have taken him some place private and made him pay. Wanda sobs. *Oh. Oh. Oh.* She drinks her coffee. Marty yells at me; at the same time, his eyes are pleading: don't tell Wanda about those two girls. Don't tell about Daphne either, he would say if he knew how much I knew.

"My wife, my best friend," Marty says, enjoying himself a little.

Wanda says, "Oh. Oh. Oh."

The doorbell rings. Marty opens; it's Daphne, looking tough and beautiful in black pants and a dove-grey turtleneck. One pearl, on a gold chain, hangs between those perfect tits that for all I know will never sag till the day she dies.

"Well," she says, "I see it's a family group."

She walks over to me and examines my scars with one finger. She says, "I forgot that one," touching where, drunk out of my mind on the beach at Far Rockaway, I dropped the cigarette from my lips on to my chest and didn't notice the pain for about a minute.

"Hello, Daphne," Marty says.

"Your wife called," she tells him. "I thought I would come over and see what was going on with her, but I didn't imagine it would be this interesting."

"My wife, my best friend," Marty says. He tears off his beige silk shirt. His chest is very white, almost without hair. He takes off his $100 shoes and throws them, one by one, across the living room.

Wanda says, "Oh. Oh. Oh."

"Should I take off my clothes, too?" Daphne says.

"Why not?" Marty shouts. "Where does it all stop?"

"Could I have a cup of coffee?" Daphne says.

Wanda goes to the kitchen to brew a fresh pot; her arse wiggles sweetly when she walks, but I would not have fucked her if it hadn't been for revenge.

"Where does it all end?" Marty says. There is a long scratch down the left side of his face, full of little droplets of dark blood.

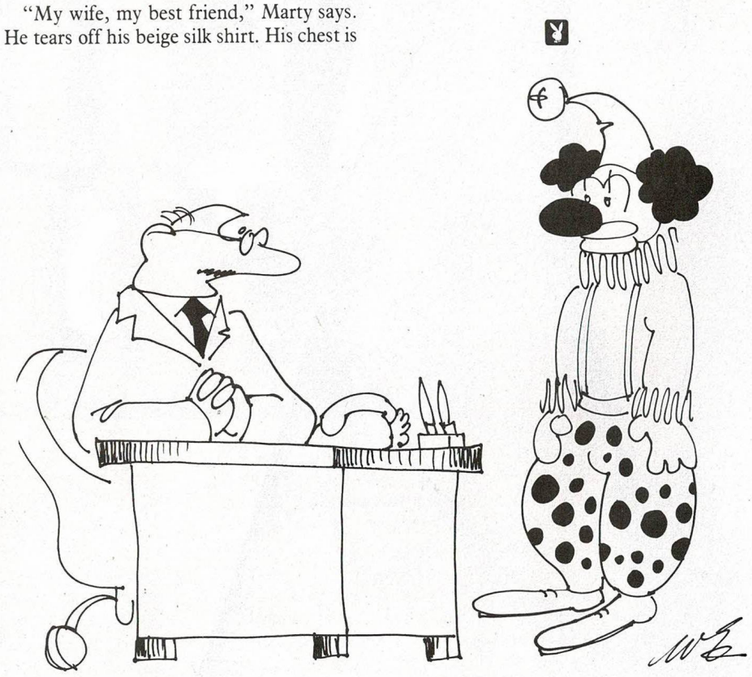
"Where?" he says again when Wanda comes back with the coffee.

"Will you have rum? she says to Daphne. Daphne holds out her cup and Wanda pours generously.

Marty is standing on a chair, half out of his pants; he left his shorts somewhere, maybe with the girls, and his little prick hangs out sadly.

We drink rum and coffee and watch him. "I didn't think you were capable of this," Daphne says to me with respect. "Calm down," she says to Marty, who is dancing on their chair wearing nothing but his socks, shouting "Where?" at the top of his voice.

Later in the evening, Daphne takes off her clothes too. We drink rum without the coffee. Her tits are still perfect. We end up, all four of us, sitting on the carpet, arm in arm, swaying back and forth, singing Daphne's tune. Ta-da, ta-*da,* ta-da. And so on.



"To be honest Carruthers, management doesn't think you've been taking your work here at Finksun & Bradbury's seriously enough."

PHOTO BY PHILIP QUIRK

tired of your job? need a change? tough luck — all the good ones are taken

YOU CALL IT A JOB?

SOME OF THE holders of Australia's best jobs are unwilling to speak about their little lurks. The reason for this reticence is obvious: they don't want their bosses to know.

For instance, when the old Sydney Mail Exchange was still sorting out all the State's mail, the bloke whose job it was to clear the mailbags on Number Seven conveyor chute had one of the cushiest jobs going. As hardly any mail ever came into that chute — it must have been the chute for north-east, y'know, up there beyond Tibooburra — he either borrowed a couple of mailbags from the chute next door, and rested on them; or he snoozed on the camp stretcher out of sight beneath the conveyor belt.

A cushy job I once enjoyed was digging up the main street of a beach resort for the local Council. We were digging in soft clay, and I was the man on the pneumatic drill. In five minutes, I could make enough loose clay for the man on the shovel to spend the next half hour clearing, during which time I could laze in the sun rolling a cigarette and watching the girls go by.

Inventing something clever and worthwhile can also pave the way to easy street. The character who has the patent on those reflective things they put in the middle of the yellow lines on main highways is still collecting royalties for every one that's installed.

But, to qualify as a *real* job, the task must involve a significant proportion of the worker's time. Thus, heirs to family fortunes are excluded, but beach inspectors, professional punters and the like are definitely eligible.

You may have other ideas, but here's Australian PLAYBOY's 10 more or less finalists for the title of the best job in Australia.

CONSULTANT

It's generally considered that consultancy is one of the best lurks in the employment area; a consultant being a bloke who drops in at the office from time to time to see how his cheque is coming along. A good consultant will often have a number of clients, which means he has a number of offices to call on, use their STD phones, pinch a bit of stationery and so on.

Not that Leigh Davis is one of *those* consultants. Mr Davis, formerly general manager of the Adelaide office of super stockbrokers, A.C. Goode & Co, has another, *real* job. Mr Davis is a member of the Upper House of South Australia.

Just imagine it: a couple of hours a couple of days a week for a few weeks of the year; plush leather seats, cheap beer from the members' bar and the chance to snooze after lunch to the pleasant drone of someone reading through the amendments to the Pastures Protection Board bill. Chats with the Premier, invitations to take tea with the lovely ladies of the CWA, a gold pass on the trains and buses and the occasional jaunt to Bermuda on a fact-finding mission. And money too. About 30 grand a year, plus another six or seven for expenses.

New South Wales had the best upper house: MLC's were not forced to the indignity of actually fronting the public for votes — they were elected by their colleagues in the lower house; and the term was 12 years. Which meant you only had to behave yourself enough to be renominated by your party once, and you'd be set for a nice pension. There were no boring pensioners seeking your assistance about their delayed cheque, indeed, no constituents at all. And if you were feeling particularly liverish you could get up and libel your ex-wife, in public, and get away with it. Of course there was the occasional bit of real work — especially in a populous and thriving State like NSW — but generally the elegantly appointed Legislative Council was considered to be the best club in Australia.

Of course all good things come to an end. The blazed socialists, as you would expect. Reform, they call it. First, Don Dunstan fixed the South Australian Upper House, and then Neville Wran fixed up the NSW one; wider franchise, shorter terms, more representative members — all that democratic stuff. Now, not only are the poor blighters accountable to the public, but they've got to work as well!

"Actually, it's very stimulating and exciting," Mr Davis remarks from the office he still maintains with A.C. Goode's. "And our hours are as long as, sometimes longer than, the Lower House's. It's a very finely-balanced house, with 10 Liberals, 10 Labors and one Democrat, so we've got to be on the ball. Plus, we've got three ministers as members, so a lot of the Government's legislation emanates from our house.

"Then there's the committees — I'm on two — and the general party meetings. We (the Liberal Government) were elected to get this State going again, which means we've got a lot of work to do — the Roxbury Downs, the Cooper Basin pipeline and those kinds of really big projects. The workload has increased dramatically since the Playford days. I'd be lucky to have two or three nights at home a week."

For blokes who take politics seriously — and most MPs do these days, even members of upper houses — there's a never-ending stream of Hansards, bills, reports and mail to read. And the facilities of the MLCs are no great shakes either, which is why Mr Davis holds onto his office at Goode's.

Although Mr Davis agrees with NSW politician, Rod Cavalier, that he'd probably want the job even if he didn't get paid, the denizens of that heap of granite down on North Terrace are no longer candidates for the title of Best Job in Australia, because they have to do too much that at least *looks* like work.

article by p.d. jack

YACHTSMAN

Chris Christopher has turned two hobbies into jobs. First off, he was a photographer, with his own shop. This paid him money for indulging his fascination with photographs and, through some fashion assignments, introduced him to some lovely ladies, one of whom shared his other passion, sailing.

So, when his photo business was bought out, he went to work for the aforementioned lady, among whose many and varied assets was part-ownership of what 33-year-old Chris calls the biggest and most luxurious yacht on the Coral Coast, the 75m ketch *Pegasus*.

Charter yachts have not been big business in Australia since last century, but in recent years, a number of yachties, preferring sailing to working for a living, have barely managed to combine both aims, earning the odd thousand bucks here and there sailing rich holiday makers and jaded businessmen around Sydney Harbor and the Whitsundays.

Each May for the past couple of years, Chris has set sail from Sydney as the first chill winds of winter start blowing, and headed for the warmth of Airlie Beach, port for the beautiful Whitsunday Passage. During the summer, tourist operators have been taking bookings for him, and he arrives at Queensland ready to take on his guests, who pay $4200 a week for *Pegasus*, Chris the skipper and the two-girl crew.

Why women as crew? "Someone has to cook and clean up, and the boat is well-rigged so we don't need a lot of muscle."

Does he get sick of breezing around the 74 islands of the Whitsundays, catching his own breakfast with line or spear, snorkelling through the colorful reefs, windsurfing, and sunbathing on the clean deserted sands as the palm trees swish and the birds flutter?

"No."

What about the responsibility of running a huge vessel, and ensuring the guests don't fall overboard?

"Oh yes, there are the worries of the weather, the rocks, the reefs, of maintaining a very expensive boat. But they're not overwhelming. We play safe by always being in an anchorage at night.

"There are the occasional adventures. Like when we were bringing the boat up and were caught in a gale off Cape Byron. I had to get the two girls up on deck half-naked to secure broken spars, but we handled that all right."

Of course he's never fully booked. It usually runs about one week under charter and one week off. That's when *Pegasus* lies about at Airlie Beach, and he can socialise with the other charter operators over a sizzling steak and a few beers. The money isn't fantastic but it's enough.

"I suppose I'll keep at it for a while yet. It's a very pleasant way of life."

BODYGUARD

Bob Jones admits his big thing is — or at least was — smashing heads. He's always enjoyed a fight, and still does.

"It's the adrenalin shot, and because I can handle myself, I give it an outlet. I understand myself completely under the pressure. I'm relaxed, but if trouble starts, I finish it," Bob explains from his Melbourne office, headquarters of a chain of 160 karate schools that bear his name and pay him money for the privilege.

A Fitzroy kid in 1955 when street-fighting was the go, Bob helped a couple of bouncers who were having some trouble outside a dance in 1962. They appreciated the help this long-haired six-foot redhead gave them, and suggested that he drop his rock group management scene — at which he wasn't succeeding — and take up bouncer managing. He did.

It wasn't long before he had a hundred bouncers working for him, and publicans with problems ringing him. In those days the usual bouncing team consisted of an off-duty fireman, an off-duty cop, and a local who jogged a bit. If trouble started they usually left. Bob's team, which he called "The Troubleshooters", didn't leave.

By 1965, he realised he had the biggest bunch of cut-throats this side of Attila the Hun, which was not necessarily a wise thing. He also thought that as he got older he might not be able to handle matters as well as he could when he was young, so he took up martial arts as a way of extending his fighting life. He also slowly weeded out the slaughtermen and thug truck drivers and replaced them with martial arts experts, who, because of their training, were more amenable to discipline and control.

They were still people who liked to fight. Throughout the 1960s, he held the fort at the Catcher disco; the word soon got around, and gangs of 10 towies, or 20 country boys, or 30 buck's night celebrants, or 40 bikies, would descend regularly upon the place for a bit of fun.

"First, we'd pour boiling coffee on them from the third floor, and then chuck bricks at 'em from the second. Then we'd attack with baseball bats," Bob reminisces. "We could clean up a hundred in four minutes flat."

His fame spread. In 1972, Paul Dainty had signed the Rolling Stones to tour, but in the aftermath of the police harrassment of Joe Cocker, Mr Jagger expressed concern as to the safety of his entourage, given that certain Rolling Stones were not unfamiliar with the sorts of substances that had caused Mr Cocker so much trouble.

Jones and Co handled the Stones from the time they got through Customs to the time they left the country. Jagger was so pleased he wanted to keep a couple of the boys on the payroll. Dainty too was pleased, and since then Bob Jones has stood guard over every Dainty act to tour Australia — Led Zeppelin, Bad Company ("An appropriate name"), Joe Cocker ("Now a close friend"), Paul McCartney and Wings, ELO, Olivia Newton-John, Fleetwood Mac, Linda Ronstadt, ABBA and David Bowie were among them.

"The press call us bodyguards, but the industry refer to us as companions, cause we do more than just protect them. We get a full profile of each group member before they arrive, so we know the sort of people they are, what they like and so on, so we can fit in with them.

"We not only make 'em feel secure and comfortable, we talk to them, listen to them, keep with them all the time. It's in their contracts that the stars are never to go out without one of us. So we get to know them pretty well."

Now Bob has a bloke working in America protecting Linda Ronstadt, James Taylor and David Bowie, and another full-time with Christine McVie of Fleetwood Mac. Bob himself has just returned from four months with Fleetwood Mac in Los Angeles, with a few trips to Cairns, Hong Kong and Perth in between.

He doesn't drink, smoke or take drugs, trains hard every day, and his marriage broke up in 1976.

"I don't think I'll get married again. I'm having too much fun."

LIQUOR SALESMAN

Your traditional liquor salesman is a bloke in a loud sports coat with a thousand jokes and two thousand broken veins marbling his ruddy cheeks. He's large and hearty, and'll be dead before he's 60.

So the girl who does all the running for the Champagne Information Centre comes as a bit of a surprise. Holly Kerr is young, blonde and vivacious. Instead of telling blue stories, she speaks Japanese. Instead of the long-ago record as a sporting star, she once worked the African desk for the Defence Department on Russell Hill. And it's not Corio she's selling: it's French champagne — the real stuff.

"Well," Holly explains, "you can't promote without showing the product off."

So, do you drink it?

"Always. I love it."

But, doesn't it, sort of, go to your head, make you giggly?

"Oh, no, I never giggle," she giggles.

Australians drank some three-quarters of a million bottles of bona fide real genuine French champagne last year, and sales are still growing. Holly Kerr's job is to maintain those million dollar figures, and the importers make sure there's enough in her "champagne bank" to supply a sample or two to any vaguely-interested journalists or restaurateurs or well-known party-givers. Of course, Holly must be there when most of the stuff is opened, for who else can fill in the potential customer with all the latest gossip about the product?

Because champagne is a special sort of drink — associated with celebrations and good times — Holly does a lot of entertaining. Although she avoids the dreaded luncheons, Holly does perforce dine out at least four times a week. There are wine writers to charm, importers to keep happy, restaurant owners to convince, visiting champagne producers (often French nobles) to swan around the swanky side of Sydney, and the various ladies and gentlemen who at some stage might have something to do with boosting champagne sales.

Another part of the job is to keep up supplies of good champagne to particularly flamboyant party-throwers, which means, of course, Holly has to attend some of the ritziest parties of the Sydney social scene.

It's not all glamor and swank; there's a fortnight every year of boring old conference, held in the home of champagne, the Champagne district of Northern France. This means trundling off to boring old Paris, staying in decrepit old palaces and predictably romantic villas, at the end of which, poor Holly is so worn out she must take a month off in Sri Lanka or somewhere equally as relaxing on the way home.

GROUNDSMAN

In a little office tucked beneath the huge M.A. Noble Stand, behind an old scratched roll-top desk sits Mr Athol Watkins, curator of the Sydney Cricket Ground.

Your traditional liquor salesman is a bloke in a loud sports coat with a thousand jokes and two thousand broken veins marbling his cheeks.

Around the walls are old cricketing calendars. One, in full-color, was published by Tait & Coy, bootmakers, in 1866, and depicts the Australian team of the time. There's also a Yates seeds price list, a plan for the SCG set-up for the 1938 Empire Games, a list of the spark plugs needed for the various rollers, mowers and tractors he has in the shed, and an ancient time clock/bundy.

Outside, a gang of contractors is removing the white picket fence and putting up cyclone wire.

"It doesn't look like a cricket ground without the pickets. But then I suppose the advertising covers it all, anyway. Still. . ." and Mr Watkins fiddles with the plate of cheese with which he feeds the willie wagtails, peewees, magpies and kookaburras that gather outside the office.

Mr Watkins is responsible for that small mound of lawn in the middle of the green sward that for a few days each year becomes at least as important as Parliament House.

All that stuff you read in the papers about the pitch, is it that important?

"Ah, it's mostly bullshit," says Mr Watkins, rubbing the Champion Ruby fine cut around the palm of his hand. "You get a nice grassy wicket, that's when the flyers get going; the batsmen have to duck, and they don't like that; they'll whinge then. But if there's no grass and no moisture, the batsmen love it, but the fast bowlers will complain. But I can't see what we can do about it. There's no roof out there, so it's governed by the top dealer — y'know, Him upstairs. We can do nothing about the weather."

Mr Watkins joned the SCG in 1944. He'd left school at 14 to work 14 hours a day seven days a week on a dairy farm. Too many falls off horses had left him with a bad back and crook legs, and the Army let him go. Three years in the steel works earned him good money but the work was excruciating. He took a big cut in wages and became a groundsman, for just under £5 a week.

"It was just a *job* then — mowing, top-dressing, throwing soil about. But it was in the fresh air, in the sun. And you're on duty when games are played, so I get to see them. It's a great job if you like sport, especially cricket and football — a top-notcher. Be not much good if you don't like sport, though."

Mr Watkins has seen nearly every cricket and football test played at the SCG. He remembers the later years of Bradman and O'Reilly ("By gee, he could make the ball move"); Sir Len Hutton ("Now there was a gentleman") and blokes like Keith Miller and Alan Davidson who gave him work to do in retrieving cricket balls off grandstand roofs. He remembers blokes like Lionel Williamson and Johnny Graves playing wing for Australia, and the time the Poms went hunting for Harry Wells and there was a series of knockdowns over there in front of "the open in Number One," as he calls the Hill.

"There's always plenty of work on match days. When I leave this office they've got to know where to find me. If I go up the Members' Bar or the Noble Bar or over by the sightboard I've got to tell 'em where I'm going."

TOUR MANAGER

Next time you pack up and join one of those package tours to exotic foreign climes, spare a thought for the poor blighter who had to race around the world before you, checking to see that the package was a good deal.

Peter De Maria is the general manager of one of Australia's biggest tour companies, Viva! Holidays. In addition to being responsible for all his employees and the company's bank balances, he also has to go out and negotiate the deals.

So, every year Peter spends half of it checking out the room service of some four-star hotel in some awful foreign port, like Paris, Los Angeles, New York, or Nadi.

"Because I can't spend time working out where the next appointment is, or how I get there, I'm usually looked after by the local agent," Peter explains, behind his expansive, but almost totally clear, desk overlooking Sydney's Hyde Park and Woolloomooloo.

"Say I go to Hong Kong, the local agent

"I'm only asking you to go home with me! We can discuss the merits of a religious versus a civil ceremony tomorrow!"

will send a chauffeur to pick me up at the airport, take me to the hotel and drive me wherever else I want to go while I'm there."

Working for a tour company he gets a minimum discount on air fares of 75 percent, but usually the tickets are free, as is accommodation.

"Don't forget we've got 45,000 customers a year, and many deals I swing are worth half a million dollars a year to the other side. So I travel with a bit of clout. If the hotel doesn't match up — and you can usually tell almost straight away — well it's, 'Thanks very much but we're checking out'. We can't afford to have our customers upset by shoddy service. That's why I go to check things out first."

When I ask him where he's travelled during his past five-year stint with Viva!, Peter suggested I should ask him where he *hasn't* been.

As all business travellers know, upon your return there is the tedious task of adding up all your expenses. Although Peter is, after all, the general manager, he does have a chairman who checks his expenses.

"It's the same deal as the other employees — no limits, other than reason and necessity," Peter explains.

Having to leave his wife and two kids for a fortnight pretty regularly can be a bit of a drag, as can the work involved.

"It's go-go-go all the time. Straight off the plane and I start telephoning, meeting people, negotiating."

And the problems are not confined to overseas, either. During the interview, Peter was waiting for an important phone call. It came. It was from a car dealer, giving the bad news about his $35,000 BMW on order since February. It didn't have the sunshine roof he ordered, so he sent it back.

BUSH RANGER

He looked uncomfortable in the witness box; but then, so do a lot of people. He was there as an expert witness in a conservation case and, unlike your usual greenie, he was quiet, short back and sides, a plain white shirt and tie. He was introduced as a man who has walked the length and breadth of Queensland, looking at possible national parks.

Peter Stanton hasn't walked over *every* bit of Queensland, but he has seen a lot more of its wildernesses than anyone else. Since 1965, he has had the job of looking at bits of scrub to see if they should be preserved. Because of political ramifications, he had to find angles that would appeal to the not-so-nature-conscious bureaucrats of whom Queensland, while not exactly having a monopoly, has no shortage, either. Which meant checking out the scenery and possibilities for recreational use.

He's an explorer, looking for loveliness. Sounds ideal, doesn't it? A permanent stroll in the country searching out breath-taking beauty spots. And he found plenty of them. . .there isn't a national park in Queensland that he didn't have a hand in.

"I've probably seen more beautiful country than anyone else in Australia, and that has given me a lot of pleasure. But there's also the tragedy of knowing that many of those areas no longer exist, that I was one of the last to see such beauty. I find it hard to go back to many of the places I fell in love with, because they have become vast areas of ugliness, overgrown with weeds, scarred by soil erosion and abandoned farms. I've got too many memories I don't like to recall," he says.

And more pleasurable ones: of empty golden beaches, of the sun filtering through the forest as hundreds of multi-colored birds swooped around his head, of towering cliffs, deep caves, gurgling rivers and silent deserts; the characters who could appear around every bend; of Cape York rainforests and of cold nights in the Simpson Desert; of sticking a piece of orange peel on a hook and catching barramundi for breakfast and saratoga for tea.

"It sounds pretty glamorous, I suppose, but it was a lot of hard work," Peter states, now desk-bound (some of the time) as regional director of Queensland National Parks and Wildlife, based in Cairns.

"Don't forget the rain, sometimes for weeks without stopping. I've been wet for a week, frying in tropical Queensland, sleeping with leeches crawling up my nostrils and in my eyelids."

And the "scrub itch", ticks, and March flies. And speargrass and wait-awhiles and tinea and grass seeds worming through his socks into his ankles. And the eventual heartache of knowing that for every place his recommendations save, another dozen are destroyed by inexorable progress.

"But yes," he admits, "I suppose my career has brought great personal satisfaction!"

More, his work has allowed others to do the same trip — which is more than a lot of us can claim.

GIRLIE PHOTOGRAPHER

"It depends on the girls really. Some of them are show-offs, some are shy. Some are just, y'now, ready to work, and some are so, well, so sure of themselves, they're trying to tell *me* what to do. That's one of the things about the test shoot: I get to know her, and she gets to work me out. I've got to get into her head, make her feel safe, happy, and then work out how to shoot her best."

"Now this position — do you enjoy it always, sometimes, or never?"

Rico Mettbach, who shoots the Australian PLAYBOY centrefolds, was explaining his job.

"People are always saying, 'What a job!' but after three or four hundred girls, ha, it's just a job, you know?"

Hang on. There you are focusing your lens on some lovely lady. Okay, so the image is upside down and there's a make-up girl hovering behind you, but, gee, there's just this eyeful of naked loveliness that you're concentrating on, there's no distractions, just the lady and your lens, surely you must. . .?

"Look, it's so painful for the girl, especially with the 10 x 8 camera, which we use for the centrespread — she's standing in that pose for an hour, hour and a half, not moving, under hot lights. And I'm having to spend say an hour just focusing. I gotta get her right side in focus, then her left side, and worry about the props, and then she's sweating so we need more makeup, then she moves, and I gotta focus all over again. One poor girl that I shot in front of an open fire. . .she fainted. It was so hot."

There you go. That'd be nice, wouldn't it, jumping up and cradling the poor girl in your arms?

"Petrina did that."

Petrina?

"The make-up girl."

Now what about your wife? What does Linda think about the fact that every so often you fly off to Tahiti or Noosa or some other exotic romantic location to do nothing but shoot pictures of lovely ladies without any clothes on?

"Yeah, and get up at dawn and work till dusk, hassle up props, check locations, set up the shoot, keep the lady looking good, keep the editor happy.

"I've never given Linda anything to worry about, so she doesn't. It's just trust.

"Y'know, here I am getting the lady to look sexy, get her coming on to me, and the camera, and if I did anything with them, y'know, well, it'd take away from the mysticism of the thing."

"It's a job, right?

"A good one, I admit. I like taking photos of ladies. A lot better than taking photos of washing machines or cans of soup."

BEER TASTER

He plucked a middy glass from amidst the test tubes, thistle funnels and beakers on the drying rack, lifted the crown seal and filled the glass with beer, leaving a thick foaming head.

"We like a good head in the brewery, it gives you a different mouth sensation, drinking through all that foam," he explains, taking a hearty draught.

Dermot O'Donnell is the chief chemist at Tooheys Ltd, and one of about a score of executives and workers who make up the tasting panel at Sydney's Auburn brewery. Whereas winemakers encourage diversity in their product, the big breweries seek a consistent drop, a taste that doesn't vary from month to month, or brewery to brewery.

Although Toohey's has an enormous laboratory which checks every ingredient, and every stage of the brewing process, the final test of the beer requires human beings.

"We just cannot do in the lab what we can do with the human palate," says Dermot, pouring another glass.

"While Pat Goddard, the brewing manager, has the main responsibility to ensure that each tank is okay, I have a responsibility to see that overall quality is maintained. We produce between a dozen and 20 tanks a day, and I'd taste a fair few of those. But that's tasting. . *.not* drinking.

"Out of the maturation tank, the beer still has the yeast in it. We spit that out. But after I've tasted a few in the morning, I sit down with Pat and we talk over any problems. Communication is very important, and to lubricate our discussion we usually have a beer or two, testing to 'Tooheys or Two' drinkability."

A recent innovation has been the twice-weekly flavor profile sessions — or "sensory evaluation" as they now call them — wherein trained beer tasters check out the products from Toohey's three breweries, and compare them with their competitors' products. In a room as clean and as white as a hospital, the tasters are slotted into tiny cubicles, like the desks they give you to write your essay in university libraries, except there's a little door in front of you, out of which, whenever you knock, a couple of seven ounce glasses of unmarked beer are produced.

There's a little door in front of you, out of which, whenever you knock, a couple of seven ounce glasses of unmarked beer are produced.

You're then supposed to swirl the grog around your mouth, and give it a mark from zero to three for 16 different flavor qualities, ranging from "bitterness", to "fruity", from "dryness" to "sweetness", from "body" to "cooked". You mark and add the score up, then rank them if you like, and go back to work. Ho-ho-ho.

Which could be, as Dermot has done over the last year or so, working out a new beer, calculating and tasting and analysing the ingredients of Country Special, a beer the advertising says is a "legend that became a beer", being the product of market research and the efforts of Dermot and the people in the lab and the production departments.

"Beer is made up of natural products, and the action of nature — the yeast — upon those ingredients. So it can be very variable. We ensure that differences from the norm in one ingredient are balanced elsewhere in the brewing. But science can go only so far — nothing can beat the human taste buds," and he sweeps his hand over a room filled with centrifuges and spectrometers and fancy electronics.

"Another one?"

CRUISER ENTERTAINER

The huge liner had been berthed for hours but still was disgorging its old and young, its men and women, its hale and healthy, its ugly and beautiful. John Ross weaved through the porters with their suitcases and the ladies with their Fijian straw hats, smiling as his guests for the last fortnight said their last thank-yous.

Originally, I had thought the lifeguard on a P & O cruise ship would be a good job, but no such job exists. But how about the bloke whose job it is to run the entertainment on the cruise? That wouldn't be too hard: ensuring the showgirls are happy and the musicians sober, and cracking hearty over a few drinks with the passengers.

"Ha-ha," John says.

The boat was in at 7am, and out again at nine that night with another 1700 passengers. In his short time in port he had a PLAYBOY interview, the sets for an entire new show to line up, the new entertainers to settle in, plus all his normal chores: rehearsals, organising programs and so on.

"I suppose I'm a mixture of entertainer, producer, director, *maitre d'*, psychologist and boss. We've all got to appear in the shows ourselves, you know. It's not a holiday for us. My day starts at quarter to eight when the printer comes around for the proof of the next day's program. I'm on the go for the rest of the day until one or two or later in the morning."

These modern cruises may be relaxing for those who refuse to do anything, but for the busy bee there's something to do every minute of the day: lectures on pottery or astrology, exercise classes, singalongs, games and music, music, music. And John Ross is the bloke who makes it all happen. Sure, there are people who deal the actual cards or read the lectures, but John Ross sets it up, in the right room, at the right time, and for the right people.

But his big job is the musical side. At night, there are five or six different bars operating, each with some form of show. The big shows are run three times a night, and they change every night. John, himself a singer/songwriter/comic/performer with the odd hit record in the early 60s, performs in these shows. It seems a bit like running a small-time touring company — except you're at sea, so once out of port you're stuck with your cast; and the cast is enormous.

"Still, I wouldn't be doing it if I didn't like it. . .and they do pay me rather well."

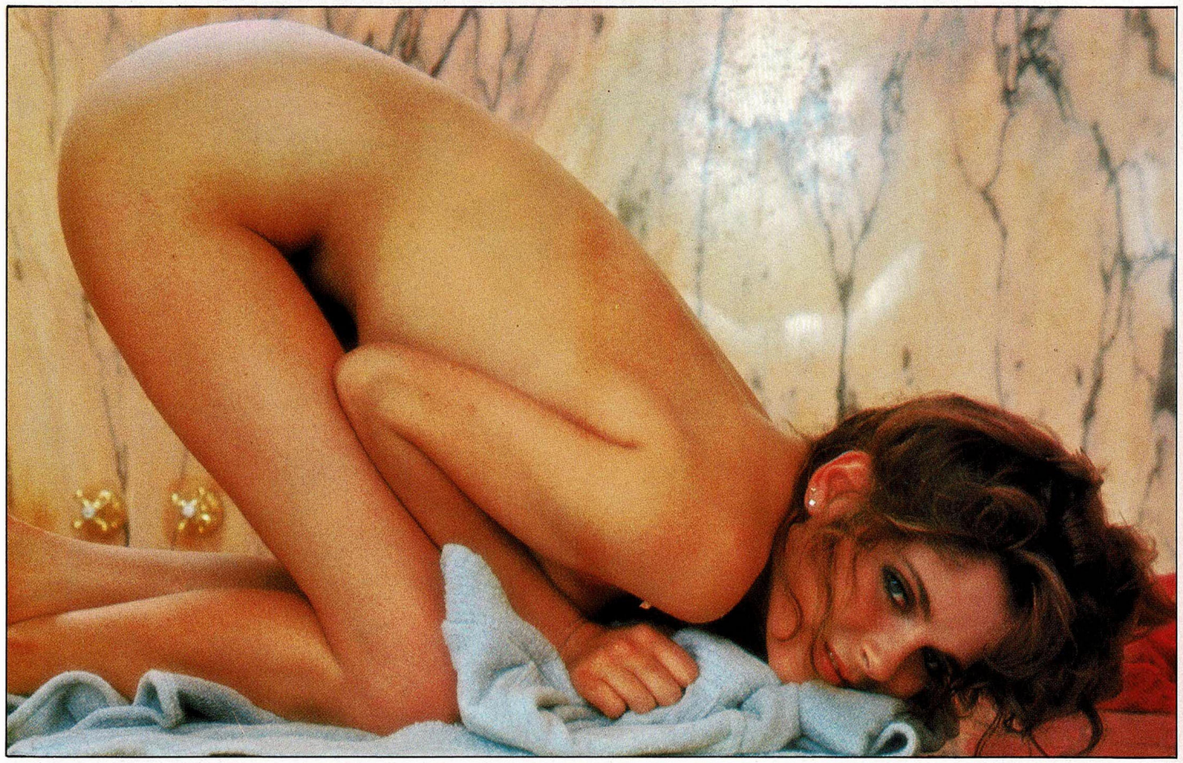
Charlotte

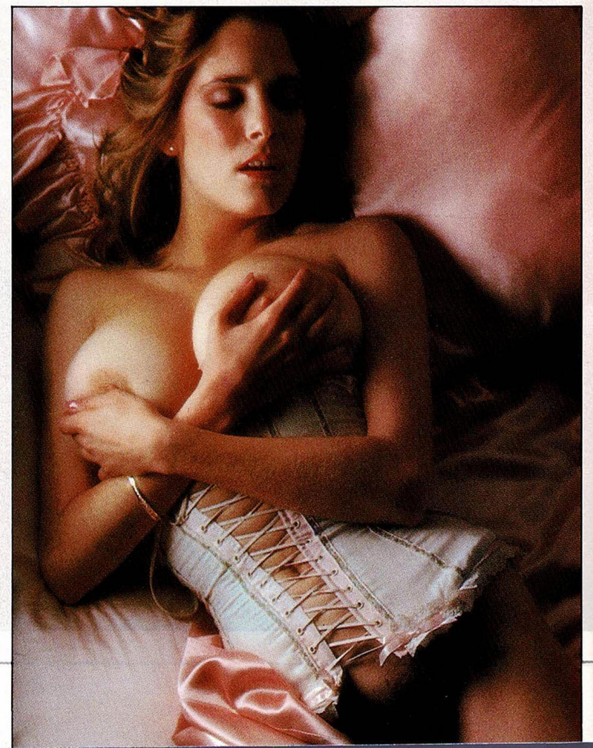
Charlotte Kemp is good company no matter what your pleasure is. Mature beyond her years, she can expound on almost any subject. And when she does, it's with breathless enthusiasm. But even at maximum output of up to 1000 words a minute, her observations are perceptive and insightful.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS

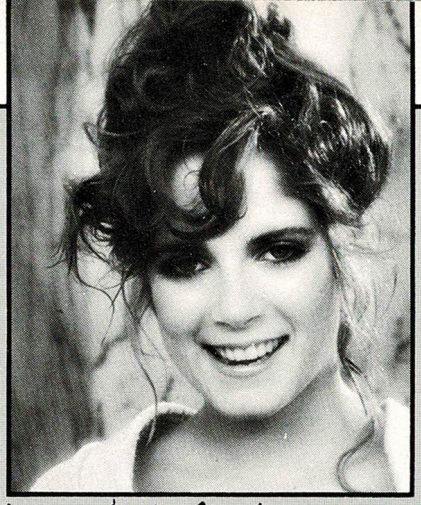
Gregarious and extroverted, Char makes friends quickly. It's a trick she picked up from the many moves her family made during her childhood. "I regret sometimes not having permanent roots, but in each place I've lived, I made friends that I still talk to and write to."

While Charlotte's future plans include a return to school and possibly some acting, the present holds plenty of interest for her. She enjoys sports, cooking, modelling, and if that's not enough, she says, "I haven't met half the people in the world that I want to."





MISS JANUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Charlotte J. Kemp



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Charlotte J. Kemp

BUST: 34 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 116

BIRTH DATE: 2/1/61 BIRTHPLACE: Omaha, Nebraska

FAVORITE FOODS: Calamari, Quiche, Brie, seafood in general, paella

TURN-ONS: Men who eat quiche, Chicago Bears, San Sebastián

TURN-OFFS: Sunday-morning radio gossipy hairdressers, Asparagus

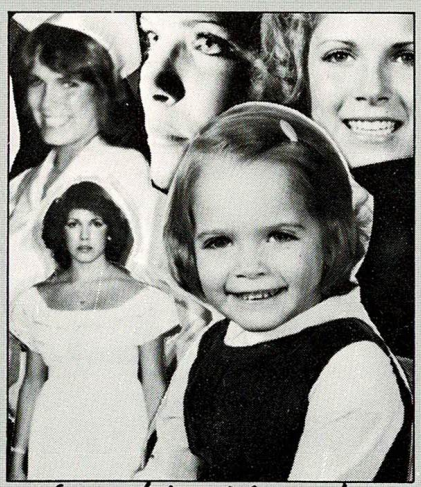
FAVORITE BOOKS: Any novel by Robert Ludlum

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Martin Mull, David Bowie Muddy Waters & Buddy Guy, John Cougar

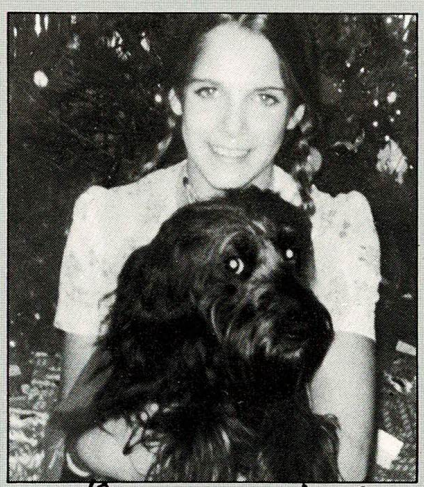
FAVORITE PASTIMES: Tennis, sailing, reading, needlepoint

IDEAL MAN: I have never found him - but give me a chance...

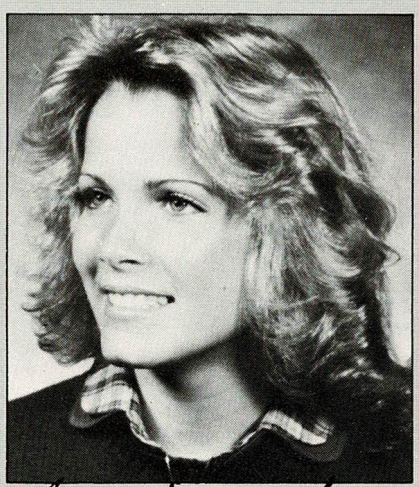
SECRET FANTASY: To eat at every three-star restaurant in the world!



4, 13, 16, 17 yrs. Good times!



An evening with André.



Thank goodness that's over!!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The tired traveller put a call through to his home from his hotel room, and the butler answered the phone.

"Be a good chap and ask my wife to come to the phone," he requested.

"Well. . .she's not available right now, sir," mumbled the servant.

"Is she in the bedroom?" the caller demanded.

"Yes," came the reply.

"With a lover?" shouted the enraged husband.

"Well, yes sir, I'm afraid so."

"Do exactly as I tell you," he commanded. "Go to the top drawer of my desk, remove my gun, go to the bedroom and shoot them both. Now, have you got that straight?"

"Yes sir, I'll do it now."

Minutes later, the caller heard two shots echoing through the line, and then the butler returned to the phone.

"Did you get them both?" he demanded eagerly.

"Well, your wife's dead, but I'm afraid her lover escaped and I can see him now climbing over the wall by the swimming pool."

"Now hang on a minute. Swimming pool? Is that Sydney 439-77. . .um. . .7?"

There was a young captain called Scudder
Whose prick could alone steer the rudder;
His men were impressed
With this physical test,
But when he swung from the yard-arm, they'd shudder!

"Don't be silly," said his friend, "he'll never know. He's not even in today."

So the little clerk went home. When he got to his house, he looked in the window, and there was his boss passionately kissing his wife.

Racing back to the office, he rushed up to his friend.

"A fine mate you are, giving me that advice!" he shouted. "I nearly got caught!"

Two young girls were riding their bicycles along a country lane. Admiring the scenery, one said to the other: "I've never come this way before."

"No, neither have I," her friend replied, "it must be the cobblestones."

A timid little clerk was terribly afraid of his boss, so one day when he had a bad cold and a fellow-worker suggested he go home, he said: "Oh I couldn't do that. . .the boss would fire me."

Q: What's the difference between love and herpes?
A: Herpes is forever.

The surgeon shouldn't have had that extra vodka cocktail before the hernia operation. His knife slipped and he accidentally cut out his patient's testicles.

"Quick, nurse," he commanded, "get two onions from the hospital canteen." His nurse complied, and the surgeon quickly stitched the two vegetables into the new-made void. His patient lived, but not surprisingly, he was bitter about the episode.

"Not only does a piss bring tears to my eyes now," he complained to a friend, "but I've had to get used to my girlfriend's breath in the morning, and on top of that, I get an erection every time I pass a hamburger stand!"

On his last day before retirement, the postman is called into the final house on his route by a beautiful blonde in a see-through nightgown.

She gives him a light lunch and then takes him upstairs to the bedroom where she makes passionate love to him. When they are finished, the blonde reaches for her purse and hands the postman one dollar. Suddenly her husband bursts into the room.

"What's he doing here?" demands the startled husband.

"Don't you remember, darling?" his wife replies. "This morning I told you that it was the postman's last day before retirement. You said, 'Fuck him! Give him a dollar!' The light lunch was my own idea!"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

"Hello, there! I'm here to cater to your every whim and desire, no matter how perverse or bizarre. . . oops, sorry! Wrong apartment!"

ALL THE GIRLS

port of call, sydney, on a global whoring junket

book excerpt by martin o'brien

I WAS never altogether alone. The District Commissioner slept on the sofa beside me, curled up like a marmalade cushion while Benji the cat, his coat as black as a coal, preferred the floor, stretched at my feet in a shifting square of sunlight. A stiff breeze had been blowing down the Parramatta for the last three days, rattling the windows whenever it veered towards the house and chopping up waves on the usually calm Snails Bay, a small protected backwater in Sydney Harbor. On the edge of this backwater, looking out over a line of metal-ringed pilings and a narrow grey jetty that swayed whenever anyone walked on it, stood the house. At some time someone had enclosed the first floor balcony to make an extra room. You could see the wood was a different color from the rest and the windows were much wider. There were two old armchairs and a lumpy sofa in this narrow addition, all three covered in dun-colored rugs and tiny cat hairs. Being the top floor, the view across Snails was unobstructed save for the highest branches of a gum tree that grew in the next garden. Its young branches bent and its blue-green leaves thrashed with every gust of wind. It was the perfect place to sit and lick wounds. I was still smarting from my encounter with Carmenita and Consuela — or whatever their names were. It was my first serious shock and I had reeled under it. If

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

Scalotti had been a splinter of deception, then the two men in Caracas had been shards of shrapnel. I felt cheated and cheapened, and foolish for it, like a tourist who pays for jade and comes away with colored quartz. Nor was there any satisfaction to be had from the memory of our struggle — my knee knocking the breath from Carmenita's body, my foot lashing out as I fell backwards and connecting with his jaw. Sometimes I wished, looking out over Snails, that both had been deliberate, both more accurately, more effectively delivered — with clenched fists rather than a clumsy, if lucky, kick. Nor could I derive the least amount of pleasure from his humiliation — stradling the seats like a toppled prop forward, lipstick and rage smeared across his face, his wig hanging from his ear like some tawdry Christmas decoration.

For three days I sat on the lumpy sofa with the District Commissioner at my side and Benji at my feet. Gradually my resentment lessened and the memory of men's hands on me, men's lips on me, men's teeth, faded. While the cats slept I listened to the windows rattling like chattering teeth, watched the gulls soar on the wind and followed the progress of aggressive little tugs as they manoeuvred vast red-bellied tankers through the gap that separated Snails from the main harbor and deeper water.

On the fourth day I packed my bag, bade my friends farewell and moved out.

●

Jim was the "Quacker", the talker. But more important, he was the fixer. He listened carefully to the voice on the end of the line and decided the caller was South African. The name meant nothing — the Irish were everywhere. The voice was just a little sharp, a little too European for an American; and yet, not quite English either. A strange, diluted sort of voice, a voice that had travelled and picked up traces of many languages, tones, accents. He was probably a mining engineer passing through from the Pilbara, one of those tall, blonde ockers with more hair on their forearms than they had on their heads; the tin hat brigade he called them.

"Yessir, I have that. . .eight-thirty in the bar. Yes, I know the one. In fact there is only the one. I'll call you back in a few minutes with the details of your companion for the evening. . .Yessir, speak to you then."

He hung up and studied the notes he had scribbled down, then reached out for that evening's list of available names and numbers. A moment later he picked up the phone again and dialled, listened to the connection being made and heard the soft buzzing start up in the rather comfortable, ocean-side apartment on Pacific Avenue.

Ten minutes later he was calling the hotel.

"Hello again, sir, just to let you know the young lady joining you this evening will be Lucy. . .Lucy, sir. That's right. Charming girl, sir. Very intelligent, a very stylish dresser too." Jim nodded into the receiver. "That's right sir. . .blonde, fairly tall, 23. . .no sir, just leave everything to Lucy. She knows the city well. Just leave all the arrangements to her. Thank you, sir. Bye bye now, have a nice evening."

I put down the phone. A shiver of relief, then excitement, replaced the persistent sense of dread that had followed me from Snail's Bay. It was so much simpler this way. I felt I wanted to start everything all over again; I had been too much out of my depth, too soon. Around tea-time I had walked up through the Cross before the trade filled doorways and importunings whispered across the pavements. Dejected by the prospect of taking to the streets in Sydney's red light district, depressed and lonely beyond words, I had hurried back to my hotel. I called home, called friends and then, when the phone seemed a little more comfortable, friendly, I called the agency and spoke to Jim.

I made a point of getting to the bar early so I could find a suitable table — in a corner

On the phone I had imagined a tall blonde would stand out like a beacon, yet here I was with 20 minutes to go surrounded by them.

preferably with a clear view through to the reception hall beyond. It was still only a few minutes after eight o'clock but, to my dismay, there were already four blondes in the bar — three together at a table and one perched on a barstool talking to the barman. It was unlikely any of them would be Lucy this early and none of them appeared to take particular notice of my arrival; nevertheless the realisation that, apart from being tall and blonde, I had no clear idea of what my companion looked like, shook me badly. Why, oh why, had I specified a blonde? Everyone in Australia was blonde; it would have been much more sensible to have asked for a brunette. On the phone I had imagined a tall blonde would stand out like a beacon, yet here I was with 20 minutes to go surrounded by them. I didn't even know what she would be wearing. They were all "stylish" dressers at this hotel. Two more blondes sauntered into the bar and sat at a table near me. I was in despair.

Half-an-hour and a couple of drinks later I had begun to relax. The girl at the bar had left soon after my arrival with hardly a glance in my direction, the three sitting together were still huddled in a tight conversation, while the other two a couple of tables down from me had been joined by two middle-aged men. Judging by the time, the chances were the next blonde to come in alone would be Lucy. To pass the time, I wondered what she would be like, whether I would like her. Nice name, at least. She would be pretty of course, but there were levels of prettiness. Would I find her attractive? Would I particularly want to sleep with her? Or would there be something — some blemish — that would put me off? Thin lips perhaps. I've always disliked thin lips. Or heavy black eyebrows? No, not with this one, she was blonde. Or a nose that was just too pudgy. Or lumpy hands. Hands were so important. I wondered too whether she was a nail-biter. I'd once spent an evening with a girl whose fingers were always creeping to her lips; she would pretend to be holding her chin in her hand but I knew it was so that she could nip at her nails. I hated bitten nails probably because I had once bitten my own. Would I have the nerve to send her away if she didn't appeal? There was nothing to stop me. And then, would she like me? It was always nice to think there was some mutual attraction; I didn't think I could sleep with someone if I suspected I revolted them, even when I was paying. Almost as an afterthought I wondered whether I might catch something from her.

I knew it was her immediately. A helmet of blonde hair, tall, making for the bar, a small black bag clutched under her arm. She slid onto a bar stool, then caught my eye, slipped off just as easily and came over. We shook hands and she squeezed in.

"Hi, you're Martin?"

"Right. Lucy?"

"Right."

No one looked at us. We could have been friends, business acquaintances.

"Can I get you a drink?"

"Aah, whisky sour thanks." She said the last word as though it were spelt with an 'e' not an 'a'.

At first I was disappointed. It wasn't that she was unattractive — just that she didn't fit in with what I had imagined. She was pretty and tall — but a heavy, not a willowy tall. Had she been any shorter, her appeal would have diminished accordingly. She wasn't the kind of girl I would normally have been drawn to, approached at a party say. There was a sturdiness, a stubbiness, almost a clumsiness about her that her height, fine clothes and clever make-up camouflaged rather than concealed. Her hands were small, the wrinkles of her knuckles red and pronounced as if she had washed up in too strong a detergent, the skin shiny as if she had been buttering bread — not long enough to wear rings gracefully. Her nails were not bitten but clipped short to the tops of her fingers.

But I enjoyed the strong body sense that came from her, a kind of implicit physical awareness that thrilled; when her leg touched mine; when she laid a hand on my arm; when she leant forward for her drink so I could see the slope of her breasts; when she looked at me, eyes suggestive and

inviting and knowing. It's so strong you forget it's something you've paid for — a look that puts you at ease, that puts you to bed. And Lucy had it in full measure.

She was also breaking in new shoes. When we left the hotel for dinner she caught hold of my arm not simply because it was expected but to ease the weight off her feet. Nor did she try to hide the fact.

"Glad the restaurant's close — these shoes are bloody murder." It may sound odd but sharing this intimate detail was arousing. I suggested we take a cab but she shook her head, tip-toeing on like a cat negotiating a glass-topped wall. At dinner she smiled secretly at me and eased off her shoes, placing a warm, stockinged foot over mine.

"Isn't it funny," she said when the waiter had gone, "the two of us done up like a Christmas turkey when we'd have been just as happy in jeans and T-shirts, having a pizza somewhere." Lucy had a way of including me in everything she said. "It's as if someone has put us both here like this. We're doing what they expect us to do, playing these parts, when really we'd be more comfortable just, you know. . ." As she played with her food, she glanced up at me; she wasn't even hungry. But I didn't resent the fact we were here, instead of having gone straight to my room. There was a quiet intimacy over the stiff white cloth, a warmth in the wine, a closeness beneath the dimlights. I doubted we would have found anything like it in some pizza place, but with Lucy who could say?

There was a contented homeliness about her that I was growing to like. She was the kind of person you want just to curl up with in front of a fire. She was honest too, and plain, in a country-sort-of-way. Apart from two thin ivory rings, she wore no jewellery. It was as if she knew the glitter and sparkle would only emphasise what some might have called her dullness.

"Don't you love being in love?" she asked as we finished our coffee. "I mean, it's such a high." The question surprised me. But it suited her. She was Aquarius, she had told me, a dreamer, adept at building wispy castles in the air.

Later, pushed together in a dark crowded club, we had to talk into each others' ears to be heard. I found myself saying anything just to get an answer from her, to feel her lips close to my ear, her breast against my arm.

"Shall we go back to the hotel?" I asked finally.

"Lit's."

We walked back through the Cross. The darkened doorways were now filled, and disinterested offers, cheap insults, hard glittering looks, sometimes soft whispered promises drifted through the night like the oily, sweaty, insinuating smell of a fair-ground. She held my arm tighter — as if she were a stranger to all this.

"You know, I've never felt like a hooker. I've never felt that this has anything to do with me." I realised, to my surprise, that I no longer thought of her as a hooker either. I told her this. She squeezed my arm, laughed a little and we walked on.

In my room, she asked if she could have a bath. I lay in bed and waited, watching James Cagney in RAF uniform win the Battle of Britain single-handed.

"There's something we have to clear up first, you know," she said, wrapping a towel around herself and sitting on the edge of the bed.

"Pass me my jacket."

"It's 60 dollars for the evening and 140 for me."

I counted out the money and then, in disbelief, counted it out again. Somehow I was 20 dollars short, but before I could say anything she took the fold from me.

"So lit's not argue over 20 dollars." She picked up her bag and pushed the notes away. "Do you mind if I make a phone call?"

"You can make it long distance if you like."

She dialled a number from her address book.

"Hi, it's Lucy. . .Yeah thanks. . .Look, I'm just ringing to say I'm not going to be able to make it. . .Yeah, that's right. . . Yeah, he's rather nice," she turned and kissed my shoulder. She smelt of Imperial Leather. "Yeah, I'm sorry too. . .Thanks anyway, see you."

"If I hadn't been nice, would you have still come back with me?"

"No bloody fear."

"And the money?"

She shrugged: "It's not worth the hassle, if you don't feel right about the bloke." She drew up her legs, then slid them down into the bed beside me. They felt as though they needed a shave, but somehow it fitted. Almost to be expected. "Mind you, you men don't seem to worry about that a lot."

I almost replied that not many hookers felt like that either.

"Should have shaved my bloody legs," she murmured, as she eased herself over me.

Not once did Lucy look at me. Only when we finished and she pushed me over, rolling with me and planting her elbows either side of my head.

"How to soothe the savage beast," she murmured, flicking the hair out of my eyes.

"If it's a nice day tomorrow," she said as she dressed, "I was going to the beach."

"Is that an invitation?"

"If you want?" She collected up her things and stood by the bed. "I'd stay, you know, only I hate leaving hotels in the morning dressed like this."

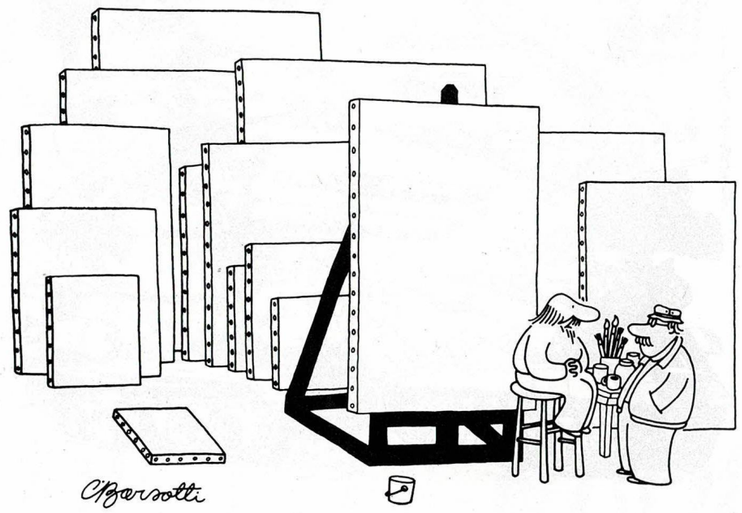
I nodded. In a way I was glad she was going. I could have the bed to myself. I was tired — a savage beast soothed. She switched off the TV and lights.

"I'll call in the morning," she said. I don't even remember the door closing.

●

It was as if the night before had never happened. As if we had never touched, talked, grown close; as if her cheeks had never hollowed as she sucked me into her; as if I had never slipped between her prickly shins.

When I arrived at her apartment a little after lunch, there was no acknowledgement, no sense of complicity — nothing beyond



"Some days it's magic, some days it's not."

the simplest acquaintance. She had decided it was too windy for the beach so we walked together from Tamarama to Bondi along the cliff path that separates those two bays — shelving cliffs gouged out by the wind and sea like scored Gruyere, the path trembling underfoot from the crashing, massive Pacific swells. She wore rope-soled espadrilles and cotton drawstring trousers so light you could see the fold of her tucked-in T-shirt beneath. She explained the rip currrents to me, stopping to point out the clear smears of treacherous water that scarred the sea like stretch marks. "Get into one of those and you just get swept right out." Git swipt raht e-out, was the way she said it.

Her skin looked rougher in the daylight — but in a country way, and under her chin was a small mole with two tiny black hairs sprouting from its centre. I had neither noticed nor felt it the previous night. We walked side by side, only touching by chance if a gust of wind pushed us together, or when we drew close to let people pass. It was as if, by some silent and mutual agreement, we had decided to start over — our actions the previous night forgotten, our intimacy replaced by a kind of childish, bashful masquerade of courting. It would have been harder for me to reach out and touch her, put my arm around her, than it would have been for some adolescent on his first date. In some subtle way she had conveyed to me that she did not want to be reminded, and that even if I did say something, she would look at me blankly as if she didn't know what I was talking about.

Her allure was like the beam of a torch — strong and clear at night, but invisible by day. It was as if she were two people — the day-time Lucy not even remotely aware of what the night-time Lucy did. I knew it was in my power to tip that balance but she made it clear I shouldn't try.

At Bondi we bought fish and chips wrapped up in the *Sydney Morning Herald* and sat on a bench to eat them. By the time we had finished, a crowd of gulls surrounded us, cawing and flapping and flicking their hard little yellow eyes at us. There were two that caught our attention — one with a leg missing, the stump waving nervelessly like a thin red twig, the second with a fishing hook pierced cleanly through its beak, the eye of the hook still trailing a length of nylon line. Every now and again a webbed foot would stamp on the line and jerk the beak down. I was sure there was no way the second gull could eat, that it would slowly starve to death, but when I threw him a lump of fishy batter he seized it and tipping back his head swallowed it down, the beak wrenching against the hook, the length of his white feathery neck undulating like a belly dancer. His companion managed equally well, hopping into the fray for bits on his good leg and waving the other about like a kind of balancing rod. Lucy and I agreed they probably worked a partnership, showing their wounds and hoping for sympathy; they would probably live longer than their companions.

On the harbor ferry across to Cremorne and Taronga, we sat outside on the top deck watching the Sydney skyline. We had bought ice creams at Circular Quay — "Not *gelato,* I hate *gelato,*" she had said — and were taking our last bites when she suddenly turned to me, her hair whipping about her face. "You know, it's so much easier for you blokes. I mean, women have to cram it all in — make the best of just a very few years. But you men have all your lives; you get better. You're so lucky." Then, looking back across the harbor, she added, "I want so much to have as full a life as I can manage." It was simply a statement. Perhaps there was an edge of resentment, but no malice. Whether she felt it was unfair, whether she wanted me to deny it, I didn't know.

We didn't get off at Taronga, just waited until the ferry turned for the trip back. "I can't bear to see all those caged animals," she explained.

It was a startling clear day and high above, like some thin, distant cloud was a ghost-white full moon. As we moved away from the shore and picked up speed she told me about the first man she ever loved. He was a craw fisherman in the South Island of New Zealand. She made him sound like a character in a fairy tale.

"Do you ever see him now?"

"Oh yes, whenever I go back." She was silent for a moment. "But I haven't seen him for two years. Still, that doesn't matter; it's always just the same when we do."

"You'll probably marry him one day." I don't think I meant it seriously, but she nodded.

"Yes, I probably will."

"Does he know. . .you know. . .?"

"He bloody well should do." She looked at me and smiled.

"Oh?"

"I used to charge the bugger." It was the first time day-time Lucy had acknowledged night-time Lucy.

As we walked away from Circular Quay, looking for a cab, I asked if she would have dinner with me again — out of the company's time. She said she would love to, but she had a party she had to go to. "I'd ask you along, but it's invitation only." I felt a little disappointed. "Tell you what, I'll call you after, how's that?" I brightened at the prospect.

I was sound asleep when the call came through. It was past midnight.

"Hi, Lucy here."

"Hi, how are things?"

"Fine thanks. . .Look, I'm just ringing to say I won't be able to make it after all. The party went on much later than I thought and I'm back at Tamarama, and I'm exhausted."

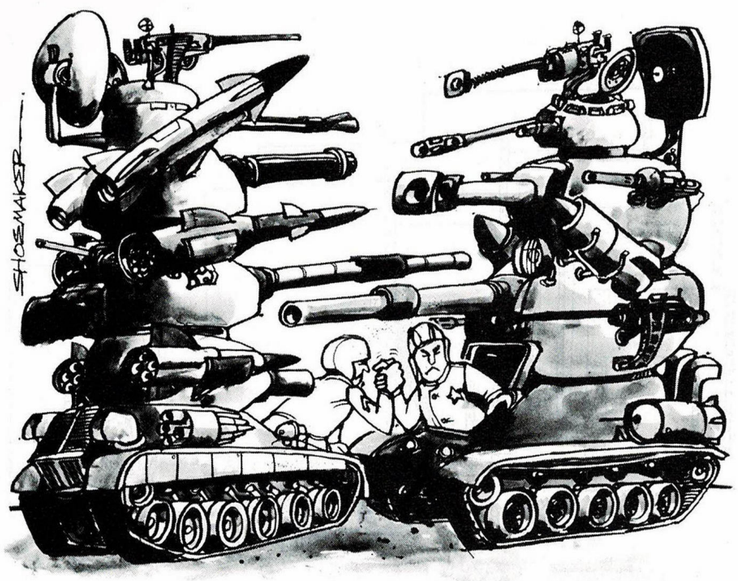
"That's a pity."

"Yeah, I'm sorry, you know."

"Is he nice?"

There was a long pause at the other end of the line, and then quietly she said: "Yeah, he's rather nice."

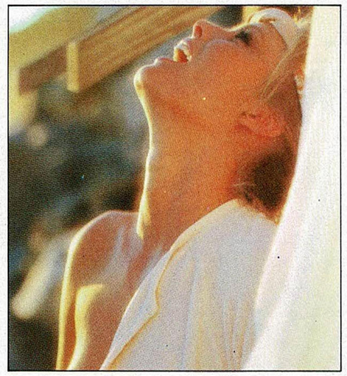
All The Girls, published by Macmillan, $17.95.

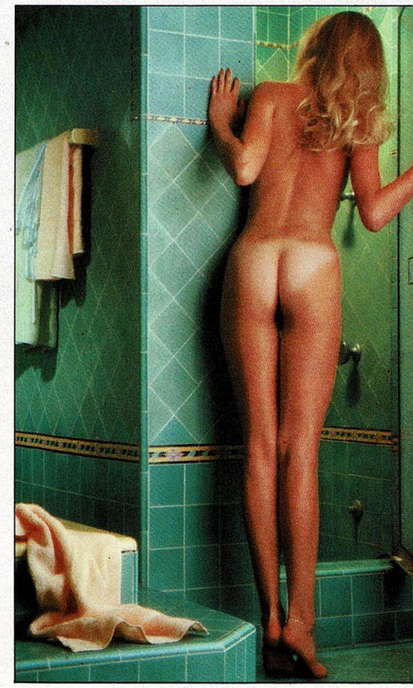


QUEEN OF THE CROP

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KERRY MORRIS AND ARNY FREYTAG

Marlene Janssen is country bred, strong and competitive. She's a speed skater, a water skier and can flip a Frisbee with powerful grace.





When you point at a recent bruise, she laughs, "I tried slaloming over four wakes. When I fell, the ski came up behind me and smacked me in the leg. It didn't even hurt until the next day." By the time this photo session was underway, the bruise was gone — proving that pampering oneself isn't the only way to stay fit.

This country lass doesn't pamper herself when it comes to clothing, either. "Most of the time, I'm in shorts and T-shirts. I like to be ready for anything, and dressed like that, I am." The ideal man? Marlene says, "Looks don't really make much difference." That, Marlene, is in the eye of the looker.

Sit on it!

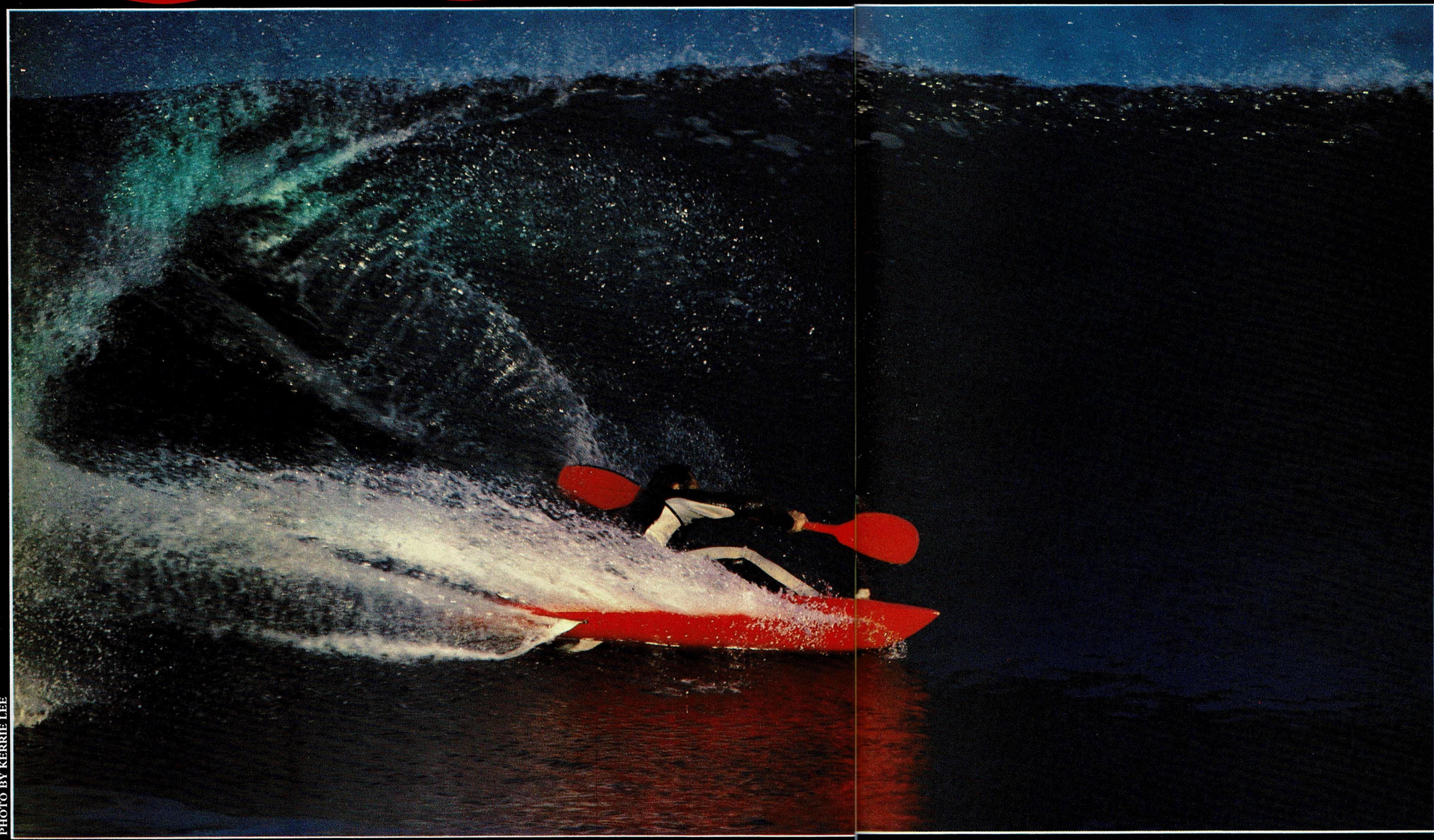


PHOTO BY KERRIE LEE

wave ski surfing is more arse than brass

YOU LIKE to take your sport sitting down? So do Alan Jones, Roy Higgins, the Australian rowing eight and guys like me who watch sport on TV. In fact, it's pretty chic to do it on your bum. When the coaches say: "Get ya arse into gear," *we* know what they really mean.

Guys who ride wave skis do it on the cheeks of their butts, and if you think anyone who has to sit down to surf must be a clown, take a look at your local beach. There are plenty of wave skis around, huh?

The blokes who have been in the surfboard-making business from the days of the "real-gone" surfin' revolution are saying the summer of '82-83 will see a buying boom akin to '69. That was when surfing's vogue appeal peaked at the same time as the post-war population bubble was bursting at the seams in the 15 to 20 year-old age group. The difference is, this time round, the boom is in wave skis, not boards.

As one manufacturer puts it: "That population bubble has continued to climb and while those guys might not be tuned enough to still ride boards, they're finding the wave ski a logical progression."

Let's see. A bloke who was 17 in '69 is now 30. Career, perhaps a mortgage, wife and a kid or two, company car and a Japanese 4WD as a concession to escapism. Get the picture? With high interest rates, he won't go into debt for a boat and he'd sooner ride a wheelchair than take up jogging.

***That* man is typical of this summer's prospective wave ski customer. As the salesman is sure to say: "The waves (lakes, rivers and estuaries) are still free." Free they are, but most city surf breaks,**

article by neil jameson

especially in summer, are heavy traffic zones. The arrival of the leg rope a decade ago meant every 11-year-old who can't swim a stroke gets a chance at the best breaks without the risk of losing his board. The result: in summer-time Sydney you can almost walk from Cronulla to Curl Curl on a solid sea of surfboards.

Into this crowded scene paddles the wave ski man, flashing paddle and larger craft occupying a few square metres more of water than the average board rider. You get no points for guessing he is not the most popular man on the break — especially after he has (accidentally) swatted the local hero in the back of the head with a paddle blade. And being faster through the water, a ski rider is capable of paddling onto a wave earlier than a guy on a board. The outcome is that a greedy ski rider is bound to grab a lot more than his share of waves. Surfers have got a bit hot under the wetsuit collar and a few scores have been settled in the traditional manner — a biff-up in the carpark.

There are two ways out of the problem: head for the country and uncrowded waves, or display a bit of decorum and diplomacy.

One encouraging fact is that the majority of ski riders who hit the water this summer will be former board riders; guys who have mellowed a bit and gone for the more sedate, sit-down style of surfing. These blokes *should* have their surfing etiquette in hand, promising a move towards detente between board and ski riders.

Wave skis found their first popularity platform in the 20 to 25 years age group. With board riders occupying the 10 to 25 years domain, there was an obvious clash between youth and maturity. Lately, the gap has partly dissolved because surfers are graduating to wave skis at a younger age.

Like any sport, there are those who adopt a seldom approach, some make it their most important leisure pursuit and there are the guys whose commitment borders pretty close on obsession. The leading manufacturers of wave skis are aware of the classifications and tailor designs to suit.

The basic recreational model is an all-purpose craft. You'll recognise it steaming out of control through a packed surfing area, or bobbing in the chop while its owner wets a line. Their detractors call them "goat boats" because they are not the most manoeuvrable, but usually the strongest and heaviest. Most leading manufacturers produce them and they're sold to older guys wanting to salvage those stomach muscles, or the family man who hits the water about four times a year.

The mid-range model is a freestyle craft. It's designed for the average surfer who is fairly competent and takes his sport half seriously. Consequently, it is the most popular model because it can perform most things the owner demands of it, requires bugger-all maintenance and, at under $400, is extremely affordable for the average wage earner.

The competition model is the one you *don't* buy if you are about to ride a ski for the first time. It is identifiable by its wedge shape and incorporates many of the design tricks pioneered by the surfboard industry. The competition model is strictly for accomplished riders with the experience to know whether one, two or three fins, or options like channel hulls, are suited to their surfing.

The greatest single difference between these three models and the common surfboard is that the skis are made from fibreglass mouldings while the board is shaped from a foam blank before copping its fibreglass skin. One reason makers are excited about the ski boom is that moulding is less labor intensive than shaping, so it's possible to fulfill ski orders much more quickly than boards.

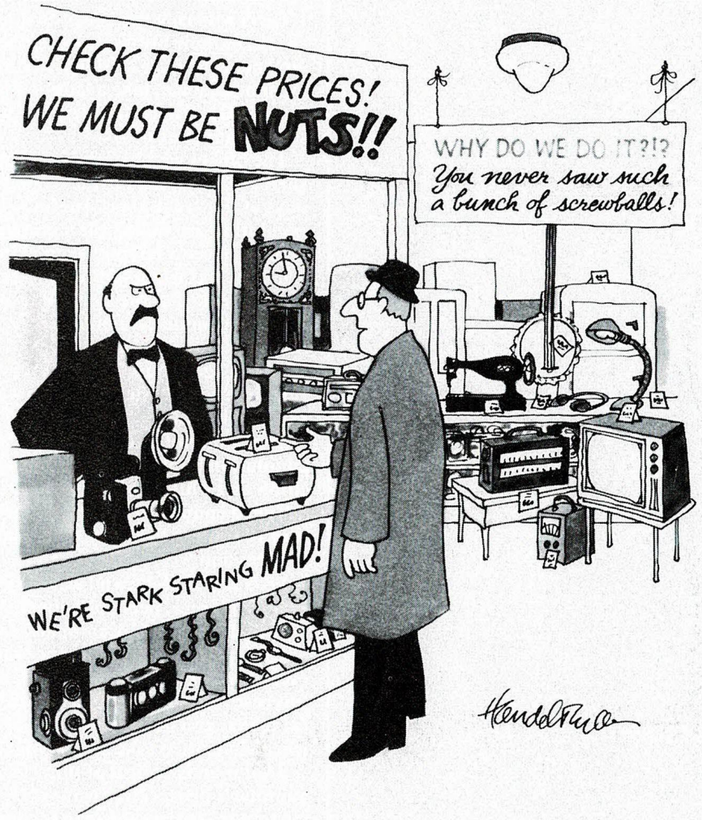
Twelve years ago, Shane Surfboards of Sydney was making 100 boards a week. It was high tide for the surfboard industry and Shane was selling more boards than anyone else. These days there is very little profit margin in surfboards, so Shane (Surfboards) Stedman has branched into ski making. He made his first ski about five years ago and knew then that there would be a boom in wave skis.

"We watched guys who had been board riders come in and buy wave skis. We knew when that huge population of surfers which bought all those boards back in '69 got old enough, there would be a rush on wave skis," he says.

Shane estimates the bubble should hit the redline this summer. "The wave ski thing will never be as big as the board boom because it does not have those elements of cult appeal and youth energy," he says, "but a ski is such an affordable and durable item that a lot of guys will see it as the logical way to go."

The generation gap raises another reason for the wave ski's popularity. Dads in the 60s resented the way surfing isolated them from their sons. There will be few fathers admitting it, but some are buying skis in conjunction with the purchase of their kid's first board. It means the old man can maintain some sort of emotional and physical contact with his son's development. Like your old man might have laced your football boots or oiled your bat.

Surfing's intrinsic appeal is that it is one of the most uncomplicated of sports. Equipment is simple, you don't have to join a club and, like the man says, the waves are free. Wave skis are slightly more complex



"Across the street, where they make no special claim to emotional instability, this item is a dollar less."

One of our best whites wears black.
Leo Buring
BLACK LABEL
BIN 33 RHINE RIESLING
1980 VINTAGE
1980 Bin 33 was vintaged from Rhine Riesling grapes grown in premium wine-producing districts of South Australia.
This wine has an excellent medium light colour with green tints. The bouquet shows good varietal fruit character, while the palate remains soft and flavoursome. The depth of soft Rhine Riesling fruit is well balanced by a crisp acidity.
Bin 33 Rhine Riesling is most enjoyable when young and will develop good bottle age character given a moderate period of cellaring.
LINTAS: BU1125 APFPC AB574/80

than boards, a difference that stems from the fact that the rider sits rather than stands. Whereas a board has a relatively flat deck, the ski has a scalloped-out area for the rider to park his bum. In the basic sitting position, his heels slot neatly into two forward recesses enabling him to tuck his feet under twin retaining straps. Add a twin-bladed (kayak-style) paddle and he's away. Ski riders used to tie the paddle to the craft but now the theory is that if you can't hang on to your paddle, you can't be trying too hard. There is another reason, and it relates to the introduction of seat belts. That's right, the surfers who take wave skis seriously have started strapping themselves in with a quick-release lap belt. The idea is that the rider and ski become the one unit when belted together. It offers better control through turns and, providing the rider can master the Eskimo roll (fast righting technique), he is unlikely to lose his craft as the result of a wipe-out.

However, any strapped-in ski rider who the surf selects for the full Simpson Washamatic treatment could get rolled over a dozen times or more. A paddle attached to his craft would be left flailing wildly, capable of taking out an eye, slashing off an ear or delivering a face-lift.

Wave skis are more buoyant than a surfboard and after a wipe-out will travel much further out of control than a board. This trait has not endeared ski riders to their board brothers and is one reason why responsible retailers deliver a lecture on surf etiquette with every wave ski sold.

The evolution of wave ski design can be traced back about 10 years where it runs smack into the familiar profile of the club-style surf ski. The urge for ski riders to duplicate the radical manoeuvres of board riders started on the Gold Coast where sit-down surfers started appearing on smaller versions of the traditional surf club craft.

Roger Shackleton, proprietor of Raider Ski Pty Ltd of Sydney, was one of the earlier ski riders to see the fun to be had with what the Gold Coast guys were attempting. He had a 10′6″ monster which he traded in on a nine foot-plus job. Not happy with that and frustrated by the dearth of manufacturers capable of producing a short, high-performance model, he went into business for himself. Shackleton currently crafts top competition models and includes three national champions in his Raider stable.

For one reason or five, the Gold Coast phenomenon paddled into a trough and there was no upturn in wave ski popularity until about seven years ago when Shackleton and a few other Sydney surfers started playing around with ski design. Since then, the NSW capital has become the leader in wave ski development.

The transition has been tremendous. Compare the 6′4″ custom-made competition model currently ridden by Australian champion John Christensen with the tall timber of seven or eight years ago. And, when you catch surfers of the calibre of Christensen, Mike Petrie or Paul Wise in action, it explains why so many carve-it-up board riders are moving on to wave skis. Petrie was national champ in 1980, Wise in '81 and Christensen holds the current crown. Between them, Petrie and Christensen have held (at least once) just about every major title since the inception of wave ski contests in 1978.

Petrie has been riding a wave ski for six years and before that he rode a board for 12. He is regarded as an innovator of radical surfing style and a designer of wave skis. He designed the first tri-fin ski and was early to prove that some of the more radical board stunts could be duplicated on a wave ski. Petrie weighs about 12 stone and rides a 6′6″ ski. Strapped into this craft on a day when the waves are of overhead size is akin to piloting a stunt plane minus the canopy. For inspiration he watches the professionals ride in competitions and gauges how their more radical manoeuvres will relate to wave skis. His conclusion is that he can put a wave ski most places another surfer can put a board. There are limits, of course, and Petrie was wondering just what they were when he paddled out at Sunset, Hawaii on a 20-foot day. Strapped in. The idea of eating it under one of those moving tower blocks while strapped to a wave ski just doesn't bear contemplation.

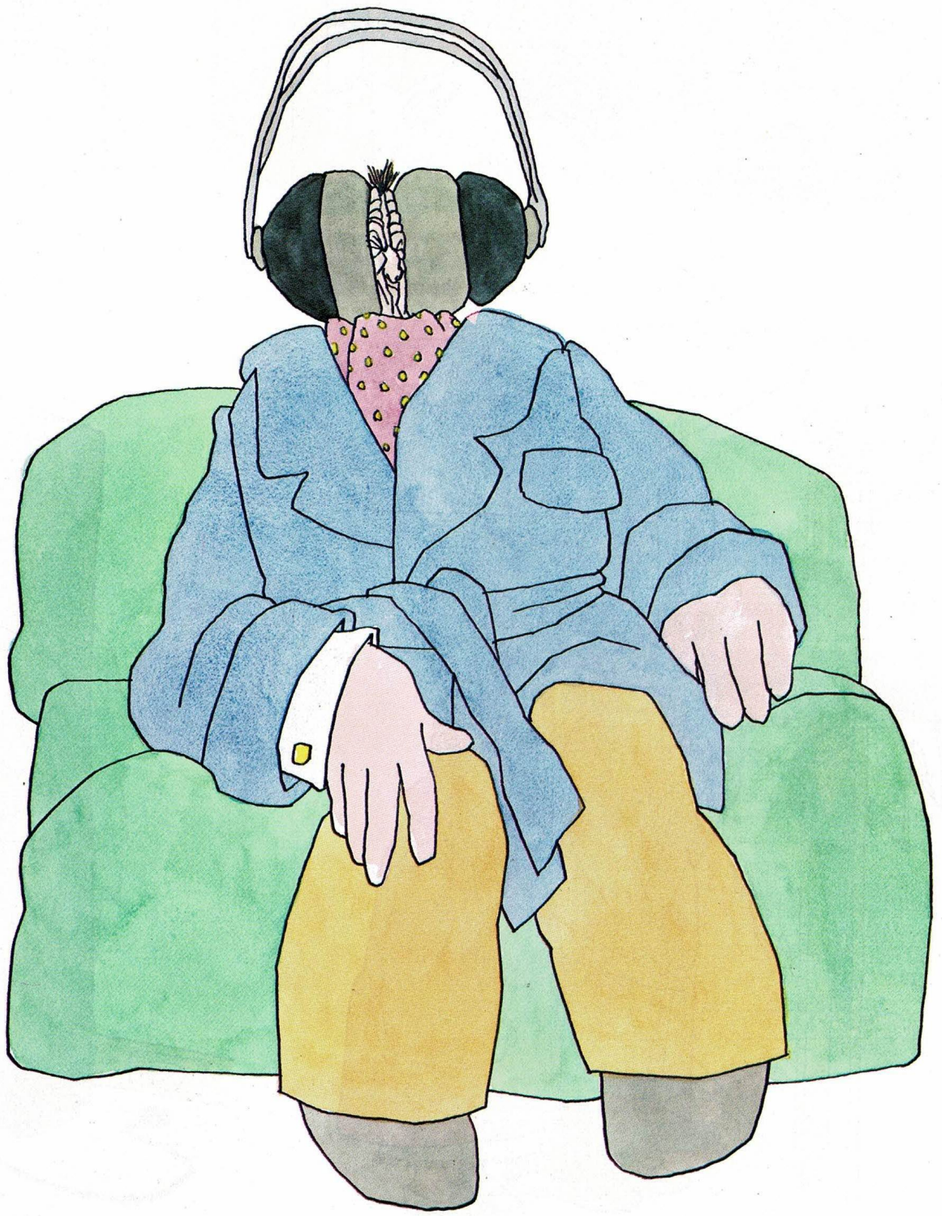
The skis that makers like Shane and Raider produce for surfers of the calibre of Christensen, Petrie and co, are not moulded but crafted from a single foam blank. The skis resemble a board in profile save for additional thickness, particularly towards the tail, to provide buoyancy. They cost between $550 and $600.

There is a small competition circuit in Australia but nobody expects it to graduate to the level of popularity and professionalism of board riding. South Africa has a sophisticated competition circuit but currently trails Australia in design and development. As most purchasers of wave skis would have left their competitive drive behind with their youth, the Australian competition scene will remain mainly amateur while most skiers will surf purely for leisure and fitness.

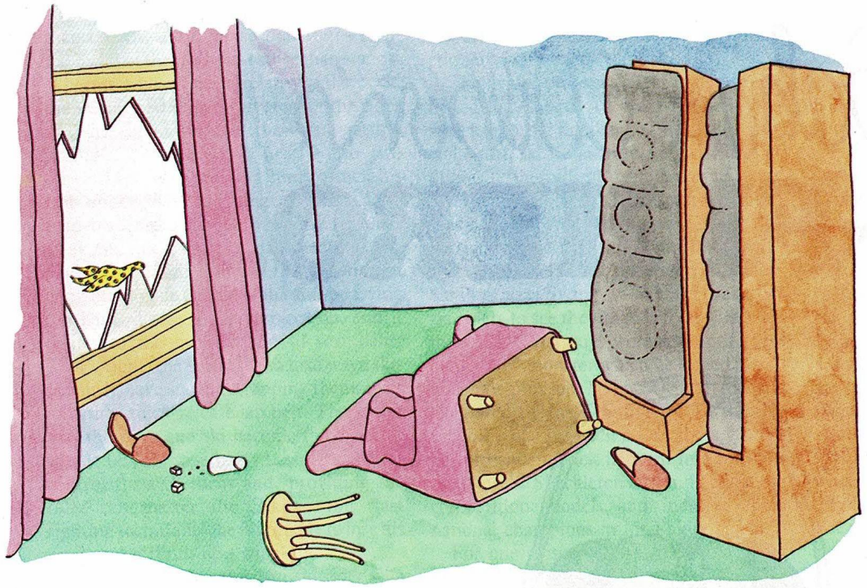
One guarantee is that you will see more wave skis on your local beach this summer. If the craft's popularity wasn't already assured, last winter's flop as a snow-ski affair left plenty of leisure cash to splash out on summer toys. Windsurfers will continue to chart strong sales to the committed while cats and other sailcraft will do all right. But if you have any doubts what summer toy will be soaking up a good percentage of disposable income this summer, just ask suppliers to the surfing industry. Sales of wave skis during spring were up better than 300 percent on the same period the previous year. It seems *everybody* wants to sit down this summer.

Graham Wilson's

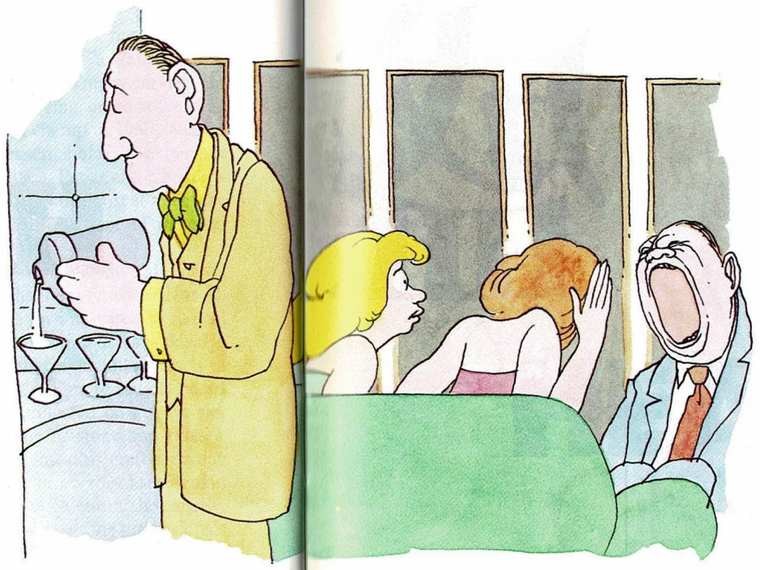
HI~FI HERO...



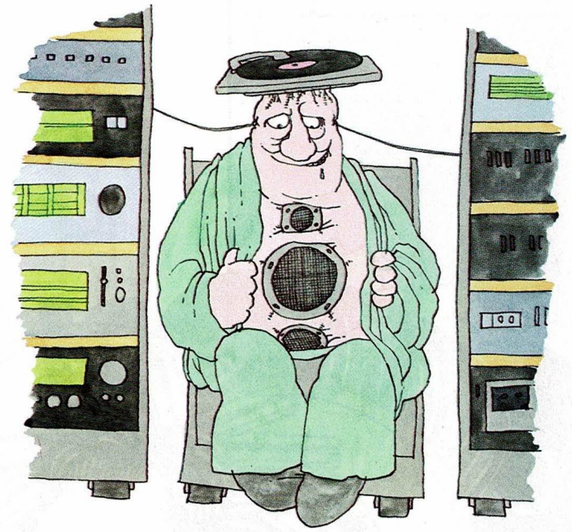
Appreciates the meaning of comfortable headphones.



Appreciates the meaning of restraint when running-in a new amp.

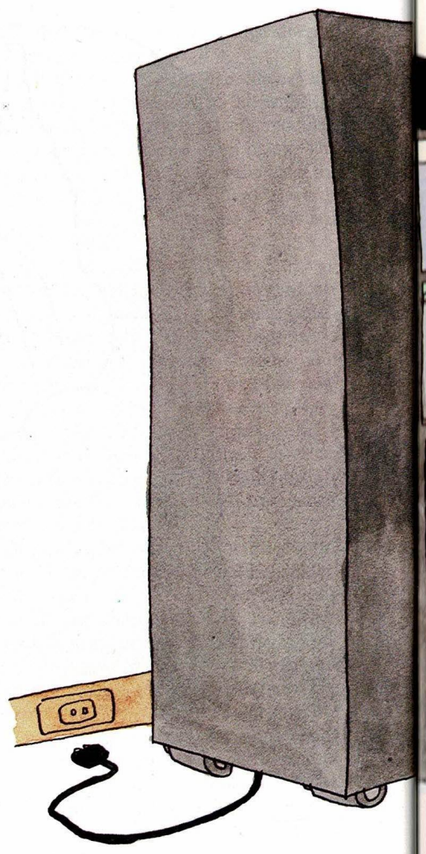


Uses his system as the perfect party primer.

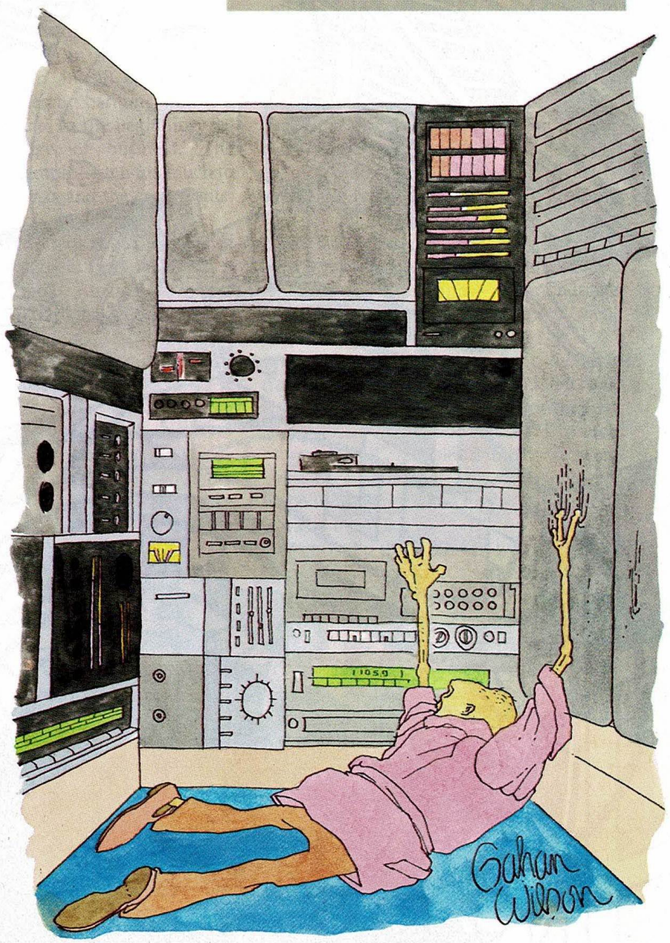


Couldn't live without it.

Never lets his hobby intrude on the privacy of his neighbors.



Realises the manual is written for morons.



Rejects being labelled an escapist.

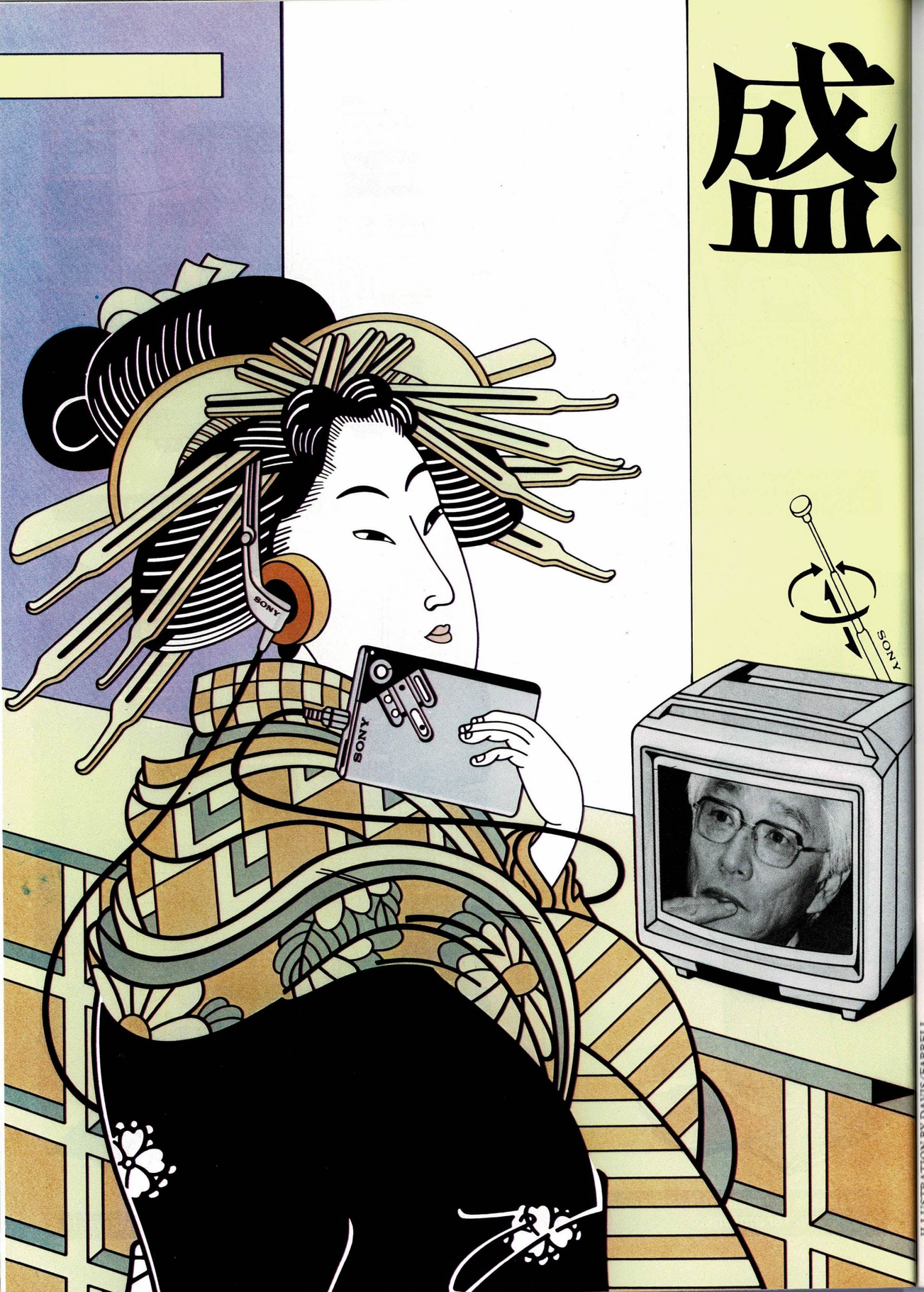


ILLUSTRATION BY DAVIS/FARRELL

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sony's founder tells how japan makes all those marvellous machines

THE MAN WHO PUT HEADPHONES ON THE WORLD

If any one company is at the centre of the post-World War II technological explosion in Japan, it's the Sony Corporation. The world owes its mass-produced transistor radios, Trinitron television sets, Betamax video recorders and Walkman portable cassette players to the expertise of Sony. And at the centre of Sony is its co-founder and chairman, 61 year-old Akio Morita.

PLAYBOY's ***Peter Ross Range*** *spent two weeks in Tokyo with Morita. Appropriately, the first of their conversations was taped on the Sony chief's newest toy: a stereo* recording *Walkman. To a Western world still in awe over Japan's leap from devastation to what many consider the pre-eminent industrial power on earth, this man has some penetrating truths to convey.*

PLAYBOY: So this is the new stereo-recording Walkman. When will it be on the market?

MORITA: Probably this year. Do you think people will like it?

PLAYBOY: What does your market research say?

MORITA: The market research is all in my head! You see, we *create* markets.

PLAYBOY: So how did you know the Walkman would sell?

MORITA: Let me tell you a story. When we developed the first Walkman, a lot of our sales people said a small machine like that would not sell — especially since it had no recording capability. But I had a hunch it *would* sell. I said, "Well a car tape-deck doesn't record, either." They were still unenthusiastic. So I said if we did not sell 100,000 sets by the end of the year, I would give up my chairmanship of Sony.

PLAYBOY: How serious were you?

MORITA: I was just kidding about quitting. The sales and product planning people were all laughing. But now we have sold 3,000,000 units of Walkman.

PLAYBOY: So your hunch paid off. But is there a larger lesson to be learned?

MORITA: It means top management must be willing to take risks. And top management should all be experts in the business. At Sony, the top men are all engineers — except for one operatic baritone who is a self-taught engineer. In the beginning, we had no knowledge of business. The Americans, for example, listen too much to the securities analysts and the consultants.

PLAYBOY: What's wrong with that?

MORITA: The consultant is not actually an expert. He just gathers facts and gives a theory and a formula. American management no longer likes to make decisions. No one takes responsibility. That's why the consulting business is so good there. America has become a society of justification.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by that?

MORITA: In America, unless you can justify what you have done, you will lose your job. And if somebody else justifies it, like a consultant, the principal person can be excused. That's the problem.

PLAYBOY: Maybe you are the problem. American businessmen say it is the Japanese invasion that is killing them.

MORITA: Invasion? We are not invading. We had to struggle for many years to know what Western markets wanted. Now Japanese consumer products are much more popular.

PLAYBOY: What about the Walkman? Was that the result of good product planning?

MORITA: No. It was not the result of planning; it was more an accident — just a minor thing.

PLAYBOY: Just a minor thing? You're making heaps of money and you've revolutionised music-listening habits around the world!

MORITA: We make much profit, but it is no innovation, no technological breakthrough. Masaru Ibuka, my partner, came into my office one day with a heavy tape recorder and heavy headphones. He said he liked to take music with him, but it was very cumbersome. So I put it on and walked around the office and it was not very comfortable. I thought many young people might like to take good stereo sound with them. They have it at home, they have it in the car, but they can't have high-quality sound after they leave the car. So I asked my staff to build a small experimental cassette player with light, comfortable headphones. That's the origin of the Walkman.

PLAYBOY: The way you tell it, it sounds like a product that would *have* to sell well, despite the sceptics.

MORITA: Many people thought the first transistor radio we built would not sell, either. And when we brought out the first personalised television, the five-inch "tummy TV", people thought we were crazy because at that time, everyone else was building bigger and bigger screens. But it was a big seller.

PLAYBOY: So the Walkman was not typical for you?

MORITA: No. The Trinitron one-gun color picture tube and the Betamax video tape recorder *were* breakthroughs of new technology. They evolved out of many years of research, looking for a better system. We knew we could not simply build the same thing as the big manufacturers — we had to build something *better*. In 1953, when I first visited America and Europe, I found that all "Made in Japan" goods were very shabby stuff. I thought I would try to change the image. It would be very hard for our company to establish a reputation. So we decided to select a very high-grade product, but inexpensive. The transistor radio was a small item but it had high quality. I think the first one sold for $29.95.

PLAYBOY: And how did you market it?

MORITA: We were offered an order for

100,000 radios by a large American company, but I turned it down. It was a very important decision. The American company wanted to sell them under its own name, but I insisted that we never sell our product except under our own name. We had to build a reputation for quality. Everybody in Tokyo was screaming for me to sign the deal, but I refused. It was the best decision I ever made.

PLAYBOY: Then how did you finally sell it?

MORITA: We selected high-quality stores, not discount houses.

PLAYBOY: Let's backtrack a bit to before there was a Sony as we know it. You said you were a small company of engineers without much business knowhow. What came next?

MORITA: In 1950, we finally succeeded after many experiments to build the first tape recorder in Japan. We had struggled very hard and sacrificed all profits and worked with almost no labs. We even had to use paper as a tape base since there was no plastic in Japan after the war. As scientists, we were very proud.

PLAYBOY: So who bought it?

MORITA: At first, nobody! We showed the recorder around, everyone thought it was wonderful to hear their own voices — but nobody wanted to buy it.

PLAYBOY: And what did you do about it?

MORITA: One day I discovered the basic principle of sales. I was strolling in my neighborhood and found a small antique shop. I didn't have any interest in antiques, but I was surprised to see many funny little things at high prices. I was wondering why these funny antiques cost more than our tape recorder, when an old man came in and paid cash for something — more than we were asking for our wonderful new machine. Suddenly I realised: any sale cannot be done unless the purchaser finds value in the merchandise. That is when I decided I could not just be an engineer, I had to go into the marketing side.

PLAYBOY: How did you finally sell it?

MORITA: We sold the first unit to the Academy of Music in Tokyo. It was because a young voice student there saw the usefulness of it for music students, to listen to themselves. But he criticised it a lot and told us many things that were wrong with it. So I hired him. Now he is deputy president of the company.

PLAYBOY: What got you interested in electronics in the first place?

MORITA: Music. Making better sound, that is my hobby.

PLAYBOY: It seems more like your business.

MORITA: Well, it's the same thing. You know, I first became interested in music as a little boy. My grandfather had one of the first RCA Victrolas in Japan, so I was listening to Western classical music when I was 10 years old. I remember Jascha Heifetz coming to do a concert before the War. My mother wanted me to play the piano. But even if I play the piano, I cannot play well. But if I play a record, I can get fantastic sound. So I was crazy about electronics. My father had no interest in music, but he was rich so he bought us a big electric phonograph.

PLAYBOY: What did that mean to you?

MORITA: I was really shocked how much better the sound was than on the mechanical machine we had before. And one of my relatives was an engineer who got interested in building an electric phonograph of his own, and that's what got me interested in electronics as a boy. By the time I was in high school, I was subscribing to *Popular Electronics.*

PLAYBOY: And you kept up your interest in the field?

MORITA: Well, I was studying physics at Osaka University when the War broke out. And my professor recommended I join the Navy research division, otherwise I might be sent to the front. I was just the right age, you know. So I became involved in research on a heat-seeking, thermal-guided missile — like the Sidewinder. I was also working on nocto-vision — night-time scopes for guns.

PLAYBOY: Did your work have any impact on the War?

MORITA: No, we were still working on it when the atomic bomb was dropped. We were very shocked by that.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by "shocked"?

MORITA: We knew it was theoretically possible to build an atomic bomb. I had written some articles in a student newspaper saying that, based on the technology of the time, we could do it, but it would take 20 years. When we got the report of the bomb from Hiroshima, I couldn't believe it. How could they accumulate that amount of uranium-235 to build a bomb so fast? We were sitting at the lunch table. I said to the other technical officers, "I think perhaps we should quit all our research now. There is such a difference in what the Americans are doing that our project cannot be completed in time." My boss got very angry.

PLAYBOY: How did you move from Naval research to consumer electronics?

MORITA: In the Naval lab, I met Masaru Ibuka, the electrical engineer in charge of our nocto-vision project. He's 12 years older than I am, but we seem to have the same chemistry, so we became good friends.

PLAYBOY: And you decided to start a company together? Was that the beginning of Sony?

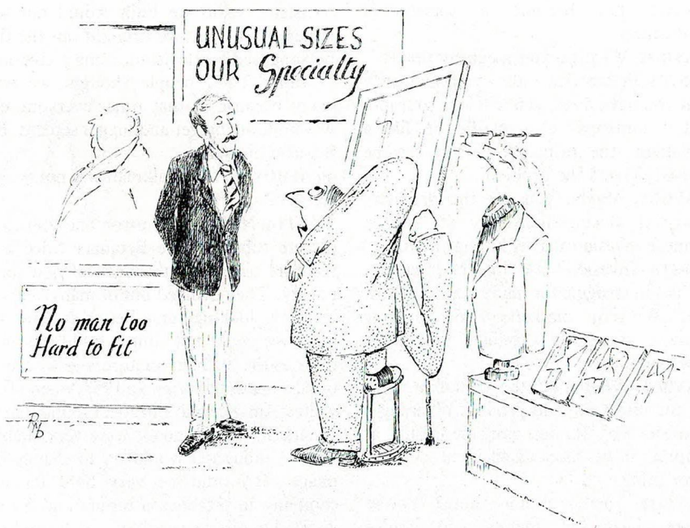
MORITA: It was the beginning of Tokyo Tsushin Kogyo — Tokyo Telecommunications Engineering Co. We started it up with about $500.

PLAYBOY: How did you come up with the name Sony?

MORITA: We knew our original name was too long and too difficult to pronounce, especially outside Japan. So we thought and thought. We looked up the Latin word for "sound" — *sonus.* We wanted something short and easy. So we thought of "sonny", until we found out that was a nickname. Then we decided on Sony.

PLAYBOY: Your first big international success was the world's first transistor radio, marketed in Japan in 1955. How did you make that breakthrough?

MORITA: Ibuka found out about the transistor Western Electric had developed



"It's not bad, but do you have it in a light grey check?"

Alexis Barthelay
le styliste de la montre
PARIS

Nouvelle Collection 18 ct. and steel from $250 — $690
Ultra flat Swiss quartz
2 year guarantee

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in the US for hearing aids. And we got a licence on the patent to develop a new transistor for a radio. We had to do many, many experiments.

PLAYBOY: That was the most famous case of taking new technology developed in America and turning it to a new consumer application —which led to all of today's solid-state technology. Yet it also prompts many people to say that the Japanese are not truly innovative, but only cleverly derivative —in other words, superb imitators and copiers.

MORITA: Such a perception gap is a cause of big problems. Western people criticise the Japanese effort as lacking originality. But Picasso was influenced by Lautrec, and Beethoven learned much from Mozart.

PLAYBOY: What is your point?

MORITA: We have been striving to be the Picassos and Beethovens of electronics. Our industry has been eagerly absorbing new technology from overseas and has created new technology on its own.

PLAYBOY: Still, you have absorbed a great deal from the West, perhaps more than you've developed on your own.

MORITA: It is true that Japan is paying more royalties for patent licences to Europe, for instance, than Europe is to us. That means they have good basic knowledge. But it's not true that we are taking that knowledge and then invading the West. When we pay royalties, it's like tuition for going to school. And I do not think Westerners spend enough effort to find out the things they might take from Japan. For instance, we subscribe to all technical publications. Japan is probably the largest single subscriber of *TV Digest*, the leading US trade journal of TV electronics. Do you think many Westerners read ours?

PLAYBOY: Probably not, because most of us can't read Japanese.

MORITA: That's true. It would take a *big* investment to learn it. But we make a big investment to learn *your* language — 12 years of school.

PLAYBOY: So Japan has been "paying tuition" since 1968, trying to catch up with the West?

MORITA: Right.

PLAYBOY: And now you've graduated and it's time for the West to go to school?

MORITA: Maybe, maybe. It depends on the industry.

PLAYBOY: Many people compare Japan to Germany — both very industrious nations which rose to great economic heights after total defeat in war.

MORITA: I think we are more similar to the Americans. The influence of television and the movies from the West is very great. American hit songs come to Japan right away. Even the mentality of the Japanese has changed. For example, we eat bread every day now. That's something we've adopted from America.

PLAYBOY: That's the Westernisation of Japan. Now we are also experiencing the Japanisation of the West.

MORITA: Japanisation? What's that?

PLAYBOY: At a consumer level, virtually everyone in the West is surrounded by Japanese products — from pens to cars.

MORITA: That's not Japanisation. Those are simply Japanese products adapted to the Western way. We made a product to fit your life. And now we are on the threshold of a new era. The Eighties will be the golden age of electronics.

PLAYBOY: You mean we're not already in it? What other goodies does Sony have up its corporate sleeve?

MORITA: Last year we introduced the prototype of a magnetic video camera — the Mavica. It looks just like any 35mm camera, but it has no film. Instead, you can take 50 pictures on a tiny electronic disc and then view them immediately on a television screen. It is really just a video camera that takes still pictures. Soon we will be ready to begin marketing a video movie. This is a video-tape recorder built right into a camera hardly bigger than today's eight millimetre movie cameras. The picture and sound are recorded on a quarter-inch video-tape cassette inside the camera. You can play it back without removing it from the camera by attaching it to your television set.

PLAYBOY: Any audio developments?

MORITA: Yes, we will soon introduce the world's first digital audio-disc system. We call this DAD or "compact" disc. It will reduce the size of a record to a 4.7-inch disc that you can put inside your coat pocket. And it has 60 minutes of music on each side. It is never touched by a stylus, but is tracked by a laser beam. The sound is much better than today's stereo — it is very pure. Herbert von Karajan, conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, said listening to DAD was like, "being in the 21st Century".

PLAYBOY: Is . that a purely Japanese development or was it based on technology borrowed from the West?

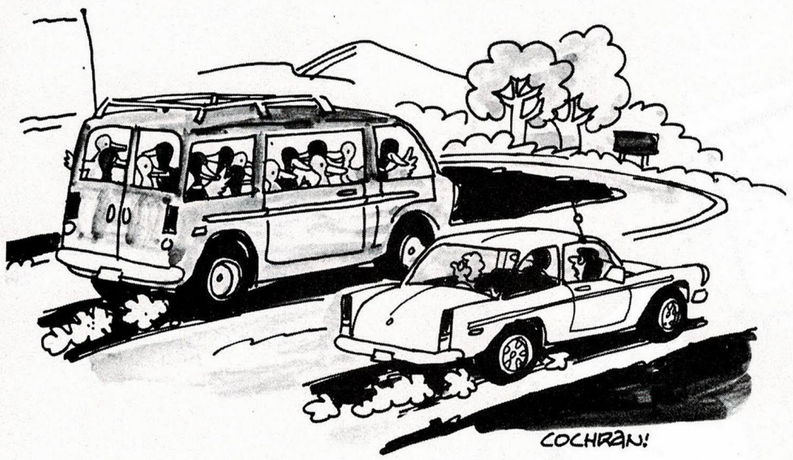
MORITA: We developed it with N.V. Philips of The Netherlands. We were ahead with pulse code modulation, which produced digital sound, but they were ahead of us in laser technology. I think this sort of joint transnational research and development will be very necessary in the future. The costs will be too high for one company, or even one country, to bear.

PLAYBOY: Having seen a good portion of the world by now, what do you recommend for economic recovery?

MORITA: To combine systems — that is my goal. I feel a kind of mission to try to build bridges between countries through international trade.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it's too late for countries such as America to adapt to the new economic realities?

MORITA: It is never too late, you know.

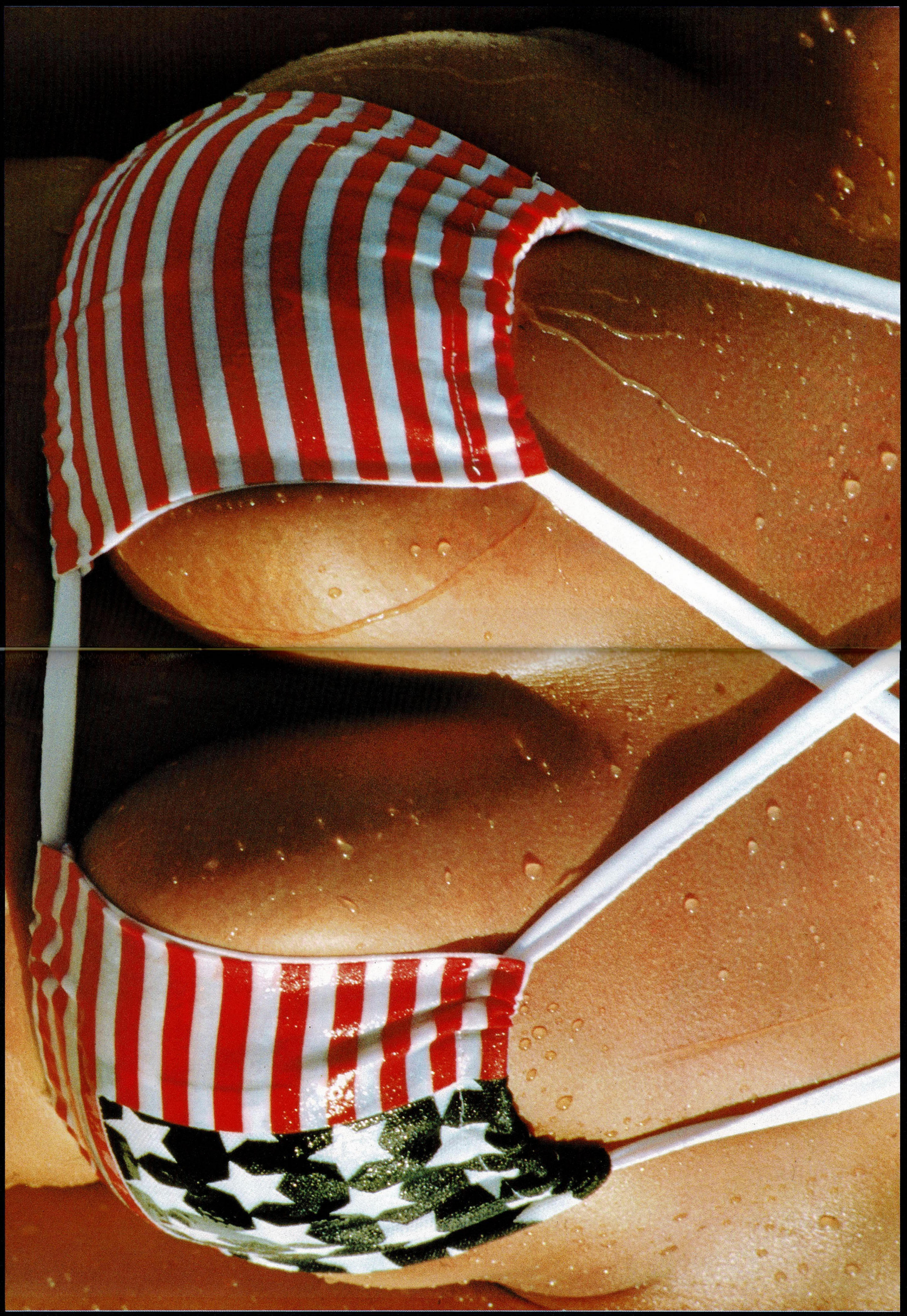


"I always thought they flew *south."*

ISLAND IMAGES

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES BAES

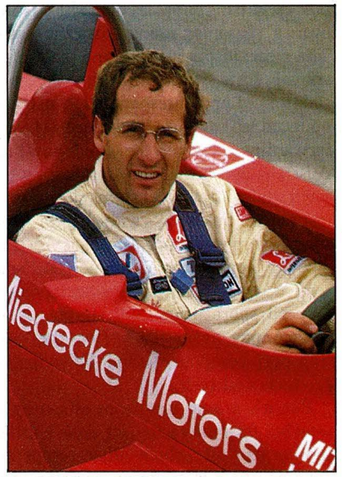
Shapes and hues — the blood-red of her lips and fingers, the depths of her thighs, even the white flag of clouds on a field of sky — have surrendered to her. She's the heart, and the heat, of summer. Enjoy her now; tomorrow, she'll be gone.



The heart of summer is in front of you. Her skin is toffee brown, seasoned by the sea and sun. She moves like a slow-motion dream into the heat of your vision. The island's colors — aqua of ocean, white of sand — are etched on the glowing canvas of her form.

OPERATION OPEN-WHEELER

State-of-the-Art Formula Car, the Ralt RT4, has been further fine-tuned by ex-Ralt man, Bruce Cary.



Andrew Miedecke, (car dealer, restaurateur, racer,) a fast, consistent performer taking lap records, pole positions and wins.

Cockpit is a shoehorn fit between sidepods that house radiators in cooling ducts (topside) and ground effects devices.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICO METTBACH

playboy track-tests a real-live ralt racer

SOMETHING is happening to Australian motor racing. People are actually watching Formula cars. "Real" racing cars or not, open-wheelers used to be the "commercial break" of Oz motor sport. Time to take a trip to the toot between the tin top duels, scrabble about in the Esky for another tube, go to ground with the girlfriend under a blanket.

Suddenly the crowds have got up off their bums and started to hang off the fences.

Formula Racing has become the exclamation point of many race programs.

Formula Pacific (FP) has done it. FP is the new Australian Formula One (AF1), signalling the death of the dinosaurs, notably the Formula 5000s — V8-powered monsters that gobbled race budgets faster than fuel. Formula Pacific is the new trim, taut, terrific Formula, using slightly scaled-down European Formula One World Championship cars with substantially scaled-down powerplants. In fact, small sophisticated four-cylinder engines (BDA Cosworth Fords — based on the Cortina engine) entirely in tune with today's consumer automotive environment which has turned its back on brute, wasteful power.

Formula Pacific is in tune with something else important — the rest of the world. Yes, the antipodean FP is identical to that employed in the UK and Europe, South-east Asia and Japan, New Zealand and South Africa. And minutely removed from the US equivalent — Formula Atlantic. This will be adjusted within months, barring the unexpected, as the Americans adapt to the rest of the world, making for a true world formula. For Australia, it's the first time in the history of our Formula One that we are completely dialled into an international formula. This breakthrough has led to the development of Formula Mondial — the first world-wide formula ever developed below Formula One. Australia will be involved in the four-region World Championships in 1983, our sons and drivers having the unique opportunity to match their talents against the world's best in this Formula.

The car featured here is a car of this Formula. It's called a Ralt (after Australian designer Ron Tauranac who designs and builds such cars) and its code-name is RT4, signifying that it's a car built on the latest Formula One aerodynamic principles to suit the Pacific Formula. Almost identical cars are code-named RT2 and RT3 and dominate European F2 and F3 racing.

Like its European brothers, it looks like a real Formula One Grand Prix Championship car. Its body style is not far removed from a Williams FW07, the car-type in which Australia's Alan Jones won the World Championship in 1980. It's not dissimilar to a Talbot Ligier when viewed head-on. Practised eyes will pick bigger boots, cheekier jowls, but not much else.

Pacifics, like the Ralt, are actually Production Race Cars. Built on an assembly line — admittedly tighter than the one which produced your A to B-mobile — and employing a good deal of hand labor, but built in volume all the same. There are already hundreds of Ralts world-wide. This

article by rob luck

is possible because Pacifics are built to a "control" formula. You might call it affordable Formula One.

This is what has turned open-wheeler racing around in Australia. Ask Andrew Miedecke, (one of the most mis-pronounced punters in motor racing — it's Meedickee) who owns this car. The 32 year-old Port Macquarie (NSW) car dealer and sometime restaurateur is having his first run in AF1 racing in eight years on the circuit.

Miedecke uses his up-to-the-minute Ralt RT4 to promote his booming double-dealership in north-central coast Port Mac. The Mitsubishi/Leyland and Volvo/Honda enterprise has been particularly fruitful in view of Andrew's success from the outset. He edged within one point of the National Panasonic Championship in 1981 and was second again in 1982 after a run of bad luck chiefly occasioned by close encounters of the violent kind.

On average, the cost of campaigning each race meet pans out at around $5000, spread over a season's 'round-Australia racing. The year just gone, around half of his annual costs were offset by the major sponsor, Lep International (just pronounced lep), reportedly the largest freight-forwarding agency in the world, now big in Australia and heavily into promoting their international freight, customs clearance and insurance business, with motor sport sponsorship in Europe as well as Australia. They're hoping for a commercial "speed service" trade-off from the association with a speed sport. Important support is also forthcoming from TAA (for the costly transport component) and Valvoline (for products and cash).

But it's a long way from offsetting the total bill for pure racing, let alone knocking the corners off, which other competitors have helped him to do on occasion in the past two years. Miedecke fortunately has avoided "the big one" which apart from personal risks carries the unpleasant "premium" of around $25,000 outlay for a new car — a chit he would be obliged to pick up himself.

He was energetically enthusiastic about this track test — the first in this country, possibly the world, by a motoring journalist on this type of car. From his base at the Big Mac, he issued painstaking instructions to his full-time mechanic, Bruce Cary, and assistant Rod Dale, to ready the car to full race spec, right after Sandown's Castrol 400 meet. Cary is a race pro, blooded in Formula One, and fresh from a two-year behind-the-scenes pressure cooker course in Ralts as development engineer for the Ralt Honda F2 team (which won the European Marlboro Championship).

His PR manager, Peter Grove, co-ordinated a trying exercise to get Andrew, the car and the PLAYBOY team to Sydney's Oran Park, to satisfy the sometimes-conflicting requirements of weather, deadlines, personnel availability and mechanical preparation schedules.

Andrew had flown from The North a day early to double-check the machine and schedule and was waiting at the Park when we arrived. Not much into preliminaries, he explained that he had sorted the car for me, and would now warm it up before handing it over. Warming it up, in Andrew Miedecke's book, apparently means thrashing the living daylights out of the thing, and in five laps on the circuit, Bruce Cary held up a pitboard respectably close to the lap record, despite the fact the car was toting the wrong gear ratios in its gizzards (courtesy of Sandown's long straights).

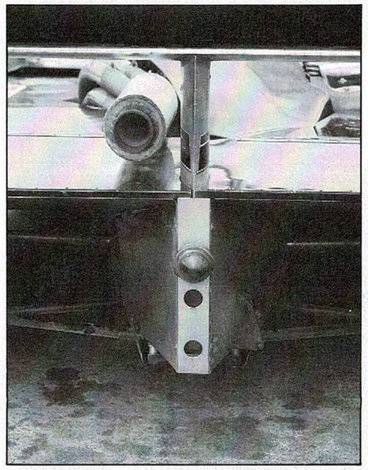
Andrew brought it back to the pits and eased out of the cockpit. Boiled rubber was smeared across the face of the smooth, tread-free slicks. Under a frowning sky, laced with lightning and distant thunder-claps, I slid down into the cockpit. I could hear the machine pinging and ticking as if in anger. It was a shoehorn fit.

There are six belt straps, of course. Two across the stomach, two down over the shoulders and two "crutch" straps around the inner thighs. The last two (which attach to the stomach belts), are to prevent the body submarining under the other straps if something solid is encountered at high speed. Unless properly positioned around certain valuable equipment in the inner thigh area, they can perform unscheduled operations in much more minor incidents. I located them carefully.

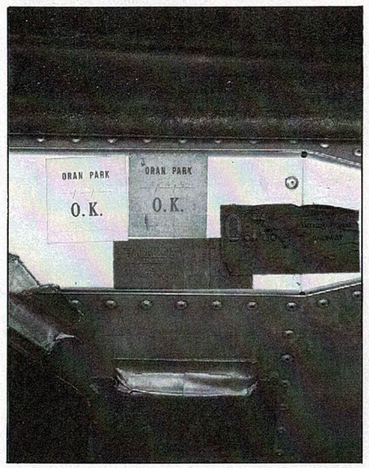
Straight out front, under the shadow of a small, ridiculous-looking aeroscreen was a tiny green wheel, tri-spoked, relieved at the corners to allow thumb pressure and hand-grip, and perhaps a better view of the instruments. The main one was positioned dead centre on a strip of black alloy that passed for a dashboard — the tacho, laid over on its side as if mis-mounted, but positioned so that maximum revs are indicated by the needle when straight up and down. At speed in a race car you don't "read" instruments, you establish a reference point and watch them almost subconsciously. The dial read to 12,000. Andrew uses 9800 maximum (where the rev limiter cuts in). He allowed me more than 9/10ths of that — 9000rpm.

There are other gauges up there, also cocked-over into bizarre positions to quick-read the needles. One for oil pressure (critical), oil temperature, water temperature. A couple of switches too — one for ignition, one for the fuel pump (used when the engine is running), and a starter button. Only there was no starter. The Pacifics run starters, required to provide two starts under the rules. But there is a problem. The cars are generating so many gs under brakes that the pinions are spiralling down the shafts of the starter motor and engaging the ring gear. It happened at Sandown, and when the starter locked-in at the car's maximum revs, it spun to something like 10 times its designed maximum. It blew up like a bomb, fortunately a bomb encased in the "scattershield" of its own shrouding.

Mission Control: tiny tiller, angled instruments, stubby shifter. Knurled knob adjusts suspension settings "in flight".



Ground effects — clean airflow under the car is the secret of this system, so mechanic Cary has panelled complete rear underbody.



Five thousand dollar stickers! That's the cost to campaign each race meeting in an Australian Formula One car.

So the car had to be push-started. As I pulled on the last of the special Racemate fireproof racing gear (the balaclava) and eased into a new AGV 2000 F1 helmet (the first to come into Australia through the efforts of AGV's Kris Matich), I begged instructions from the maestro.

He shrugged: "Give it everything you've got." The car was already moving down pitlane, willing hands pushing. Eventually I found second and the engine spluttered, then sang. I was barely halfway down the pitrow when it hit me — this was going to be bloody fantastic.

It was! Unlike some race cars, this car was pure magic. I was instantly at home in the cockpit, feeling tight, secure, body unmoving, limbs free to do their tasks — push and pull at the steering and gearshift, prod the pedals. The car was exceptionally light, like a go-kart in feel. Tight and neat, precise too, the steering turning the car right around a 180-degree corner with just a third of a turn.

The shift lever was perfect. It sat at the end of a full arm's reach on the right-hand side, just below the steering wheel, right on top of the edge of the tub so the arm rested on the monocoque chassis to shift gears —as if lying on an armrest. A typical race-gate gearbox — first, over to the left and a hard pull back to the stomach. Placed that way because it's only used off the start-line on most circuits. The top four slots are in a conventional gate, shifted pretty conventionally with normal across-the-gate spring-loading.

There was nothing conventional about the power. It was massive. Not raw, naked, ugly power, but smooth, refined power. A sort of hard pressure on the spine. Not head-snapping either: the seating position and head restraint control that, and the head is slightly tilted forward against the accelerative forces. But that doesn't stop the feeling of tightness around the face muscles, a kind of stretching back of jowls, even when close-hugged by the facial padding of the AGV helmet.

The brakes were the big surprise. The first time I put them on, I was ridiculously short of the corner. The car sort of shuffled up to it and ambled around in disgust, the engine going off-song, coughing in protest as it recovered on exit. But you take a car like this a little slower at first.

It didn't take long to start working the engine and brakes up and down the straight, and the steering and throttle through the corners. A few laps and I was comfortable pulling maximum revs in the slots down the chute (my maximum — 9000rpm). This was practically a cosmic experience, the power is so brutal.

Coming out of the corner at the entrance to the straight, the car is in second; you push the throttle hard down about mid-corner, well before you come out. The thing starts to slide a bit on exit, twitches its tail as you straighten down the pitrow tarmac and immediately you need third gear. A second later, fourth; another second, fifth, and the car is going as fast as it will go here — 220km/h. A second later, there's no straight left, just a vicous 180-degree hairpin staring you straight in the mouth. Perhaps 150 feet from it, you hit the stoppers. You don't slam them, you tap them. It's not vicious, you don't crunch the pedal. You squeeze it. The car just stops, and you turn it in to the corner.

Settling into the routine of using power, brakes and steering in the right places opened up a new revelation: this car is doing this task easily. Some other impressions start to grow. Some of them a little weird. . .like running the straight. The car comes onto the straight all twitchy, and you slam gears through the box almost as fast as the hand and eye can move. The first half it weaves a bit, but towards the end it runs straighter and is more accurate to steer. Even though it's going twice as fast! Then it hits you: It's the "ground effects" — the aerodynamic device under the car. It really works, sucking the machine down on the road until it feels like a train on tracks.

"Ground effects" engineering is the magician's trick of motor racing. It's a new concept in air management, vastly superior in engineering refinement and effect to the familiar "aerofoil" devices that decorate modern racing cars. Ground effects harnesses the air passing underneath the car.

Unfortunately for observers, the body-work completely covers the engineering, but it's simple to understand. Take a look at those sidepods between the wheels. Underneath them at the front, the "floorpan" of the pod is flat running almost parallel to the ground, and just a couple of centimetres above it for a distance of say 36cm. Behind that, the floor of the pod starts to curve upwards, until at the rear end of the pod, the floor almost meets the roof (or the ceiling if you like). This means there is a big hole or cavern over the last two-thirds of the pod. The idea is that the air running under the car is "squeezed" at the front by the low ground clearance of the car. So it has to accelerate to get under the car and into the vortex behind. It's a rule of aerodynamics that fast air is low pressure air. And low pressure air produces lift — in this case lift works in reverse (negative lift) and you get downforce.

The faster the car goes, the more the downforce increases (in fact downforce increases in direct proportion to the square of the speed). By the end of a straight, the car's ground clearance has been squashed down to the minimum (many FP cars put up a good fireworks display on bumpy straights). So that when the braking area is reached, the car is in the perfect attitude to brake and then corner to the maximum.

Of course, the idea is primarily for cornering — particularly on fast circuits. The car becomes "stuck" to the ground, like a wet glass on a tabletop, so that the downforce is greater than the force trying to make the car slide off the circuit. It just goes faster and faster into corners.

This sci-fi concept turned into reality in the northern winter of 1977 when Colin Chapman, the Lotus Cars F1 designer handed a memo to his chief engineer, Tony Rudd, instructing him to examine the possibility of harnessing the airflow under the car. It was a breakaway concept. Airflow over the top of the car was already a well-prescribed science in F1, these cars having used aerofoils (in the opposite shape to aircraft wings) to get downforce. Contrary to popular misconception, it's the *underside* of the vehicle "wing" that does the work — not pressure on the top surface. The air is split by the tip of the wing, and some of it has to go around the bottom side of the wing. In order to get to the back at the same time as the air over the top of the wing, it has to travel faster. Back to faster air equals low pressure air, creating downforce.

What the F1 boys discovered early was that the air had to run fast, straight, and cleanly under the car. To maximise this, "skirts" were added to the outside. At first they were hinged, or on slides, so that they touched the ground at all times without transferring shock into the bodywork. But the device was so successful, that it fired the biggest controversy in recent F1 times, led to bans, protests, and almost the formation of a breakaway F1 circus.

Under a compromise solution, restricted skirts with a minimum ground clearance are employed. F1 teams have overcome a lot of the problems with sophisticated flexible materials, but the Formula Pacific cars are further restricted with a minimum height regulation (6cm). The combination of this regulation and the greater sophistication of the F1 chassis design (allowing bigger pods, and bigger surface area for the ground effects devices) means that the Pacifics are only about 35-40 percent as efficient as the F1 cars. That's still bloody incredible if you've never experienced ground effects before. It's a bit hard to relate the cornering experience except to say that you hit corners at speeds that would instantly send you off in a non-ground effects car.

Braking is easier to relate to. Imagine you get your favorite dream machine up to 220km/h (140mph) and over a blind hillcrest you see a concrete wall 50 metres away. You just hit the stoppers and turn the wheel. The car misses the wall. In anything less, you get to make a hole for the geraniums.

Ground effects may generate a whole new cosmic-generation force when everything is running the right way, but if the car gets "unstuck", it does a very good impression of an Apollo moonrocket. Breaking the suction in F1 cars has already cost a lot of drivers some nasty moments, and possibly at least one terminal moment.

It's a greatly reduced problem in AF1 or Pacifics, because the lack of fully-efficient skirts prevents the "lightswitch phenomenon" of now-you-feel-it-now-

you-don't ground effects. But cornering speeds are hugely increased, as exampled at Oran Park. And you can't afford to touch the contoured edge strips — the car comes unglued and instantly snaps sideways.

The *average* speed there is nearly 190km/h (118mph). The car spends perhaps less than 10 of its total 38 seconds circuit on the straight at up to 220km/h. So a lot of the time it is running the circuit at 140-160km/h. Some of that time through corners. Courtesy of that supernatural "force" — ground effects.

Just remember 160km/h = 50 metres/sec. A one second error of judgement will have this car 50 metres off the track. And at Oran Park, there's almost no corner where the wall is 15 m from the track. Beware 'The Force'. Not that you think of this when you're driving. You're too busy. . .busy concentrating on using every last grunt of power, of snapping shifts through the box like a machine gun, of holding the button down along the chute until the fear wells up in your mind and you're forced to ram the anchors, of getting back on the go-for-it pedal as early as you can and holding it down, hammer-hard until you feel the back-end buck and kick with the power, and then maybe just ease off a mite as it starts to slide out on you, or go up through the gearbox if the corner opens out.

The frightening thing is that it's almost super-mortal. The car is so perfect at achieving what seems so impossible, it dangerously reinforces the confidence.

Wise to remember that these machines, like all others before and all to follow, are only as good as the human computer that guides them. Still, utterly captivating. Refined, classy, inspiring, marvellous cars. The sort of vehicles that have produced gap-narrowing performances from local drivers running against internationals. The sort of vehicle that you can learn in, grow with, and go on to explore your driving talent.

I want one! You hear that boss. . .I want one!

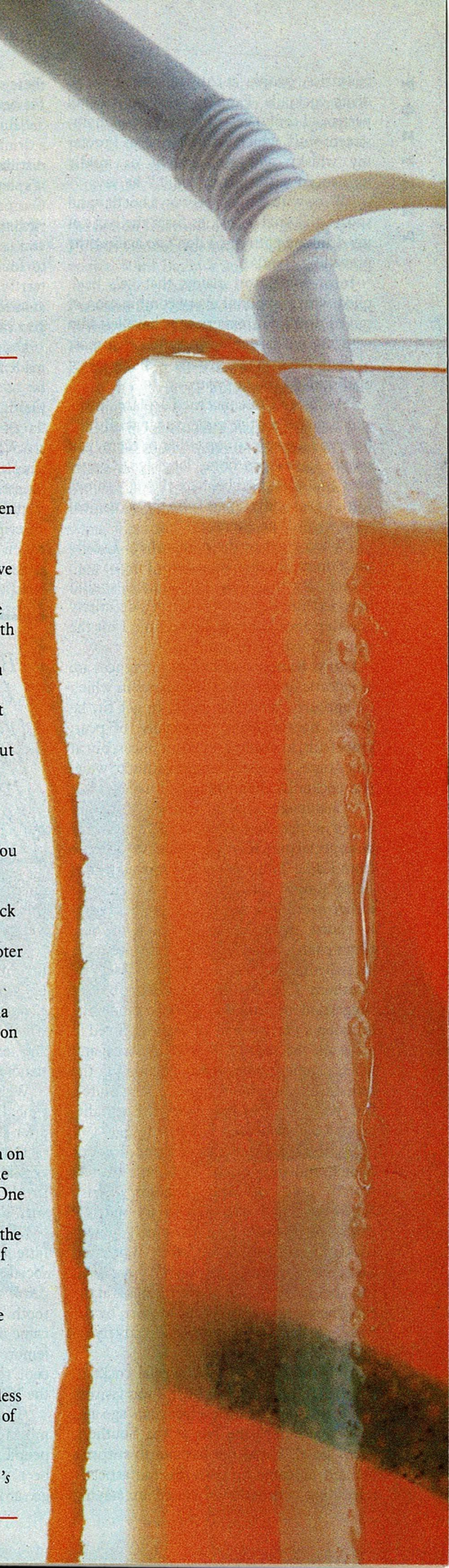
COMPARISON CHART

	F1 (World) Brabham BT49	F1 (Aust) Ralt RT4
Engine	Ford Cosworth DFV 3 litre-V8	Ford Cosworth BDA 1.6-litre 4
Power (approx)	470 bhp @ 11,100	220 bhp @ 9250
Weight (approx)	360lb	220lb
Chassis	Monocoque advanced materials	Monocoque aluminium
Wheelbase	107in.	97.5in.
# Tub weight	97lb	98lb
Wheels, front	11in. wide x 13 or 15 in.	9in. x 13in.
rear	16in. wide x 13 or 15in.	13in. x 13in.
Fuel capacity	38 gals	17 gals
Calculated data		
Formula weight	1279lb	1100lb
Power weight (bhp/ton)	875	448
Fuel consumption	5-6mpg	7.5-8.5mpg
***Costs**		
Engine	$60,000	$12,000
Transmission	$15,000	$4,000
Chassis	N.A.	$25,000
Total car	N.A.	$41,000

Tub weight: F1 car is around 10in. longer, stiffer, stronger, but achieves same weight with space-age materials.

* Costs: Quoted prices are UK ex-works. May double in Aust with freight/duty, especially if bond not lodged.

Celebrity COCKTAILS



you are what you drink? elisabeth king finds out in a survey of famous faces' favorite tipples

IN AUSTRALIA the mixed drink scene is just that — mixed. Every few years someone heralds the return of the Cocktail Age, yet a swift poll of most people's acquaintances often reveals more of a movement towards less alcoholic beverages such as wine or, at the most exotic, champagne cocktails such as Kir. It's easy to say that cocktails and complicated mixed drinks are not the Australian way, but those dealing with the subject say we do have periodic enthusiasms for "trend" drinks such as Pina Coladas, Harvey Wallbangers and Margaritas. Are we less adventurous and imaginative than those kings of the cocktail, the Americans, or merely more conservative? Although it's a gross generalisation to agree with the platitude that those who drink beer also think beer, a person's choice of drinks often reflects personality and creativity. It's an interesting hypothesis; we decided to speak to a few well-known faces to see if their private preferences matched their public images.

Few people are aware of the fact that **John Newcombe** has been engaged in important government work for nearly 20 years. At the age of 16 or so, they asked him to accept the job of travelling the world to try and find a bad beer. He's still taking the task seriously but also manages to find the time for various other brews as well.

"I'm the original catholic drinker, as my tastes encompass just about everything," he says. "I've never been tied to one particular mixed drink and what I order depends on where I am. If I'm in Hawaii, for example, I don't go past Mai-Tais.

"If I'm after a thrill drink, I find there's nothing hairier than a Champagne Popper. You lace some champagne with a hefty whack of tequila and shake the mixture like a maniac. Drink it while it's still vibrating and popping and then stand back and watch your hair stand on end. At my Texas ranch, on the other hand, health is a big consideration so I stick with a Tie Breaker. It's a mixture of white rum, vodka, gin, grenadine and Gatorade, the American equivalent of Staminade. Cooled with heaps of crushed ice, it's the best promoter of well-being I know."

For a person who professes not to like cocktails, **Maggie Tabberer** has built up an enviable track record of judging, inventing and inspiring them. But then her main criteria for a good cocktail are that it should be fruity, mad, wonderful and not short. A description which ties in rather well with the lady herself.

"Sometimes I don't drink cocktails for ages as I'm basically a French champagne and good white wine person, but at other times they just seem to keep on coming," she exclaims. "I adore Pina Coladas when the setting is right, and when I stayed at the magnificent Regent Hotel in Maui my consumption pattern proved the point.

"Cocktails tend to be the thing when you go to the Barrier Reef and my recent sojourn on Orpheus Island was no exception. Everyone congregated in the bar every night to test the barman's skill and imagination and to see who could think up the most tasteless names. One night I walked in with a drawing of a big rough backside identified with the legend 'Maggie's Bum' and told him to draw some inspiration from it. Beauty was obviously in the eye of the beholder as he came up with a drink that was certainly not at the bottom end of taste."

Although predominantly a wine drinker, playwright **David Williamson**'s drinking choices are also influenced by the scene, mood and company he keeps. Depending on the occasion, if the liquor fits, drink it.

"If I was pinned down I'd have to label myself as an assorted wine and occasional ale man. I hardly ever drink spirits but tend to stick with good Australian reds," he comments. "On a recent visit to Dunk Island, despite the travel agent's promises of endless sunshine, it rained continuously. To pass the time we managed to conjure up a facsimile of tropical luxury by drinking Pina Coladas. It was a logical extension of my practice of drinking ouzo and retsina with Greek meals. Imagination is a powerful thing."

Political journalists must follow trends, and even in the world of drink, *Nationwide's* **Richard Carleton** is true to type. "I find that unlike the situation in other

countries, people in Australia tend *not* to drink cocktails. Even at so-called cocktail parties, I only get offered pretty mainstream stuff, which is fine by me, as I prefer my whisky and gin straight or mildly influenced with soda or tonic," he says.

"Wine with dinner, beer on a hot day and spirits on social occasions form the basis of my drinking patterns. I don't go against the prevailing trends."

John Singleton claims that he's been plied with just about every combination of mixed drink. His experiences have left him with the unshakeable conviction that most of them fall into two groups — sickly sweet or disguised cough syrup.

"As far as I'm concerned I place spirits and liqueurs in the same category. By the time you are able to cop either of them, you should have been home long ago. Ginger beer and West End beer are the only things I drink these days, apart from the occasional soda water," he claims.

"When I get to the point where I really can't down another West End, I move onto Scotch. By that time, of course, I should have left the bar anyway but it's definitely one step ahead of rum. Everytime I hit the rum, I finish up in jail!"

Daryl Somers' drinking preferences are as eclectic as the television shows in which he appears. When he wants to get fit, he downs non-alcoholic 'mocktails' of pear, grapefruit, kiwi and grapefruit juices, but at other times his tastes run the gamut of wine, real cocktails, champagne and whisky.

"Champagne is a big favorite of mine and one of my proudest alcoholic moments must be a special punch I made guided by a recipe from Eddie Tirado's book of mixed drinks. Eddie simply called it A Party Punch but I rather overdid some of the ingredients and it ended up more of a knockout one. Champagne was supposed to be the main ingredient, but a heavy emphasis on Southern Comfort and rum with only a suggestion of fruit juice really made the occasion a party to end all parties. I lived in a flat on the second floor at the time and when people tried to leave, negotiating the stairs in the normal manner became quite a feat. Most of them abandoned the upright-on-two-legs approach and just fell.

"When I feel like a plain drink, I go for Scotch and soda or the incredible butterscotch taste of neat Jameson's Irish Whiskey, but I also like to try unusual drinks. I once had an extremely potent cocktail called Around the World at Singapore's Changi Airport. It contained just about everything, and as the bar is at the extreme outer reaches of the airport, by the time I reached the plane I was already flying high," he laughs.

"What I regard as my special cocktail, however, is called Ocean Mist. I was visiting a toy fair in Melbourne a few years ago and just bowled into the bar at the Southern Cross hotel. I told the barman to surprise me and he came up with this fantastically refreshing concoction. I ended up staying there surprising myself for ages until I knew I'd better try and go.

"But the wildest stuff I've ever tried was a drink called Lambanog from Manila. It's distilled from the sap of coconut flowers and it's so park bench, I brought it back through Customs as paint stripper. There's no sitting around waiting for it to creep up on you. . . the effect is immediate. They give it to tourists just before they sail down the terrifying rapids near Manila, rightly assuming that after braving a Lambanog, you can brave anything."

Doing a breakfast radio show for 10 years made **Ian MacRae** a virtual social leper as far as enjoying a good drink is concerned. Getting up at 4am every morning made developing simple tastes almost de rigueur.

"When it comes to drinks I have very simple tastes by choice rather than necessity," he says. "Some of the weird drinks I've been served in America beggar description and, as if the mixture of flavors weren't enough, the names don't help much either. Most of them are quickly forgotten but I do remember an African recipe I had once. I can't recall the ingredients but I think it was called a Pygmy-Up. I think it was a short drink.

Being in the advertising business, Leo Schofield has encountered mixed drinks and cocktails that range from the sublime to the vomitous.

"Straight beer, wine and Scotch are my favorite drinks but if you asked my father, he'd brand me as a mixed drinker. He's Scottish and a malt whisky fanatic, and when he sees me drink blended whiskies and temper liquid gold with water, to him that's some sort of cocktail."

When you're on tour for 10 weeks at a time, it's all too easy to imbibe too freely at after-show get-togethers. So despite the fact that **Slim Dusty** freely admits to a typically Australian love of beer, he also firmly believes in keeping his body in line with his nickname.

"There's no getting away from it, beer is fattening but I do have an obligation to be sociable," he grins. "My wife started to drink whisky sours but I've got a sweeter tooth and so I experimented a little and came up with my own mix of bourbon and lemon sweetened with a little sugar. It's a cool, refreshing and tasty drink and I think the bourbon gives a much smoother finish.

"I don't come across many cocktails or mixed drinks in the outback because most people are straight drinkers — if it's not beer, it's rum. But I think you would have to go a long way to come across a more Australian drink than the blend of tomato sauce and beer I was once offered as a reviver in a country pub. It was one time when I really wished that a pub had no beer."

Being in the advertising business and having to live with the label, bon vivant **Leo Schofield** has encountered mixed drinks and cocktails that range from the sublime to the vomitous. Too many of the latter type have left him with definite predilections.

"I *adore* cocktails but only enjoy them if they are made by absolute professionals," he enthuses. "I love the classics like Manhattans from the '20s and '30s and in summer you can't go past a Pimms when it's properly made, which unfortunately isn't often. For really getting everyone into orbit you can't beat a Stinger — a blend of white creme-de-menthe, brandy and slivered ice that's the best "kick" cocktail I know. I'm also very partial to champagne mixed with cassis, as in Kir, but I find that any drink based on cream is absolute death.

"A few years ago, I was asked to participate in a celebrity cocktail contest which turned out to be a very enjoyable exercise with Lady Fairfax bringing along her butler and maid to mix her contribution while we plebs rustled up our own. I really entered with gusto and invited mobs of people around to taste all my efforts. I finally produced a rather original Italo-Australian number of Cinzano Bianco and passion-fruit, but sad to say I was pipped at the post by Jon Waddy who came up with a new, unmusical version of Blue Bayou.

"The best cocktails I've ever had were made by Luigi, the barman at the Hassler hotel in Rome. He makes the best Bellinis in the world and peels the peaches freshly for each drink. Few, however, have been worse than one I came across at a ball at Taronga Park Zoo. It was called a Zulu and bore an uncanny resemblance to cascara. I'm all for outdoor events putting color into people's faces, but the African revenge proved too strong for fresh air on this occasion and everyone turned green instead of healthy pink. To my mind it really gave that colostomy bag in a glass — the Bullshot — a great run for its money!"

Anyone who co-hosts a television program that begins at 7am, simply cannot afford to be a big drinker and **Kerri-Anne Wright** is no exception. But the job *does* have its compensations, and while she was interviewing the latest male sex symbol, Tom Selleck, she also had the added pleasure of discovering that classic cocktail, the Mai-Tai.

"Because my days start so early, I normally don't drink much and restrict my alcohol intake to the odd glass of wine and the even more odd glass of champagne. But when I was in Hawaii, I found Mai-Tais so seductive that I started to live on them like the rest of the inhabitants seem to do," she laughs. "When you order them in a bar they usually decorate them with small paper umbrellas and I've taken to saving them, although a recent visit to the Gold Coast may have made me stop the habit. When I opened my bag, 19 of them fell out and I'd only bought the bag the day before. I could only recall being with one other person the night before, but I'd really like to think and hope there were more of us.

"I also find that strawberry and banana daiquiris are great ice-breakers, especially when you invite people over for dinner. I always give friends one or two when they arrive and it really helps them to unwind. You do have to be careful with them though, as their sweetness belies their hefty alcohol content."

Unlike Ted Bulpitt, the character he plays in the television series *Kingswood Country*, **Ross Higgins** finds that beer doesn't agree with his body chemistry. Much to Ted's undoubted chagrin, his tastes lean more towards the Italian.

"I've never been a great drinker but I have become very partial to Amaretto Sours on the rocks," he admits. "I first came across the drink in San Francisco about two years ago at Victor's Tavern in Union Square. It was late at night, the view across the bay was mind-numbing and the not-too-sweet and not-too-sour combination of almonds and tanginess was just right. Some drinks are only enjoyable in certain settings, but as San Francisco is so like Sydney, it was a drink that crossed the Pacific with no lessening of enjoyment."

Rex Mossop thinks that a period of frenzied beer guzzling is the Australian male's rite of passage into manhood. He finished his own bingeing days about 25 years ago and now drinks wine.

"I steer clear of red wines as I get rather aggressive on them, but give me something like Hardy's Old Castle riesling or a Siegersdorf and I remain pleasantly convivial. And when I want to keep things really light, I stick with white wine spritzers of one-third wine to two-thirds soda," he explains.

"Although I believe that hard liquors can't be good for you, I occasionally enjoy a brandy, lime and soda. I've got a sweet tooth so I have one once a week. . . just for the hell of it!"

Daryl Summer's Ocean Mist: Combine 30ml white rum, 15ml Galliano, a dash each of maraschino liqueur and blue curacao and 15ml each grapefruit and pineapple juice in a long glass. Top up with lemonade.

Leo Schofield's Apassionata: Frost glasses and dip moistened rim of cocktail glass in finely chopped mint. Scoop pulp from some passion-fruit to remove all the seeds and fibre. Measure 60ml passion-fruit juice and combine with 60ml Cinzano Bianco, 15ml each orange curacao and white rum, a dash of Bickford's lime juice and one cup of ice in a cocktail shaker. Shake vigorously and pour into glass. Garnish with fresh lime and mint.

Kerri-Anne Wright's Mai-Tai: Squeeze the juice of one lime over shaved ice in a medium glass. Add 15ml curacao, a teaspoon of sugar, a dash of sugar syrup and 30ml each of dark and light rum. Decorate with lime peel, a pineapple slice and a paper cocktail umbrella.

Slim Dusty's Bourbon Sour: Place the juice of half a lemon, one teaspoon of raw sugar, a full charge of bourbon and some ice-cubes in a long glass. Top up with soda.

Ian MacRae's Mixed Drink: Place a good Scotch and some water in a glass and drink out of the sight of true Scots.

David Williamson's Pina Colada: Combine 60ml white rum, 45ml canned coconut cream, 90ml pineapple juice and 15ml each of cream and milk in a blender with a handful of shaved ice and blend on high speed for 10 seconds. Pour into a long glass and garnish with a slice of pineapple.

Newk's Tie Breaker: Combine a shot each of white rum, gin, vodka and mix in a long glass. Add a touch of grenadine, a ton of crushed ice and full up with Gatorade (if unavailable, substitute Staminade).

Ross Higgins' Amaretto Sour: Place 60ml Amaretto, 30ml lemon juice, one teaspoon of sugar syrup in a cocktail shaker with a few ice cubes. Shake well and strain over the rocks.

Maggie's Bum: Fill blender with ice, 45ml white rum, 15ml Amaretto, half a teaspoon of sugar and two slices of fresh pawpaw. Add a good slosh of fresh orange juice. Blend and serve in a tall glass.

PLAYBOY's collection of top vodka-based cocktails was concocted by the bartenders at the Hilton International, Arncliffe, Sydney:

Polish Clover: Combine 45ml Wyborowa vodka, 30ml Bailey's and a dash of creme-de-menthe, shake over ice and strain.

Parisienne Screwdriver: Take 30ml Wyborowa vodka, 30ml Cointreau and 15ml lime juice and shake with ice. Strain in glass and top with dash of orange juice. Garnish with small lime wedge and orange and lime spirals.

Yellow Rock Road: Take 30ml Wyborowa vodka, 20ml white creme-de-menthe, 15ml creme-de-banane and 45ml cream, shake over ice and strain into champagne flute.

Fantail: Combine 30ml Wyborowa vodka, 30ml Curacao, 30ml lemon juice, 30ml pineapple juice, dash each of lime juice and light rum into a glass with ice and stir. Garnish with sliced kiwi fruit.

"Wanna get laid?"

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The first thing, obviously, was to stop Willie Joe Henry from jumping about, splashing and shouting. Inviting every shark within miles to come and get his dinner. . . a sharp right hook to the hooter fixed that.

The answer, when it came to me, was perfect. All we had to do was nothing. Every boat, no matter how good it is, pulls a bit to one side if you don't hold it straight with the rudder. From what I knew of it, mine tended to veer a bit to port, which meant that though the thing looked as if it was sailing straight away, it was really setting off in a wide circle and would, so long as the engine kept going, turn up again when the circle was complete. Where — so long as the sharks did not get us first — we would be waiting to hop back on board.

I tried my best to explain all this to Willie Joe Henry. He took what I said as an appeal for help, but after I got out of his clinch with another bonk on the hooter, he seemed to get the message. We were there treading water in the middle of nowhere hoping that the Good Old Lister was as reliable as they say. Sure enough, after what seemed hours but must have been about 20 minutes, there was a faint sound of a ship's engine to the south of us and there was the *Queen Mary* coming in fine style, or at least that's how it looked at first. Then I could see that the circle must have got a dent in it somewhere on the way round and she was going to miss us by half a mile.

"Come on," I yelled at Willie Joe Henry as I took off.

I was not half-way before it was plain that we were never going to make it in time. All I could hope for was that the engine would stop and give us time to swim across and get aboard. All I could pray for was that just this once, the ever-faithful Lister would chuck it in. I promised that I wouldn't breathe a word to a soul about it, I respected the reputation of a wonderful engine and how much it had done for seamen all over the world. But just this once, this one time, let it fail.

No bloody way. The *Queen Mary* positively shot across in front of us, the engine not so much as missing a beat.

All right, so we missed that one. But if it had done it once, it could do it again. I went back to praying that the Lister would live up to its reputation again. More treading water and waiting.

Smack on time, she showed up on the horizon and I watched it as close as I could to see if it was going to be half a mile off again. It looked like it, so I started to swim. Willie Joe Henry followed along behind. He was getting the idea. I was really extending myself this time, and this meant that I was not keeping a close eye on the ship. Willie Joe Henry was, and he shouted at me and pointed.

We were swimming the wrong way. She was, as near as anyone could tell under the circumstances, making straight for where we had fallen in. Willie Joe Henry was so worked up about this that he grabbed me round the body and was trying to climb up me so that he could wave to the boat. God knows what for.

It was too far to swim, so I stopped and put all I could into trying to will the Lister to stop. But willpower was never a strong point with fellows who knock around the islands, and you could almost hear the ship laughing as it made off.

A decision had to be made. If there was no delayed response to my efforts of willpower, where would the *Queen Mary* come back next time? Where we were? Where we started? Or, for that matter, somewhere else?

We couldn't get in the way of all the possible tracks she might make when she came round, but by cracky, we could double our chances if we split up and took the two most likely ones. If Willie Joe Henry stayed put and I went off to where we started, we'd be making the most of what we had.

"Yufala stopem hea, mefala swim long, long way," I said. About the best I could manage of the old blong blong and a fair effort under the trying circumstances. I swam off.

Willie Joe Henry followed behind.

I stopped and tried again, putting a few more longs and blongs in here and there. It sounded a bit more like the real thing but made no difference. As soon as I moved, Willie Joe Henry came along regardless.

I tried shouting, but he just looked mystified and kept just out of range of a kick up the arse. So I pointed to him with one hand and to the spot in the sea where we were with the other. A silly thing to do. I went straight down, and when I came up, there was Willie Joe Henry waiting with a big hug of rescue and yelling out 'Masta, Masta, Masta,' as though I had died on him.

Eventually I got through to him by waving both my arms like we used to do putting the chooks in back home. As I swam away, I stopped every few strokes and shook my fist at him. He stayed put. Silly bugger looked terribly lonely.

It was not long before the *Queen Mary* was round again, and as soon as I got a good sight of her, I knew I'd done the right thing. She was coming straight for me. I had only to swim a few strokes and grab one of the fenders and climb on board.

When I got to the wheel I straightened her up and, looking determinedly ahead, maintained course as though I had forgotten about Willie Joe Henry. I could see him, half a mile away, waving his arms about and no doubt shouting 'Masta, Masta, Masta,' at the top of his voice.

I let him sweat for a while and then turned to pick him up. He was so glad to see me that as soon

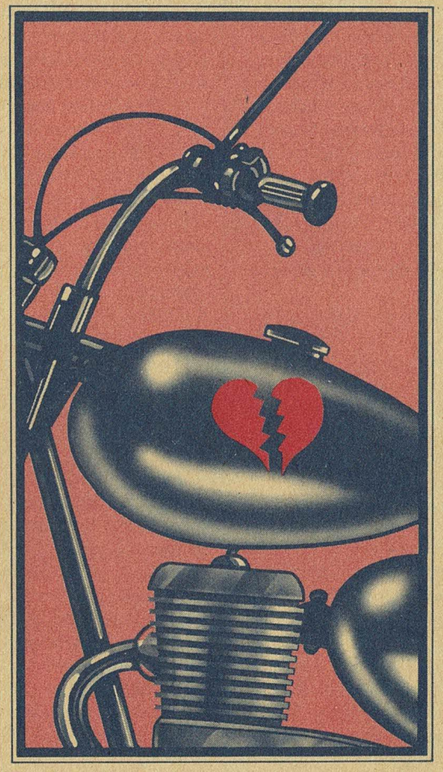
as he got on board he rushed over to give me a big cuddle and nearly had the pair of us back in the water again.

I kicked his arse all the way to the Banks, more out of annoyance with myself than with him. But we finished up the best of mates and when I found that the tourist crumpet didn't care for swanning round the South Pacific in a boat that stank of copra, I bought a fancy-looking yacht and passed the *Queen Mary* over to him.

He has got his own crew now — two Tongans. They all speak pidgin but, even so, they don't seem to get on as well as Willie Joe Henry and I did.

4

WINTERING



IN THE beginning, he had pulled down the garage door before he started. The smell had still been there in the morning: sweet-sour, clinging, and sexual, an affront to his showered body and shaven face. Now he left the door open. Breezes came in and touched him where he lay in his sweat and exhaustion. Once two boys on bicycles stopped in the entrance to the driveway and watched him. He ignored them. When he looked up at the end of the set, they were gone.

In early March, he bought a full-length mirror and stood it against the garage wall. He had resisted this; it seemed to him to be vanity, narcissism, contrary to the spirit of what he was doing. But one night he read a passage in Feyerabend. "See yourself whole," it said, "see that the muscles give life to the dead skeleton as the bowstring gives life to the dead wooden bow. Glory in the bowstrings of your body and know that your mind is the arrow." He bought the mirror the next day.

He took to going to work before 7am and clearing his desk by 4pm. In Susan's day, he had often worked until 9 or 10pm. Sometimes, between 8am and his secretary's arrival at 9am, he typed his own letters. He left them in his out-tray, signed. It frightened the girl. She had worked for Crossland before and he had praised her.

"Would you like me to come in earlier, Mr Daley?" she asked one morning after finding three faultlessly-typed letters.

"Why?"

"Well, you seem to. . .I don't quite know what you expect. . .you're not supposed to do your own typing, you know what I mean. . ." She hugged herself.

Daley looked down at his papers. "I'll tell you if I want you to come in earlier," he said.

Dust grew in the house. It came out from the carpets Susan had chosen and spread across every surface. He washed only the plate, knife, fork and cup he used, and in the evening they bore a thin grey film. But he kept himself, his clothes and the sheets he slept on clean. There were 16 sets of sheets in the house, including a tiny pair, meant for a cot; he found these in the cupboard under the stairs, still in their shop wrapping. Under them were a small pair of knitted socks and a plastic child's toy: a clear plastic ball holding small plastic animals. He wrapped the socks and the toy in the sheets and put them in the garbage bin. Every two weeks he took his sheets, his shirts, his socks and his underpants to a laundry that washed and ironed them. He found that he owned 27 shirts, 19 pairs of socks and 22 pairs of underpants.

Four nights a week, he went to his private lessons. For two hours, the young Korean humiliated him, forcing him to repeat exercises until his arms and legs ached, pushing him, throwing him to the ground, twisting his arms, kicking him casually on his thighs and in his stomach.

The man seldom spoke, except to say: "Shet. . .thet is shet, you are shet. . ." Once, in the early days, he found himself on his knees in front of the man, his eyes full of tears. He lunged at the

thin, bare legs, seeking to enfold and break the bandy Oriental stalks that mocked him. The man stepped sideways, Daley fell face down on the stinking canvas, and a heel kicked him in the ribs, once, twice: "You are shet. Stand up."

Sanderson invited him to lunch on a cold day in late July. They went to a fashionable restaurant in the park, near the art gallery. He had taken Susan there for dinner when he broke the $30,000 barrier.

The conversation was about motivating staff and improving efficiency. Sanderson, as always, did the talking. They drank mineral water, but the wine steward gushed as if they had ordered first-growth claret.

"The old man's very pleased with you, Henry. He asked me to tell you, especially. He knows you went through a bad patch over Susan's, ah, departure. Silly girl. But that's all in the past. You've been an example to us all recently, don't think we don't know it."

At the end of the meal they drank tea out of thin, bell-shaped cups. Sanderson held his in two fingers. He winked. "We think the boys up north need some spine-stiffening. Are you game? No, don't say anything now. Think about it. Tomorrow will do for an answer, never trusted a lunch-time decision. Not much later, mind. Cool head turns to a cold head. Let's get the bill."

On the way back, Daley said: "I couldn't go before next May." Sanderson nodded. "You think about it. Put something on paper for me in the morning, eh?"

The machine frightened him. It was nothing but an engine with a padded seat and handlebars to hold on to. On his second ride, on a dirt road in the national park, he twisted the throttle coming out of a bend and went off the road into a thicket. As the motorcycle slowed, resisted by the tearing underbrush, he jumped clear, letting it slew around, back wheel spinning. He wrestled the bike up and rode it home slowly. It was a week before he took it out of the garage again.

On the first Saturday in September, he rode 500 kilometres, taking the bike up to 150kph on the straight stretches, his body low over the tank. He left the bike in the driveway, engine ticking, and walked straight to the drinks cupboard. Susan had chosen it, an ornate French antique. When the whisky bottle was half empty, he dialled his secretary's number. There was no reply. He finished the bottle and slept on the couch, waking in a beam of sunlight that held a corridor of dust motes in suspension. That afternoon he put in an extra half-an-hour on the weights, feeling his arms and legs fill up like tight blood sausages as he punished himself. After his shower, he fell asleep watching television.

He bought the clothing from second-hand shops in poor areas: black boots, felt cowboy hat, scuffed and filthy leather jacket, two faded denim shirts, a pair of tight leather motor cycle pants, and an old army greatcoat. Up to now he had ridden the bike in his old corduroy pants and a woollen wind-cheater. At home he put on the clothes and studied himself in the mirrored wall of the dressing-room. He found himself humming.

On his way back from his lesson that night along the almost empty streets he stopped at a traffic light beside two large youths in an old Kingswood. The one in the passenger seat put his head out of the window; he had broad, prominent cheekbones and several day's growth of beard.

"Hey poofter," he said, "you looking for schoolboys?"

Daley felt his stomach turn to ice. His palm on the gear knob went slippery. He could not bring himself to look at the youth. Then the lights changed and the Kingswood accelerated away and swerved in front of his Mercedes, immediately slowing to a crawl. Daley was very scared, but he knew what he had to do. He fell back slightly and then, without indicating, sent the Mercedes effortlessly past the Kingswood, hooting in derision. Two blocks further on, with the Kingswood coming up fast behind, he turned left into a quiet residential street. In the mirror he saw the lights follow him; his heart was thumping and he was talking to himself. When the Kingswood was close behind, he pulled in to the curb. The other car parked ahead of him.

Daley got out of his car. He was still very scared, but calm now. He stood next to the car door, waiting for them to come to him. They were in their early twenties and smaller than he had expected, although the passenger was heavily built, thick in the neck. Swearing in tones of delight, the driver reached him first.

Daley put up his hands in surrender. The man put his weight on his left foot and swung a right-hand punch. Daley caught his fist in both hands and, as he pulled the man off balance, he kicked him in the stomach. He had tried many times to kick the Korean in the stomach and never come close to succeeding. It was a most satisfactory feeling. Vomit came out of the man's mouth as he fell onto his knees.

Daley was ready for the passenger. But he was backing away, sliding between the two cars.

"Just a bit of fun, mate," he said. "We wouldna hurt you."

"Come here," Daley said. "Fight." He felt like a large animal facing its prey: fearless, clear-headed, totally absorbed. The man stopped, mesmerised. He put up his fists. Daley feinted at him and the man turned his head away while sticking out his left arm. Daley kicked him in the armpit, an experimental kick, not very hard. The man fell over backwards, screaming with pain. He turned on his

side in the gutter, clutching his chest.

How simple it is, Daley thought. These people don't know anything about fighting. He felt no anger at them; they had done him a kindness. As he reversed, he could see them both in the lights. The passenger was upright, leaning against the Kingswood's boot. The driver was on his hands and knees, looking at the ground. Strands of vomit were hanging from his mouth.

Daley whistled all the way home. In the lounge he opened a bottle of Piper Heidsieck from the cellar. He could not stop himself smiling; he was ready now.

He had never thought himself capable of hatred. Love, yes. He had given that freely, if perhaps shyly. He had loved Susan, given her everything she expected from life. He had devoted himself to making Susan's life comfortable. And his mother. How could he not love his mother? She had spent 20 years, 12 hours a day, behind a sewing machine for him. She had taught him not to hate his father, who came back from the war a year after everyone else, stayed for three weeks, made his mother pregnant with him, and left with the slut from the corner shop. He did not even hate his father; he had taught himself never to think of him; he had no father.

But now he hated Susan and her Animal. It did not bother him. It was a positive hatred. He wished that he had hated this way in the past. There was no need to fear strong emotions; they had merely to be understood, to be integrated into the personality, to become life-giving forces. Feyerabend had taught him that. Feyerabend, Susan, and her Animal had taught him that.

He lay on the bench, feet on the ground, body singing with blood, and thought about Susan's father. The little man had looked at him for a long moment on the night he had gone to tell Susan's family about her departure. He had a habit of lifting his upper lip in one corner to show a glint of expensive enamel; it made him look like an annoyed dog.

"I'm not surprised," he said, and spit flecked his lips. "I'm not surprised at all. We gave her everything and she came out of it without any taste. No taste at all and no judgement. You were the proof of that, Henry. This is just going from bad to worse."

Susan's mother had looked away, out of the window. Daley's eyes had gone from one to the other, from the spitty pug to the long, pale face with its deep expanse of cracked upper lip. He had thought that these people liked him, respected him for his success, for the way he treated Susan. They despised him. They had always despised him. He was rubbish. He had soiled their daughter.

Daley became conscious of breathing fast. He closed his eyes and thought of a candle flame in a black room. "I don't think you know Alistair Graham, Henry." Sanderson waved them together like a conductor. Graham smiled, a smile that won friends. He wore a pale grey three-piece suit and a striped tie. He was tall and thin, with regular features and straight, glossy fair hair. Sanderson waved them apart.

"Thought I'd get you two together," Sanderson said. "Alistair's just come on board. From Bellamy and Whitlock, Henry. Grand old firm. Thought we'd use the chance to take that trip up north off your back, what d'you think? Give Alistair a look at the empire, eh."

"I was rather looking forward to it," Daley said. He knew he was not being asked for his opinion. Susan's father had recommended him to the firm. He did half-a-million dollars worth of business with them.

"Nonsense, Henry, nasty chore. You're far too obliging, don't think we don't value it. Well, what about showing Alistair around? I've got a meeting in a few minutes. See you both later."

Daley noticed that Graham was still smiling.

It was bitterly cold on the bike, but he felt exhilarated by the power of the machine, its responsiveness to his touch. There were hundreds of bikes on the road and he felt part of some mass movement, some instinctive animal migration. The light went early beyond the mountains; at 5.30 he was riding by the light of the powerful headbeam when he saw the roadblock sign. There were six policemen.

Two of them, one large, one medium, walked over to him.

"Put it on the stand and unpack your gear in the light," the big one said.

Daley hung his helmet on the handlebars and unpacked his gear. There was very little of it, but the medium policeman went through it carefully.

"Take your coat off and put your hands in the air," the big man said.

"What for?" Daley asked. It was instinct.

"So that I don't kick your fucking head in, scum," the man said without changing his voice.

Daley wanted to kill him. No policeman had ever spoken to him in this way. He unbuttoned his greatcoat with stiff fingers. The medium man took it and began searching the pockets.

"Hands in the air."

Daley could feel his hands shaking as he raised them. The policeman came up close to him and unzipped his jacket. Daley could smell onion on his breath. He turned his head away, feeling sick. The man put his hands into the empty inside pockets and then felt Daley's armpits. I could bring my arms down now and kill him, Daley thought. It would be worthwhile. The policeman withdrew his hands and stepped back.

"Look in his boots," he said to his companion.

The other man raised Daley's jeans and ran his fingers around the insides of the boot tops. He shook his head. The big man shone his torch up between them and looked into Daley's eyes.

"Fuck off, scum," he said.

The bastards, Daley said to himself as he rode away. The bastards. The bloody bastards.

The noise at the campsite above the race-track was a pressure inside his skull. He pictured his

brain pulsing like some livid sea slug in a dark underwater hole. No-one else seemed to notice the noise. He thought it might be because most of them appeared to be drunk or high on something. He found it an effort not to clamp his hands over his ears to block out the ceaseless high-pitched snarl of the engines, the rock music from hundreds of radios, the shouting and the cheering. On the road, in the blurred tunnel of his trajectory, he had felt life streaming through him. The motor cycle was more than a machine; at high speed it held its rider suspended above his death, bestowing on him the thrilling ability to transcend his life without effort. Now he felt that it was an effort to breathe; his head ached; there was pain in blinking.

When he could bear the crowds and the noise no longer, he went back to the place he had found behind a small corrugated iron shed and lay down on his sleeping bag between the icy wall and his bike. There was nothing to be done until nightfall. He slept fitfully, waking once to the sound of an hysterical woman nearby. "Ronnie," she shrieked, "you fucking pig where are you?" Over and over again.

The cold woke him after dark. He used his water-bottle to wash his face. It was the face of a stranger. Four days of beard scraped his hands. He had shaved every day since he was a teenager. He ran his fingers through the hair he had hacked short before leaving; this was not the head of Henry Daley of Pritchard, Martin and Ogilvy. But tonight he was not Henry Daley of Pritchard, Martin and Ogilvy. Henry Daley was a man who had swallowed his own blood, thick and slimy and salty, on his knees in a dirty carpark. Henry Daley was a man who had sobbed like a child when he saw the torn, smeared knees of his pin-striped trousers, the suit arm wrenched loose from its socket, the dark stains on his shirt. Henry Daley was a man who had stayed in bed for two days, whimpering with self-pity at his humiliation and his loss, curling himself up like a dog, pulling the sheet over his head. No, he was not now that Henry Daley.

The hill-top was the night camp of some ragged barbarian army: fires were everywhere, flames glinted on metal and glass, moved on bearded faces, wet mouths open in song or shout; smoke hung in the air, drifted like swamp mist across patches of light, bearing the smell of burning meat.

Daley began on the periphery, moving from group to group, stopping outside the flames' reach to study the faces. Sometimes people spoke to him. A huge man, skull naked like an African tribesman's, said: "Piss off or I will kill thee, stranger."

It took almost an hour to circle the perimeter. Daley's eyes were running from the smoke. He did another lap, closer in, circling the campfires, sometimes finding himself examining groups he had already seen, raucous groups shouting and laughing and drooling beer and wine down beards. Everyone appeared to be drunk now. Men were riding motor cycles between the tents, turning endless circles in the open spaces, falling off. He saw two men wrestling in the ruins of a tent while a woman screamed and poured wine on them as if they were dogs. Against a tree he saw a couple copulating, the man's pale buttocks gleaming in the dark.

And then he found them. He walked around an old truck with a tent pitched on its bed and he saw The Animal no more than ten feet away, down on one knee on the far side of a fire, beer can in his

hand, huge, hairy head thrown back in a laugh.

Daley felt sweat start from every pore on his body. His mouth went quite dry; his head itched. He went back behind the truck and came around behind The Animal in a big circle. There were about a dozen people around the fire, most of them men. She was not there. It didn't matter, there would be another time for her. Daley took off his greatcoat, his leather jacket and his jersey. He wiped his eyes with the backs of his hands, rubbed his hands together. He closed his eyes and thought of the long journey through the forest, the snow and the bear traps, the wolves, the unbearable cold. And then the warm room, the fire, the hot drink, the feather bed. The peace. He opened his eyes, walked the 20 paces to The Animal and kicked him in the shoulder from behind.

The Animal went into the fire, putting down a hand. He screamed with pain. Daley stood back.

"It's him I want," he said. "The rest of you get back." The group looked at him in wonder. A man laughed.

"Get up, Animal," Daley said. "I'm going to kill you."

The Animal was on the other side of the fire. Nursing his left hand, bigger than Daley remembered, he walked straight through it towards Daley.

"No," he said, "I can't fucking believe it. Henry Daley, the insect." He stopped five feet from Henry and shouted: "Susie. Come and see what's here. Henry the weed."

The truck door opened and a woman swung her legs out. Her hair was cut as short as his, but Daley recognised Susan. She was beautiful. While he was looking at her, The Animal sprang across the space between them. Daley swivelled on his left hip and kicked him in the chest. The Animal went down, grunting. Daley went back into the waiting position. The Animal got up.

"I'll be buggered," he said easily. He came on, broad body sideways. Daley feinted a left foot kick. The Animal moved sideways and Daley went for a right-hand blow to the face. But he was slightly off balance and The Animal ducked under his hand and hit him in the ribs. The pain was like an electric shock. Daley thought he would lose consciousness. He went over backwards and felt The Animal's terrible weight on him, hands squeezing his throat. By instinct, Daley's thumbs found the hollows beneath The Animal's ears and pressed. The grip on his throat broke. He hit The Animal under the nose with the heel of his hand. He felt the teeth and warm blood and he hit again and again. The Animal's weight was off him suddenly and he rolled and got up. The Animal was getting off his knees. His beard was dripping with blood. He was shaking his head, the blood drizzling in an arc.

"I'll be buggered," he said. Daley kicked him low in the stomach, just above the groin. He bent over double and Daley moved to his left and kicked him in the side. He felt the ribs go. The Animal grunted, straightened up and threw two handfuls of sand into Daley's face. Daley held his hands to his eyes, trying to clear his vision, when The Animal head-butted him once, twice; he thought the bones of his face had given way and fell back, trying to get away. It's over now, he thought. He didn't care; one more head-butt and the pain would stop.

But The Animal didn't follow him. Daley shook his head and tried to breathe through the blood. The Animal was standing six feet away, hands at his sides, the lower half of his face an outlaw's mask of blood.

Daley went into the ready position. When The Animal came he would try one more kick. He did not know whether he could kick again. Blood was running into his eyes from his forehead. He couldn't see properly. He was going to die here, on this insane hilltop. It didn't matter.

"Okay," The Animal said, "it's over." He turned and walked slowly back towards the group. Henry didn't care, one way or another. He put his hand to his mouth and took out two teeth. They were very neat teeth. He put them in his pocket and walked away.

He woke near midday, lying on top of his sleeping bag, dew on his face. He found his water bottle and poured the freezing liquid over his head. It came off reddish black. His face felt twice its normal size, a pulsating pumpkin.

Working slowly, he loaded the bike. He would have to see a doctor soon. At the campsite gate, a man was sitting on a huge, fully-loaded American motorcycle.

"Which way ya going?" The Animal said.

Daley looked at him. What would Feyerabend say?

"I'm going north," he said. "Going to the sun."

The Animal started his bike.

"Suits me," he said.

5

PROUST & ME

I WATCHED the sunset's splash of glowing colors: tangerine, gold, purple and pink blending prismatically in ineffable splendor. Color vision was such a treasure; I pitied the lower animals who tromped, crawled, flew and skittered throughout their drab lives without the benison of colors to enhance their short visitations on earth. My rods and my cones, they comfort me.

Hark, I espied a bird on the wing taking its last

joyous flight of the day before clutching a branch for a well-deserved slumber. It wheeled about acrobatically in the evanescing light, coursing through the trees, unleashing its beating heart's spirited frenzy. I know, Disney-phobes, it was probably just expelling gas, but let's keep the romantic motif, shall we?

Lo and behold, it indeed released a gob of guano which splattered dully in the bedewed grass and lay there like a tiny half-poached egg. Then it fluttered up to a nearby branch as if to see my response to this unsolicited offering.

"Here," it chirped, "it's yours, I don't want it."

No thanks, you converted lizard. Let others more deserving share your proffered largesse. Rhizomes, bacteria and fungi. The only shit I ever willingly take is that faithfully excreted by our symbiotic mates, green plants.

However, o winged wonder, your antics did inspire in me a remembrance of things past, a Proustian evocation, if you will, Dear Reader, or if you won't. I don't care. This is my tome, and not even the Pope can censor me. What power! Remember, life fans, most dictators wrote — Hitler, Mussolini, Mao, to name but a few. It takes a certain, and sometimes unhealthy, arrogance to write as well as to tyrannise.

Ah, the sweet cooling zephyr of digression. I was speaking of bird grunt. Proustian evocation and all.

This avian excretion transported me to that glorious afternoon in this self-same park whilst I was aimlessly ambling amongst the trees when I met. . . her.

She was reading Proust with eyes that would shame a cut blue diamond. Her Helen of Troy visage was upheld by a delicate neck; with round glasses on her thin nose, she was the epitome of primness, except that she had a body — on a scale of one to 10 — oh say, eight or nine. . . hundred.

While I suffered the exhilaration and despair of a hungry hobo at the deli window, it was then that kismet stepped, or rather dropped, in with a cloacal bomblet. From a bird, of course.

When the fateful turd plopped down between us, it was not close enough to cause any trepidation but merely to play reveille to our separated thoughts and marry our two attentions to one and the same phenomenon.

I ceased my strolling, content to share this moment of silent reaction with this Olympianly winsome beauty and marvelling at the timing of this, in normal circumstances uneventful, event. I decided then and there that the Calvinists were correct, deciding also to send a cheque to the Home for Bewildered Presbyterians at my earliest convenience, and found myself inexorably following God's fore-ordained path. I would essay to converse with her.

I meandered over to the bench and meekly inquired if it would bother her if I sat down, implying an appropriately respectful distance.

"Ultimately your intent focuses on the possible eventuality of luring me into some intimate 'mutually fulfilling' relationship. Could that supposition be labelled accurate?"

Trying to maintain equanimity against such a word hurricane required a moment of collective pause. It was fight or flight.

"To deny that part of my nature would be a shallow masquerade, but I must add hurriedly that such is the stuff of dreams and I am a realist of sorts and had more innocuous, if that be the blackened term, aspirations than that. And curiosity."

"Sit," she implored, "you seem to have integrity." Removing her glasses, she smiled a smile right into the pit of my stomach.

I sat uneasily; she surveyed me instead of returning to her reading, as I had expected in a sudden torrent of pessimism.

"You mentioned curiosity?"

"Oh yes," (you voluptuous siren) "I am surprised you're reading Proust. Why?"

"He is a giant and I am but a fledging and I must learn from him if I am to fulfill my ambitions in

writing. "But," I returned, perhaps more aggressively than was called for (I can only blame those surging endocrine marines storming the beaches of wisdom), "he's such a bore. He's disgustingly class-conscious, addicted to minutiae, and his verbosity intimates psychosis. To quote the Bard, *Much Ado About Nothing.*"

Her eyebrows belied a blossoming interest. Her silence politely demanded an explanation.

"You see," I continued with a growing confidence that I could concatenate a few more *bon mots* to charm this lovely, "I, too, am a budding writer and have read the masters and have gleaned what I could from the ponderous insights of Henry James to the sassy lampoons of Voltaire. But Proust! He's a plodding marathoner who stops to sniff each and every flower and weed."

"Oh my," she chided amiably, "you're quite the critic."

"My own worst, I fear," I admitted with a mote of humility.

"Then we share a common malady." And she extended her princess hand in friendship.

"By the by," I asked cautiously, "Do you always talk this way?"

She chuckled. "Not always. However, it does seem to repel the schnooks."

She was a mature 22 years old. She harbored worthy ambitions and, as we talked, I could envision a grandiose intelligence unsullied by prejudice or slavish dogma. A blithe spirit, searching in innocence for Meaning and Truth. And I would have done a nude fandango in front of Buckingham Palace just to hear her click the toilet door behind her.

She noticed her wrist watch. "It's late. I must get back to work." She briskly gathered her things and stood up to leave. "Sorry to be so brusque, but lunch hour's over."

I felt like an arthritic old man on the sinking Titanic until she coyly added, "I come here every day at noon." And she was off, leaving my heart fluttering like a newborn butterfly, anxious and unsteady.

She was there the next day and so was I. The NKVD couldn't have stopped me. And we renewed our lofty intercourse discussing Melville, Ibsen, Ellison and even Tom Wolfe, who plagiarised the hue from Paul Newman's eyes and wore suits of it.

O the rapture of tickling the brain, cootchie-cooing our convolutions; the immense relief from bathos — the normal mode of mind-idling that makes getting through the day akin to crawling up and down sand dunes — such was the bracing, heady ecstasy of our meetings, at least to me. And she seemed likewise delighted. These few sessions were the apices of my days and the future glowed as floridly as a Scandinavian sunrise. This was a 1938 movie and I couldn't wait to reach the happy end.

I soon piled my courage into a bulwark of confidence. It was time for this serendipitous and infant union of souls to progress to less high-minded arenas.

I decided to ask her for a date.

She couldn't make it, sorry. She was married to a 35-year-old broken-down ex-footballer whom I suspected darkly had never even broached the cover of a Jackie Collins novel.

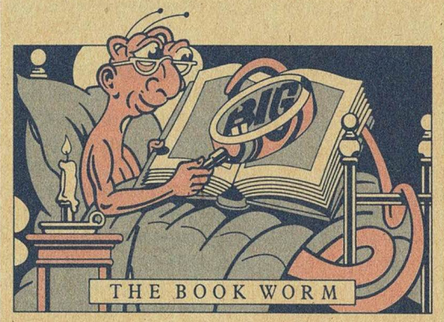
For a while my mind roiled with images of slashed Picassos, the Pieta being whacked with cricket bats, the Taj Mahal being razed for a car-park, the Opera House being turned into a pigeon roost and Idi Amin's beefy face on every coin and note. And hari-kiri.

But soon reason mercifully surfaced and I began to bear this *coup de bijoux* more stalwartly, to evoke more placid notions of Buddhist stolidity and Kiplingesque exhortations to the down-trodden and to try and purge my dripping brain of "what might have been".

So.

Marcel, my deceased hypochondriacal wimp, you may have found yourself moving around under your skull-cap over a whiff of tea steam, but alas, make mine bird spoor. And oh yes, *Remembrance of Things Past* is still perched in the throne room (la loo) and I occasionally trudge through a few deliriously exciting pages now and then as I rest my weary buns.

Maybe I missed something.



NEWS WARS

(continued from page 41)

Gossip of bad blood between The Reporters *and* Eyewitness News *only scratched the surface.*

TV team. Which is not to say there isn't conflict. There is. . . and it's between *The Reporters* on the one hand, and the Ten newsroom on the other. A few whispers in the Sydney afternoon tabloids' television gossip columns, telling of bad blood between *The Reporters* and *Eyewitness News*, only scratched the surface. In the newsroom there's an intense dislike for *The Reporters*. Behind it is a belief, among Ten's news team, that *The Reporters* should have grown from their ranks, with considerable newsroom input, rather than be farmed out to bright guys from newspapers who had never previously worked in television.

Westacott argues that the prime objective was to pick top-rated journalists. The people he and Dale chose just happened to be good knockabout reporters, with wide-ranging backgrounds, who'd "been through the mill" and, when confronted by a situation, perhaps overseas, would be equipped to make a sound snap judgement. According to this argument, some of the pretty faces in TV news wouldn't measure up. They're okay for fires in the suburbs — but where the hell *is* El Salvador?

Dale kept an increasingly dog-eared old folder for his scribblings about his forthcoming show. In it were possible titles. *Newsworld* leaked — and was mischievously snatched by Seven in Sydney. *World Report, Times Report, Newsfront* and even the unbelievably dull *News Review* were suggested. Then Dale, doodling on his foolscap pad, thought: "Why not *The Reporters?* It sums it all up." He tried the title on Murdoch. The word came back: "It's great!"

The Reporters has been a mixed bag. There have been beat-ups comparable in presentation to the worst excesses of style of Sydney's strident tabloids. When reporter Mary Delahunty told the story of a supposed sex commune in New Zealand, the evidence to support the accusations was thin. A heavy-handed and emotive approach was a poor substitute for facts. The impression was that it wasn't much of a story, anyway.

On the other hand, in probing the topics of false passports and cosmetic surgery, the show has been on target. "Newspapers should have done the false passport story first, but didn't," Westacott noted. The report led to an Australian Federal Police investigation of the program's *modus operandi*. After the cosmetic surgery report was shown, *The Reporters* received hundreds of letters from women asking for more information, an indication of the interest created.

Dale and Westacott promise they'll also chase the stories that don't get ratings but which can be dropped into an edition that contains a likely ratings winner. A story about the Polisario rebels' struggle against Moroccan expansionism in the Sahara isn't likely to make folks stay home glued to their TV sets.

But, to their credit, Dale and Westacott believe they should cover important stories about issues that may be obscure to many Australians.

There's no escaping showbiz, however. Dale and Westacott say they aren't out to make stars of their reporters. "When that day comes I'll walk," says Dale, sprawled in a brown armchair in a quiet corner of *The Reporters*' cluttered Artarmon office on Sydney's north side. "We're reporters," Westacott affirms, "we'd want no part of that."

Three weeks after they made these observations, Sydney radio star John Laws was incorporated into *The Reporters* team to do regular stories. The move was accompanied by heavy promotion on Ten. Roll on, showbiz. Whatever good intentions Dale and Westacott may have (along with respectable, if not sensational, ratings) they work for the Murdoch organisation, which untiringly demonstrates, through its newspapers, that its primary function is to entertain and provide a forum for bingo games.

Dale and Westacott acknowledge *60 Minutes* is their main competitor. Dale is surprisingly kind toward this rival. Discussion centres on whether *60 Minutes* is trivial and the fact that, while critics condemn its superficiality as American, it is, in fact, *more* trivial than CBS' *60 Minutes*. In fact, the US show is considerably more serious — and its reporters, such as Mike Wallace, are not hyped in fan magazine style, as is George Negus.

"Sure, sure," says Dale, "but, remember, *60 Minutes*, like ourselves, has a small staff. It can't put researchers on a story for months. One day perhaps. . ."

Dale laments the fact that the mature Australian reporter is a rare breed. In a young industry, talent is regularly skimmed off into management. Instead of wise, grey-haired reporters who speak as if they *know*, we often get very young reporters trying to be tough but coming across instead as rude. "That, too, will change," he maintains. "I'd like to think of some of our reporters still being here in 10 years' time — and being greatly respected for their authority."

One departs impressed, hopeful that *The Reporters* will achieve its laudable objectives. But, to allow it to develop, the network of which the show is part will need to keep its nose out, say current affairs producers at other networks. They aren't optimistic that this will happen.

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Cliff Neville, a 33 year-old former chief of staff at *The Australian*, where he worked with *The Reporters'* Westacott, is assistant news director at Channel 7 in Sydney, responsible for running much of the day-to-day news coverage at the station and a key man in the Seven Network's increasingly sophisticated news operation. Neville is putting into operation many of the ideas Vincent Smith, now Seven's news director, formulated. Smith, formerly of Sydney's Radio 2GB, endured considerable derision after arriving at Seven and declaring he was going to turn the ailing news department around. There was no instant change, no evident magic.

But, slow change was being wrought. Reporters who saw no future for themselves under the new Smith regime quit. Others were hired. Smith, like other TV executives before him, was a victim of the Australian industry's youthfulness. To get the journalistic talent and maturity he wanted, he had to look to newspapers. He had to bypass TV reporters who, in his opinion, hadn't acquired solid journalistic grounding on the way to the front of a camera. A winning smile and a can of hair spray weren't enough for Smith.

The problem with some of the people he hired was that they had to be taught almost everything about television. Their knowledge of the medium was minimal. They even needed coaching in how to dress for the cameras. But they were *journalists*. Smith reckoned he could teach them the rest. They learned on the job. Ratings didn't exactly soar, but the new-look news was climbing. New anchor Ross Symonds, wooed from the ABC, was building a solid following.

Finally, in mid-1982, Seven topped Nine from its well-entrenched news ratings leadership. Since then, there's been a close race between Seven and Nine, with one and then the other pulling ahead.

"Of course it's healthy," says Neville, whose desktop clutter includes promotional matches and a notepad from Ten's *The Reporters*. "The viewer undoubtedly benefits from a close race. We're feeling good about it — it's great for morale."

Morale was rock bottom at Seven when Vincent Smith moved in. Now it's high. "Our new people are settled in and we're concentrating on trying to build leadership in the news area," Neville says. There's a quiet confidence at Seven that's new to the place.

There is less of an individualistic stamp on Seven's news programs than there is at Nine, where the style instantly identifies the network. Instead, there's a looser feel. "We give reporters more latitude," Neville explains. "We don't believe viewers want

everything tightly structured." He says it's by design rather than accident that Seven's editing seems less rigid. At times, though, the relaxed approach seems, in the view of critics in the industry, to go too far. . . as with *Newsworld,* Seven's late-night Sydney newscast, on which the time given to stories can far outweigh their importance or, even, their entertainment value. Important stories can be annoyingly dismissed in a sentence or two as well. Late-night news on Seven in Melbourne doesn't share these faults, however.

Improvements are likely to be made to the late-night news in Sydney before long. Seven's approach has been to improve its news presentation in stages: first the 6.30pm newscast, then *11.00A.M.*, the mid-morning bulletin.

The Seven Network has no firm plans for new current affairs or news shows, but the network is now receiving more news since acquiring satellite links to the NBC network news service from New York and CNN (Cable News Network) from Atlanta, Georgia. The new additions to its coverage put Seven on a firmer footing to compete with Nine, which has the services of ABC (American Broadcasting Company), CBS and UPITN (jointly owned by United Press International and Britain's Independent Television News).

Gone are the days when all Australian stations took their overseas news from Visnews, a London-based agency. This meant almost identical foreign coverage on all networks. Visnews depends heavily on the British Broadcasting Corporation and NBC.

While Australian subscribers to Visnews (Network Ten, for example, which doesn't have additional news services) will still get NBC coverage in the Visnews package, Seven's deal with NBC means it has the right to news specials and other NBC material on an exclusive basis. This includes material broadcast on NBC's *Today* show, which runs major interviews with politicians, celebrities and other people in the news, as well as originating feature material.

Says Neville: "In our 6.30pm news, we're now able to cover a story more broadly by, say, cutting from an NBC report to a CNN report. It's much more comprehensive — we're able to pick the best on any story."

But what is Seven going to do with all this stuff?

Neville acknowledges that it is an incentive to launch new programs. Ideas being talked about, say network sources, include: expanding the evening news to one hour (tried unsuccessfully on a previous occasion when the increased emphasis was on local metropolitan news presented separately); more special reports on big stories in prime time; an early morning news show to compete with *Good Morning Australia* and the *National Today Show* but shorter and confined to news, so as not to interrupt the cartoons for more than 30 minutes; and Sunday morning competition for Nine's *Sunday*. (But the strongest impression at Seven is that it wants to consolidate its new-found news strength before moving into other areas.)

However, Neville concedes that, "with all this news coming in here we'll be looking at ways of presenting more of it."

●

Ken Chown's office at his employers' Gore Hill headquarters in Sydney fits preconceptions about the ABC. It doesn't look as if it has had much money spent on it. But, at the same time, it looks comfortable, grown around the occupant, a 50 year-old former British newspaperman who has been with the ABC since 1958. One of the original producers of *This Day Tonight*, he moved on to *Nationwide,* then spent time mulling possible new current affairs projects and now produces *On The Record*, the ABC's contribution to newly increased current affairs coverage.

Chown, a man who bubbles enthusiasm and goodwill from beneath a wild shock of grey hair, sits at his desk (on which he keeps an Eta Beer Nuts can, to hold his pens, and a partly-filled jar of exotic tea). On the walls, amid a variety of posters, are inked charts describing the content of upcoming shows.

It is a homely place, this. It seems far removed from the hectic pace of the network newsrooms. A "Live Eye" would be as out of place here as an "Actioncam". That is how it should be. This is a place of reflection, for standing back awhile and pondering how best to take a different look at an issue or a newsmaker.

Sometimes it works and sometimes it doesn't.

On The Record packed a hall full of Aborigines, plunked Aboriginal leaders of different points of view on a podium and said all the white folks would do would be to hit the buttons to record, on sound and videotape, the ensuing question and answer sessions. It didn't work. Some Aborigines were suspicious of the ABC's motives and others displayed undisguised hostility to the entire operation. A few, with questions prepared, were shy to ask them under the blaze of lights and with cameras aimed at them. The idea didn't come off and was dumped. So was an interview with Queensland politician, Russ Hinze. Held for several weeks, it was overtaken by events.

"For our first eight shows we had to make 12," says Chown. "We take a risk by keeping our formats loose. We don't like too many constraints and, as a result, sometimes the predicted good show just doesn't happen."

Chown decided the format of *On The Record*, which will return for a second series in 1983, would be flexible: some weeks a face-to-face interview, on other occasions an expert panel questioning a guest and, now and again, an audience participating by questioning one or more guests.

Chown says there are other shows that report on background events. "We wanted something different — a program that would wait for the dust to settle and then ask relevant questions to increase understanding of the issues."

●

Channel 0-28's *News,* at 7.30pm, provides the best coverage of international events on Australian television. The point has been made often enough in print. Executives at the bigger networks admit it privately; Malcolm Fraser and Gough Whitlam, Australia's most world-oriented politicians, are on record saying they watch it when they can. Yet the multi-cultural network still manages to snare only four or five of every 100 viewers.

But the outlook is bright: reception difficulties in Sydney and Melbourne are being corrected. The Federal Government is committed to extending the Special Broadcasting Service to other major urban centres, meaning that, within a few years, 0-28 will in all probability be national. Scheduling of programs other than news is being improved: there's more on 0-28 these days for minority communities who might want to watch a soap opera or cops-and-robbers movie for entertainment in their own language.

At the outset, 0-28 seemed, in its film selection, to be providing Swedish and Japanese movies for Anglo-Saxon cinema buffs when it should have been providing more general entertainment for ordinary folks in the suburbs, whose native tongue isn't English. Now that there's more for a broad spectrum of viewers on 0-28 (which subtitles all programs in English, except those, such as its newscast, presented in English), it's probable that the news audience will grow. Officials expect a long hard slog, however, before it's a channel sometimes selected by most Australians.

Besides the nightly newscast, increased in early summer from five to seven nights a week, there's *World News Report*, a Saturday evening 30-minute examination of one, or occasionally two, topics. News anchor George Donikian, formerly with Sydney's Radio 2WS, is one of the industry's best. He checks how to pronounce foreign leaders' names, which some newscasters on other networks apparently don't bother to do.

News director Peter Hanrahan, 39 and formerly with Channel 10 (called O at the time) in Melbourne, established the news service, headquartered in Sydney, with its full-time staff of 12 journalists, some proficient in several languages. From the first newscast, on October 24, 1980, the product looked polished, surprisingly so, considering the small newsroom. Local stories are covered briefly late in the news. "It was a newsman's dream, setting up a news service from scratch," Hanrahan says. Budget restraint has kept the service lean. There's very little back-up. When a producer is ill, Hanrahan produces. When Donikian takes a break, Hanrahan reads the news for a few weeks.

0-28 receives the Visnews service, plus weekly air-freighted tapes from the national networks of Greece, Italy, Yugoslavia and West Germany. It is taking a French news service by satellite on a trial basis and it buys individual items it is offered from other countries such as Holland and Hungary. From the Hungarians, it bought a remarkably candid interview with former US President Richard Nixon, which filled a *World News Report* one Saturday.

Hanrahan agrees that Australians have recently become more interested in news. A natural progression, he believes, will be for increasing numbers of better-informed viewers to switch to 0-28's news, perhaps in addition to another network's service. (The time-slot means it doesn't clash with other newscasts.) "We try to be as comprehensive as we can be, and to provide material not available elsewhere," Hanrahan declares.

But he sometimes has problems. During the Israeli attack on Beirut, the phones ran hot each day. 0-28 was either pro-Palestinian or pro-Zionist. Since the calls were usually about 50 percent in support of each side, Hanrahan figured his newsroom had achieved superb balance and fairness.

In the long-term, he believes, the station will have to increase its news coverage as other networks have done. "For the present, we see our job as maintaining our high standard and trying to increase our audience for the existing service," he concludes.

NEVER ON SUNDAY?

a full-scale sunday morning news program? never! but the nine network is proving sceptics wrong.

Allan Hogan has at least one strange and unexplained habit. Along the window sill of his office at the Nine Network's *Sunday* are piles of money, 12 in all. Most of the piles add up to around a dollar. At the bottom of each pile is a 50 cent coin. Next come the 20 cents, 10s and fives with a few odd cents sprinkled on the top. Aside from this peculiarity, Hogan seems quite normal. At 39, he's one of the Australian television industry's success stories. A veteran of *This Day Tonight* and *Four Corners* on the ABC, he produced Ian Leslie and George Negus on *60 Minutes* before being handed the executive producer's chair at *Sunday,* a program which, he says was "rushed to air with indecent haste" on November 5, 1981.

Sunday was the result of an order from the top. Network chief Kerry Packer wanted a quality Sunday morning show. There was glee at other networks. There was no way it would work. Far better to stick with Dr Robert Schuller's *Hour of Power,* Greek and Italian variety shows and those awful mangled English analyses of the previous day's football.

Not quite, said Packer. Despite his own sports fanaticism in TV programming, which so often delays the midnight movie on Nine and in its place inserts pictures of cars crashing in Belgium or horses jumping in Ireland, what Packer wanted was a high-grade show, filled with the sort of material that would be quoted in the next day's newspapers. And it has worked. What people say on *Sunday* is often on page one on Monday mornings, attributed to the show, which fills the same role as *Meet the Press* and *Face the Nation* in the US.

Hogan was impressed by the format of CBS' *Sunday* but decided it was too trivial. He ended up with a bit of CBS *Sunday* format, along with some *Face the Nation* and *Meet the Press* influence as well and a grab-bag of local ideas that various people in the industry had proffered.

The show has changed. The first edition featured a 30-minute interview with the Prime Minister: these days Malcolm Fraser would probably run for no more than 12 to 15 minutes. The heavy interview was intended for the beginning of the program. Now the show is more flexible. The interview goes where it fits best in a particular edition.

The team is experienced: Max Walsh, Sam Lipski, Alan Reid commenting and interviewing. Four reporters, including Jennifer Byrne and Andrew Olle, covering stories which vary from the light (such as Bryne's gem on former TV star Tommy Hanlon Jnr, now travelling with a circus in small-town Queensland) to the investigative. There's plenty of overseas material (typical "cover story": the failures and successes of the United Nations). Jim Waley anchors *Sunday* in the Nine Network's carefully-cultivated house style: to-the-point with a barely perceptible humorous edge, just enough to lighten the best current affairs package on television.

"Some of our stories could be *60 Minutes* subjects, but we tend to handle them differently," Hogan says. "Generally, our reporters have two to three weeks on a story. We give them the freedom to approach things in their own way — but, of course, we're careful about which reporter to give any particular assignment. If he or she has no feel for a topic, it's no good. You can't just say 'Go out and cover this,' and have just anyone doing any subject." This attention to detail has paid off, with several *Sunday* reports displaying a sensitivity seldom seen in coverage of Australian news and current affairs.

The *Sunday* segment that has generated the most surprising response is the music slot. It was a gamble to include it. There were no advance indications as to whether it would work or not. Hogan set two rules: don't duplicate the other shows ("if they appear on the *Mike Walsh Show* or *Don Lane Show* we don't want 'em") and make sure there's an informational aspect, such as a forthcoming tour or record that can be announced. Jazz great Dollar Brand (now known as Abdullah Ibrahim) has appeared, as has an entire chamber orchestra.

But most surprising of all, Roberta Flack had her Australian agent call up and say, "Roberta wants to appear on *Sunday.*" Flattered, Hogan nevertheless decided to adhere to his ruling that he would not take artists who had been on other shows. Back came the message: "Roberta hasn't done any other TV. She wants to do *Sunday* only." Hogan met the singer, who told him she regularly watched the program. . . and then started discussing details of the previous two shows with the taken-aback producer.

Politicians are increasingly eager to appear on *Sunday* and, although high ratings aren't expected at that time of day, the show has, on occasions, hit 10 in Sydney and Melbourne, which is regarded in the industry as highly respectable. *60 Minutes* can hit a rating of 30, but as one of Australia's top prime-time shows, its viewing audience can't be compared to that of *Sunday* which has to fight for viewers, conditioned over the years to believe that Sunday morning TV isn't worth watching.

Packer's gamble has already paid off. *Sunday* has started making money. Not much, but enough to confirm Packer as a shrewd judge of viewers' likely responses to a new idea. The show has, in addition, enhanced the Nine Network's image.

Success could make life harder for Hogan. There are whispers that other networks are talking about injecting current affairs into their pre-lunch Sunday line-ups. "It's not an easy mix," says Hogan. "Let them try it. They'll find it can't be done on the cheap, just by throwing in the week's unused news stories."

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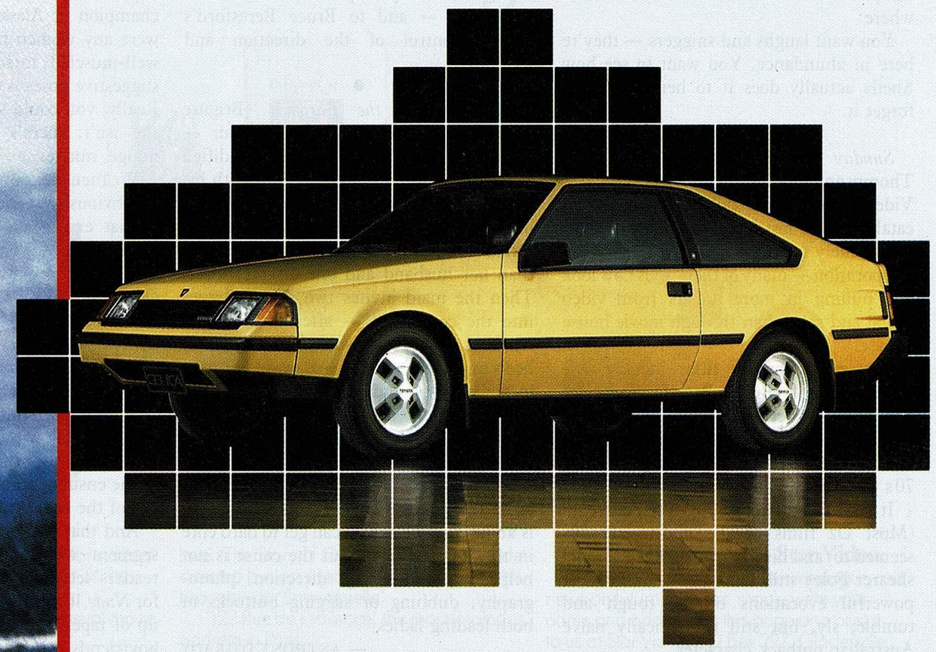


TOYOTA

VIDEO

Until *ET* came along, *Star Wars* (starring Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford, Carrie Fisher, Peter Cushing, Alec Guinness — 20th Century Fox), was the biggest box office hit in the history of motion pictures. On the wide screen it was often a sensory experience. On the home TV screen, it settles into an involving imaginative fantasy-drama, with a remarkable power to hold children and young teenagers absorbed well past the 30th viewing — or so I'm informed by friends who have them.

While the visceral impact of seeing it at home no way approaches the giant screen experience, it's interesting that the dialogue comes across with a lot more presence on TV — yes, folks, this time you can actually understand what they're saying!

●

The Case of the Smiling Stiffs (starring Fred Lincon, Ron Browne, Sheila Stuart, Harry Reems — Video Classics), is probably the most successful low budget R-rated movie of all time. Basically, it's a case of *Naked City/Dragnet* meets *Daughter of Deep Throat* and *Dracula,* as the bumbling fuzz (Lincon and Browne) chase an unwitting vampire (Stuart) who literally sucks the life out of a stray man (or two) every full moon. The fuzz don't get her, but Harry Reems does — with what looks like a three-foot silver shaft stuck you-know-where.

You want laughs and sniggers — they're here in abundance. You want to see how Sheila actually does it to her victims — forget it.

●

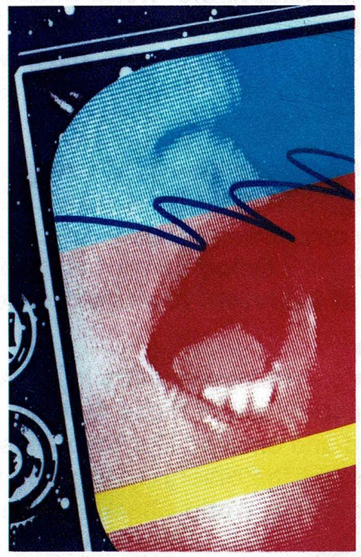
Sunday Too Far Away (starring Jack Thompson, Reg Lye, Max Cullen — Star Video) is one of a bulk release of their catalogue late last year which has paid off handsomely for the South Australian Film Corporation — many of their titles now look like pulling in more dollars from video rental and sales than through movie house release.

The most popular titles include *The Money Movers* (Bruce Beresford's brutal but confused crime drama), *The Club, Breaker Morant* and the one that started the Ocker Glorification movement of the mid-70s — *Sunday Too Far Away.*

It stars Jack Thompson — of course — (Most Oz films of the mid-to-late 70s seemed to) and his performance as the rebel shearer Foley still stands as one of the most powerful evocations of the rough and tumble, sly, but still romantically naive Australian outback character.

●

Breaker Morant (starring Edward Woodward, Jack Thompson, Bryan Brown — Star Video), is yet another Thompson triumph (he came up with a 1980 Cannes



Best Actor Award for his role as Morant's court martial defence attorney). And just in time, too — after *Sunday* his reputation as the nation's Number One Box Office Ocker got him invited onto more turkeys than a Thanksgiving Day shoot-out.

Despite Thompson's award, though, the movie belongs to Woodward for the quiet strength in his perceptive reading of the main role — and to Bruce Beresford's superb control of the direction and scripting.

●

Education of the Baroness (Brigitte Lahaye, Susan Belojr, Aude Lecoeur — Roadshow Video), the Baron is a dandified masochist who exchanges clothes with his chauffeur and chortles with glee as he goes under the lash. She's a repressed bitch who thinks it's improper to bed anyone other than her husband and one discreet lover. Then the maid invites two sexual rogues into the castle and — after dressing the baroness in suspender-belt, stockings, high heels and maid's apron —they do her over in tandem, trio and one by one.

Naturally the baroness comes up licking her lips for more. Humiliation and constant stoking of the engine room below the navel is the recipe for a satisfied woman. Or, at least, a happily-satiated baroness. *Education* is about as close as you can get to hard core in the R-rated field. But the cause is not helped by the acting, direction, photography, dubbing or sagging buttocks of both leading ladies.

— ANTHONY O'GRADY

●

The first thing that hits you when you watch an R-rated videotape in the comfort and privacy of your own home is culture shock. There, on your own TV, where Tony Barber, The Sullivans and Doctor Who are accustomed to go their chaste, innocent ways, is this young lady doing. . .well, strange things to herself. And she doesn't appear to be wearing any underwear.

They didn't even do this sort of thing on *Number 96* and you certainly wouldn't see anything as blatant in the pages of PLAYBOY.

Ah, but PLAYBOY is a magazine. So is *Electric Blue 008.* It purports to be the video answer to the men's magazine. . .except that the pictures move.

Electric Blue is the brain-child of Adam Cole, former girlie photographer for a British magazine and it appears, for the moment, the clear leader in the field. It is now into its eighth edition — hence the designation 008. The previous issue, 007, had (surprise, surprise) a Bond theme, but this one could well have been titled *Pussy Galore,* for that's what it's all about.

Since the "magazine" consists of a series of separate items, there has to be some linking footage in between. This is usually the weak point and, in this case, is tedious in the extreme — a succession of young ladies wearing only chaps (the things cowboys wear to protect their legs) and waistcoats bouncing about on what looks like a giant Lilo, then "riding" a mechanical bull.

But hold on. Help is at hand in the form of a lady called, we are told, Pillow. She happens to be the women's body-building champion of Alaska (I didn't think there were any women there). The sight of this well-muscled torso wriggling around in suggestive poses is strange, to say the least. Really, you could swear it was a man. But she isn't; there's no doubt about that, nudge, nudge.

We then move on to a "centrefold" which is obviously modelled on the magazine format except that in this case, the girl herself tells the viewers in husky tones who she is and how much she likes taking her clothes off. Which she then does.

And so it goes. Until we come to (wait for it) *The World's First 3-D Video.* This is preceded by an announcement warning that not everyone will see the 3-D effect and, "Our apologies to those of you who are too 'clever' to allow their eyes to fool them." I must be cleverer than I thought for nothing in the ensuing scenes seemed to be coming out of the screen at me.

And that's about it, except for one final segment which roughly fills in for the readers' letters section. Roughly is the word for *Nude Wives*, which is presumably made up of tapes sent in by proud hubbies and boyfriends who have graduated past the Polaroid stage. They vary from pathetic to ridiculous, with not much in between.

— ROBERT BRUCE

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MOVIES

Director Werner Herzog's genius continues to be in the vast scope he employs. . .a scale within which all things are possible. More than ever, this applies to *Fitzcarraldo,* a truly heroic film achievement which rivals the inspired madness of the title character himself.

In his despairing soldier Woyzeck, in the conquistador Aguirre crazed by his visions of El Dorado and, again, in Nosferatu who lives that he might die, Herzog has displayed his infatuation with characters whose magnificent obsessions have come close to overthrowing the balance of general acceptance. Again, it's compatriot Klaus Kinski (father of Natassia) who gets to portray Herzog's newest nutter, Fitzcarraldo.

The film was to have starred Jason Robards and Mick Jagger in a bid to launch Herzog into the international box-office big time, but Robards became ill and Jagger returned to concert commitments when filming was re-scheduled. Kinski, however, could not be parallelled in this portrayal of the title's opera-crazy German-Irish adventurer out to make a fortune from visions too crazy for others to perceive. Obsessed by classical culture, he paddles and steams his way up the Amazon, broadcasting recordings of Caruso and Bernhardt to mesmerised Indians.

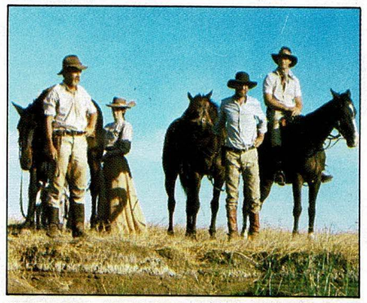
Fitzcarraldo is in search of a huge inland rubber plantation and when his steamer has taken him as far as it can go, he devises a mad plan to haul it over the mountains and steam on into the heart of his plantation. Clearly the noble sentiment of 24-hour opera classics has warped his perspective, but the Indians, spooked by the imperious white-suited figure with flaxen hair and glinting blue eyes, and with Puccini and Verdi reverberating off the valley walls, forget conciliation and arbitration and just keep on hauling.

Building from the raw physical elements of earth, fire and water, Herzog constructs a launching ramp that propels his movie into the realms of romantic sensibilities and dreams. More than a story of the transportation of Amazon steamers, it is a story of the transportation of rapture. Herzog's documentation of the methods of the ship's painstaking progress up the mountain are exhausting and enthralling.

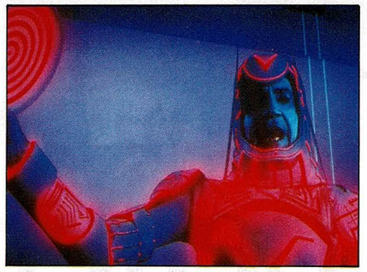
But, finally, its celebration is not in the physical triumph over the wilderness, but in the communion of wildly differing worlds of dreams.

●

Stone the crows, Igor Auzin's *We Of The Never Never* is real "Lest We Forget" Australiana, but at least as good as its predecessors in the pioneers-on-the-sweeping-plains genre. Way out back where only sheer determination will prevail,



Sunburnt in We Of The Never Never.



Electronic underworld in TRON.

Aeneas Gunn (Arthur Dignam) and his new wife Jeannie (Angela Punch McGregor) are coping with a couple of new frontiers. . . the harshness of the Sunburnt Country and the inherent chauvinism of the local stockmen.

Aeneas has accepted the challenge of becoming manager of a remote cattle station, a place so end-of-the-world that worlds, and values, actually collide. Jeannie manages to alienate herself even more by indulging in the radical practice of respecting the Aborigines and, somehow, cinematographer Gary Hansen's wide screens full of nothingness provide a haunting setting for this truly passionate passion play.

It takes sensitive direction from the almost-rookie Igor Auzin to keep the story out of a sand drift of melodrama but, ultimately, there's the heart-warming message that in a landscape devoid of almost any feature — physical or emotional — a little compassion makes powerful filter.

Splendid performances, too, from Angela Punch McGregor, Dignam and John Jarratt. And, if an international criterion helps the culture cringe, they loved it at Cannes.

●

Perhaps only Pinter can make the unspoken as eloquent as Alan Bridges manages in his deft treatment of *Return Of The Soldier,* starring Alan Bates. His previous efforts, *The Hireling* and *Out Of Season,* ignited a holocaust of public indifference, but given a story of some substance and a lofty cast (Bates, Julie Christie, Glenda Jackson and Ann-Margret) he emerges as a director of admirable style.

Bates plays an alternately nonplussed and gratified World War I soldier who has returned home suffering injuries and selective amnesia. Around him cluck and fuss the three beauties — Julie Christie as the capricious wife he doesn't remember, Glenda Jackson as the warm and natural teenage sweetheart he recognises, and Ann-Margret as a confused cousin who provides the distractions. . .beautifully.

Under Bridges' direction, the film gathers a compelling momentum, partly from the raw skill of its actors and partly from the accumulating tension of frustration. Rebecca West's story flickers with possibility and Bridges is sensitive to every spark. Much of the story's power is from energy that is never released, but that which does happen happens superbly well in the hands of this personnel.

Not just great directing, but great directing of great acting, maintains the fascination of a splendidly stimulating piece of cinema. Bates — home from the war, but not quite — is hauntingly effective.

●

There's not much left in life when you take the participation out of video gamesmanship, but what there is bleeps on to the screen in *TRON,* a state-of-the-art thriller for people who believe high adventure happens in amusement arcades.

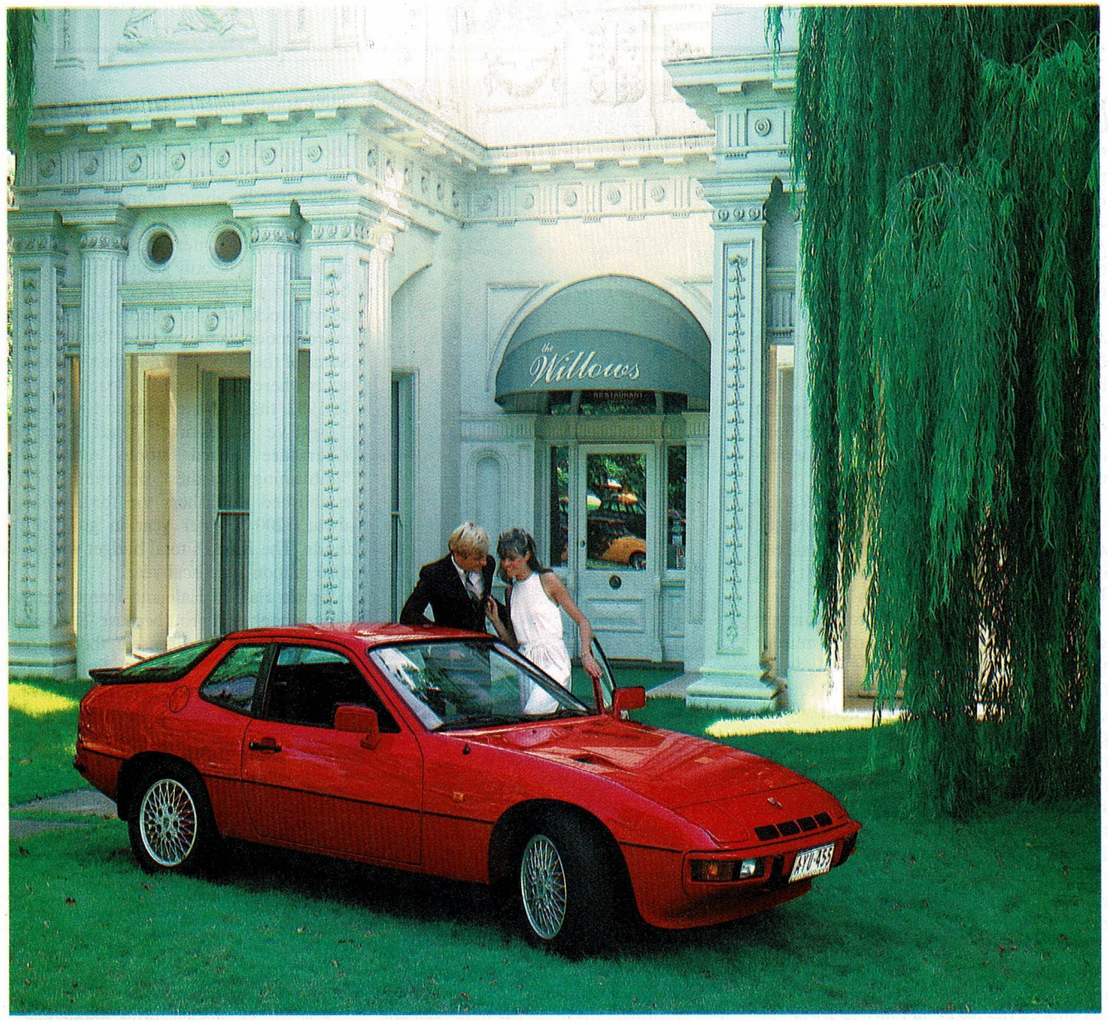
During the brief interlude in which human presence counts for anything, we meet Jeff Bridges, Bruce Boxleitner and Cindy Morgan, three computer programmers with about as much personality as one Ghost Muncher, who somehow get their alter egos locked into an electronic underworld ruled by MCP (Master Control Program).

The humanoid extension of MCP is electronics executive Dillinger, played with brooding malevolence by David Warner, the sort of guy who'd zap his own mother's last remaining asteroid. The only chance of fair play and good family fun returning to the video parlor seems to be in the hands of TRON, an electronic entity programmed to vaporise evil forces in high-tech places.

For great chase action, the 90-degree corners of the video game track will never rival the hills and hollows of the streets of San Francisco, but *TRON* does appear to be technically impressive and there's something truly compelling about such video-lingo terms as "immediate deresolution".

Best of all, it gets those confounded machines out of the foyer and onto the screen where they belong.

— ROBIN INGRAM



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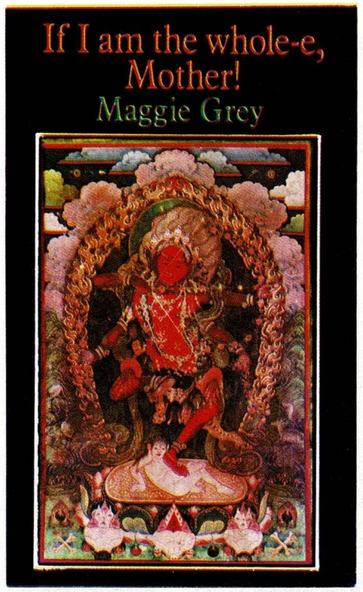


Murder is a fascinating subject — no doubt about it. Equally, there can be no doubt that Truman Capote is a master of narrative. What I *do* have my doubts about is whether his latest murder story *Handcarved Coffins — A Nonfiction Account of an American Crime* doesn't in fact contain a bit of fiction. . .it seems just too folkloric, the murders too "classic" in their horror.

Handcarved Coffins is the major piece of *Music For Chameleons* (a sphere paperback distributed here by Nelson and a rare bargain at $4.95). Besides the *Coffins* novella, there are six short stories and seven "conversational portraits" which are done in script form. All good value for America-watchers.

Polanski is making a movie of *Handcarved Coffins* and despite the misgiving expressed above, I have to admit that when I first read it, serialised in the British *Observer* last year, I was spellbound to the finish.

Not all the stories in the collection are similar but two others do have a murder theme. There's the title story, *Music for Chameleons,* a remembrance of a victim, set on exotic Martinique: an eerie, complex piece told with remarkable simplicity. The other is *Then it All Came Down,* a chilling interview in San Quentin with Bobby Beausoleil, ex-rough-trade movie-star who tortured and murdered Buddhist Gary Hinman.

The collection covers the spectrum of existence, the mysteries of human behavior, the lows and the highs.

●

"Aw-w no, not another (expletive deleted) Watergate story," was my first reaction to the backside blurb of *Brimstone* by a Robert L. Duncan (Sphere Paperback released here by Nelson). But actually it's a pleasant (?) surprise: a realistic fiction which takes the Watergate story as pre-told and moves on from there.

Remember the missing tape from Nixon's office? All the tapes had bits erased in the famous "expletive deleted" fashion but there was one tape wholly unaccounted for — generally presumed wiped because of its incriminating nature. What if it turned up suddenly after all these years? ("Aw-w turn it up," you say.)

Turn up, it does, in our man's office mail. Our man in Washington is William Cameron, an on-line (via computer) accountant for the Government Accounting Office. All sorts of odd, crazy things have been happening to him lately. Instead of routine debits and credits on Account LF-1113, all he gets on the screen are the vital statistics of some Russian country town. Is someone trying to tell him something?

As well, his estranged wife's father, a senator, seems to be sicking the Security on to him. Then this tape arrives which, instead of digital data, has two deadly banal voices: voices so dull and badly-recorded that it takes him a while to twig that one of the two voices is super-WASP Nixon, and that amongst the small-talk is a discussion of a God-awful military project called "Brimstone" which, in a "projected casualty rate", will extinguish at least 55 American lives.

But, the Security guys are on to him: they know he has the tape. After his wife's death (suicide or assassination?) the possibility is he'll be framed for it, he has to get out and find Brimstone.

It's good stuff. . .something between *Dr Strangelove* and *Day of the Condor* with, say, Redford playing a vulnerable lead-role. An innovation is the use of the computer and on-line searching as a detective/deductive feature.

— PETER CULAINN

●

Can you write better "erotic poetry" than this?: *"The lady spy said to the Gentleman's Fly: it's come inside,/ IT's cold outside and in-DICK-ated to his freezing penis How Her/ Vagina Came Inside and how Staid It Was inside. . ."*

If you can, then one or both of two things probably is true: 1) You deserve the approximately $600 doled out by the Literature Board of the Australia Council to help publish *If I am the whole-e, Mother!* more than author Maggie Grey did; 2) You were one of the roughly 600 individual applicants for Literature Board funding last year who *didn't* get accepted.

In either case, don't read this book. It's likely to send your blood pressure right over the top — and not from an excess of admiration, either. The quality and substance of the whole thing are akin to the above-quoted lines. Bad, forced puns, a jarringly adolescent obesssion with "cute" ways to talk about genitalia, seemingly every most awful self-indulgence of the prosaic poetry-writer is assembled here for all to decry. The only good thing about this book is its packaging. It's perfect-bound, on heavy stock, with a wonderful four-color reproduction on the cover of "Red Dakini". Some of the money for this class-packaging act is where the Literature Board comes in. In 1982, this was one of about 100 books of "creative literature" that received Literature Board money under the "publishing subsidies" program, wherein established publishers vie for a total of about $200,000 per year in government funds. The Board's total budget was about $1.6 million last fiscal year.

Sylvia Hale of Hale and Iremonger says Grey's book is in print because "it deserved to be published". She said the company consulted with university English professors who recommended it highly. "They thought the erotica of it was extraordinary, coming from a woman."

The publisher's subsidy amounted to about $10 per page for the 61-page product, which is no more than a quarter of the cost for the print run of 1,000. Presumably, Hale & Iremonger picked up all, or part of the balance. Any way you look at it, this is a case where everyone (except maybe the author) stands to lose: the subsidiser, the publisher, and most especially, the reader.

— STEVE BUNK

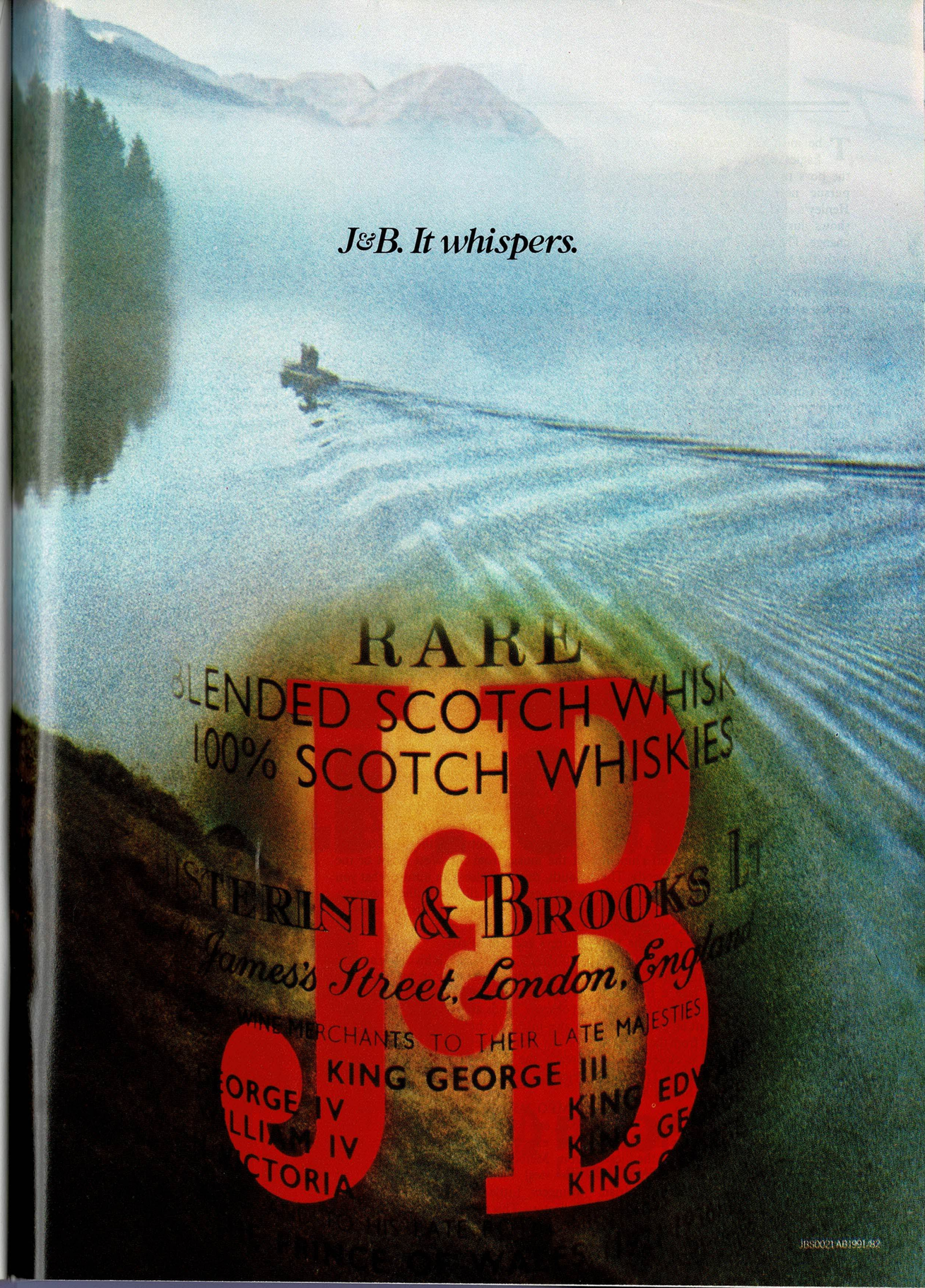
●

For the young executive going places, *Australian Protocol and Procedures* by Sir Asher Joel (Angus & Robertson) tells all on how to gain a firmer foothold on the slippery ladder of social success and business knowhow.

This classically-bound hefty tome imparts a wealth of easy-to-digest and practical information that belies its very erudite appearance. Okay, so maybe you don't foresee the dilemma of knowing upon which lapel to pin your Knights Bachelor medal, or whether to seat the archbishop above or below the salt and pepper at your next grand soiree. But, the chapters on parliament, law and royalty, and the detailed sections on arranging formal dinners or functions, forms of address and invitation, stand as invaluable references for anyone who's conscious of public polish and etiquette.

A leaf or two out of Sir Asher Joel's book of Aussie savoir-faire definitely won't go astray, no matter how high your aspirations may be.

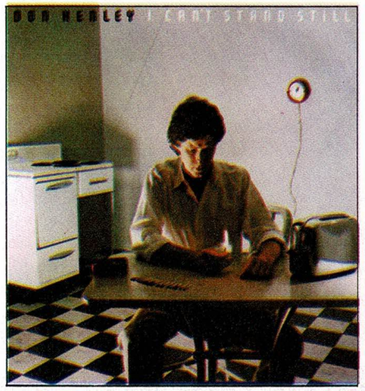
— SUSAN KUROSAWA



MUSIC

The most redeeming factor about the Eagles' dissolution is that it permitted the boys to tackle their own projects and pursue new musical associations. Don Henley's *I Can't Stand Still* (Asylum) shows just what good can come from change. The Eagles' drummer was the man with the voice most remembered for the band's finer moments and on this album his competence as a writer and performer makes a useful association with a diverse array of California's better musicians.

The record was produced by Henley, Danny Kortchmar and Greg Ladanyi, and it was with Kortchmar that Henley nutted out six original tunes for this work. Other writing credits are shared by J.D. Souther and Bob Seger but Henley throws a nice old swerve by incorporating a piece from the traditional Irish group, the Chieftains. In fact, La Eile (Gaelic for Another Day) is



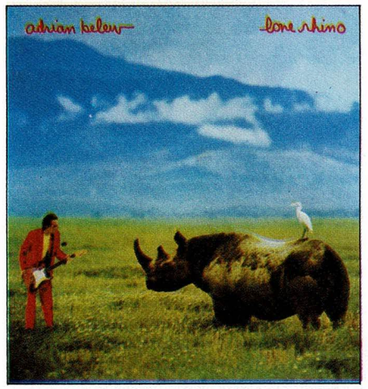
played by Chieftains Paddy Moloney (tin whistle) and Derek Bell (harp) and makes for a calculated prelude to the lilting Lilah.

●

Tropical Gangsters (Ze Records), by Kid Creole and the Coconuts, gives off a hint of Latin American allure and self-parody. The pity is that it misses the flight on both scores. Kid Creole is the creation of August Darnell and Andy Hernadez, two gangster types you might have found on the last flight out of Cuba. The ploy goes slightly astray when it comes to the music, which Darnell and Hernandez take a trifle too seriously. Yes, the timbales jitter in all the right places, the horns waft on cue and the three-tiered vocal support from the Babes is adequate. But the sound is closer to The New York dance floor than a Tropicana night club. The Andrews Sisters had this theme tapped a long time ago.

●

At last. . . a brilliant guitar album that draws nothing from the days of the "lead guitar greats" but is as modern as tomorrow. *Lone Rhino* (Island) by Adrian Belew is one of the genuine thrill-a-groove electric albums that still relies on a guitar



wizard as the central character. Belew is no prolific writer — in fact, he has taken quite a few years to collate the material for *Lone Rhino,* but the age difference doesn't show. His craft is the electric guitar and with his collection of axes he carves out a work of fractured images, touched up here and there with the computer gadgetry deployed now by so many other bands, or something as mundane as a saxophone. However, under Belew's guidance, the instruments combine to present anything but the norm.

The lyrical subject is equally compelling. He leaps the options from autobiographical to conservation, social satire to paranoia. *Lone Rhino* is an ambitious work and pleasingly so. If it takes Belew as long to deliver his next, it might well be worth the wait.

— NEIL JAMESON

●

Willie Phoenix hails from the state of Ohio in the U.S. There must be something about Ohio, isolated as it is in the plains of the Midwest. Devo, The Waitresses and The Pretenders' Chrissie Hynde also call Ohio home. In contrast to the predictability of the music from the West Coast or the South, this state does not nuture what you would expect at all. In Willie Phoenix's case, the closest analogy to his music would be that of Bruce Springsteen via Garland Jeffreys and Tom Petty.

Willie Phoenix (A&M) is his debut album. It was a long wait. Now in his early 30s, Willie spent almost 20 years slogging it out in obscure bands around Ohio. This album is awe-inspiring, but it is irrepressible and for any Springsteen fans it will pleasantly breach the long gap until Bruce's next release.

●

MEO 245 have had a very chequered life span, one which has failed to live up to the early expectations. The four-piece band from Melbourne have seen a few groups now steal their thunder, such as The Swingers, Little Heroes and Hunters and Collectors. This type of popular and critical acclaim used to be hoped for MEO 245.

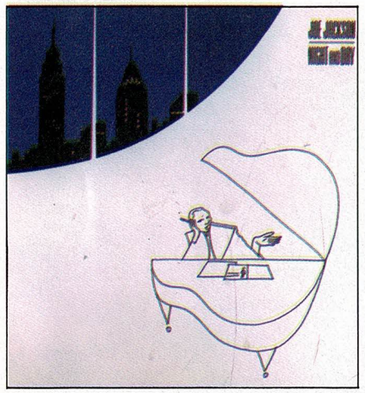
The group's early singles from 1980 owed a lot to English bands like The Jam. But last year's debut album saw Paul Brickbill's keyboards adopting a more dominant role, coupled with a more adventurous approach to rhythm. Their new mini LP, *Rites Of Passage* (Mushroom), sees a continuance of this direction. With one major exception: the mood is now depressingly sombre.

The six songs present a world that is unrelievedly bleak. Paul Northam's voice has acquired tormented mannerisms as he intones lyrics which portray uneasy acceptance of a hopeless and guilt-ridden existence. The drums and bass play halting, repetitive rhythms while the guitar and synthesiser drift in and out with wraith-like fragments of melody.

●

Joe Jackson is one artist who is not afraid to change. If it were not for his undoubted integrity and avoidance of neat commercial solutions, these dramatic turns in his career would be bewildering. On his first three albums — *Look Sharp, I'm The Man* and *Beat Crazy* — Joe established himself in the vanguard of the new English 'power pop' that emerged in the late '70s. His only peers were The Jam's Paul Weller and Elvis Costello. Together these three were the conscience that punk rock lacked, outside of the sloganeering of The Clash.

With his new album, *Night And Day* (A&M), Joe Jackson has returned to writing his own material. But the direction has



shifted yet again. Composed and recorded in New York, the record appears to have been greatly influenced by that city's abundant Latin music, particularly on the first side. There is not a guitar to be heard anywhere and consequently the keyboard-and-percussion-dominated sound owes a lot to salsa. As a whole, *Night And Day* is a qualified success. Joe Jackson does not appear to be fully comfortable with his new course. But the album does deserve time.

— KENT GODDARD

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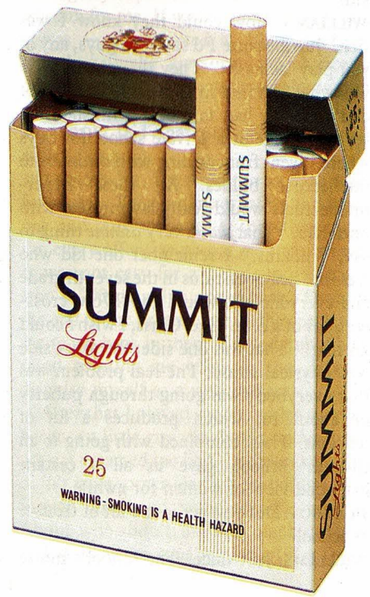

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ROBIN WILLIAMS (continued from page 37)

There's total fear every time you go on, and it doesn't matter if you're playing to 20 people or 2000.

you have them, and you can play supporting roles later on, like when your career tumbles to a quick end. Perhaps one day you can appear underwater as fourth bubble in *The Lloyd Bridges Story.''*

PLAYBOY: If you're through conversing with yourself, Robin, it sounds to us as if you intend to follow Woody Allen's example and jump into movies exclusively.

WILLIAMS: No, I'll always do live comedy, even if it should mean performing on the streets with a little pig-nosed amp and shitty microphone. And I'm not ruling out television, either. I'd like to come back and do something once in awhile.

PLAYBOY: You said before that night club work is therapeutic for you. In what way?

WILLIAMS: In a *lot* of ways. When I was doing *Mork & Mindy,* working the clubs was a way to keep my creative energies flowing without getting all flustered. It also provides the chance to explore other sides of yourself.

PLAYBOY: Do you still get nervous when performing in clubs?

WILLIAMS: There's total fear every time you go on, and it doesn't matter whether you're playing in front of 20 people or 200 or 2000. You get the same feeling every time, and if you don't you're fooling yourself.

PLAYBOY: Would you think something pure was slipping away if you felt more relaxed about performing?

WILLIAMS: Oh no, being relaxed is wonderful, and I'm not saying that manic is good, either. When you're manic on stage, well, that's when you're desperate, and the faster you talk, the more you're afraid. The ultimate relaxation is when you're working and you're totally in control. You feel as if nothing can go wrong and stuff just comes out of nowhere — that's the joy of it. My wife, Valerie, once told me she thought it was good for me to go onstage at comedy clubs as long as I wasn't doing it to get stroked. Because you *can* go out there and play that game of, "Hi, I'm Mr Incredible — aren't I cute?" If you're not exploring and coming up with new things, then it becomes a massive jerk-off.

PLAYBOY: If we asked you to analyse your comedy, how would you describe it?

WILLIAMS: The New Federalism of Humor. I don't know, I've never *tried* to describe what I do.

PLAYBOY: Try.

WILLIAMS: Well, I've heard other people describe me as a comic genius. *I'll* settle for that — will you?

PLAYBOY: Try again.

WILLIAMS: Thanks a lot. The only answer that occurs to me — I'm being straight now — is that my comedy is like emotional hang-gliding.

PLAYBOY: Fair enough. In terms of becoming a comedian, did it take you very long to learn how to hang-glide?

WILLIAMS: Long enough. The first couple of pieces I did were what you might expect from a young comic. I had this thing about Lawrence Welk going, "Tank you, tank you. Now let's get down and get fonky. The boys in the band will now play for you a luffly melody, Chumping Chack Flash. Play that fonky Muzak, white boys. Folks, I want you to know that efery one of the boys in the band is a real motherfocker in his own right." The other piece I did when I first started out was about a quarterback on acid who'd go up to the line of scrimmage and instead of calling signals would say, "Well, hike when the energy's right." In the beginning you find yourself doing a lot of drug humor and when you can't be funny you can get some laughs by saying motherfucker a lot. One of the initial reviews I got tore me up because it said I was a "scatological pubescent", and that was true. It hit me right on the nose. In the beginning, you're also imitating everybody you've ever seen — for me, it was touches of Winters and Pryor. But all of a sudden you get to a point where you go, "Ah, I can be *me.* I can develop my own stuff." And you *do.*

PLAYBOY: Several observers of the current comedy scene believe your humor is a lot gentler than that of your contemporaries. Any particular reason that might be true?

WILLIAMS: Maybe it comes from the fact that I came from an upper middle class family; maybe slightly upper, but not *that* much upper.

PLAYBOY: You and your family did live in a 30-room house on 20 acres didn't you? Most people would define that as upper class.

WILLIAMS: Yes, but the house was rented, and we didn't heat all the rooms.

PLAYBOY: Once again, Robin, you have our sympathy.

WILLIAMS: And once again, you've nailed me. From the burden of doing major roles, I now have to re-evaluate growing up in a cold house in the suburbs of Detroit. *Daddy, Daddy, come upstairs — Biffy and Muffy aren't happy. We only have seven servants. All the other families have 10.*

PLAYBOY: Were you popular with the other kids in the neighborhood?

WILLIAMS: There *were* no other kids in the neighborhood. There was nobody around to play with except the maid's son. Mom and dad each were married before, and they each had a child, but my half-brothers, Todd and Loren, were a lot older than me and I didn't see them until I was around 10. Todd would always extort all my money, he'd come into my room and say he needed some beer-money and I'd say, "Oh gosh, yes, take it *all.*" My mother would get furious because Todd would get into my piggy bank and walk out with $40 worth of pennies.

PLAYBOY: Did your parents spend a lot of time with you?

WILLIAMS: Yes, and we've always been *very,* very close. Picture George Burns and Gracie Allen looking like Alistair Cooke and Audrey Hepburn and that's what my parents are like. Dad was a troubleshooter for Lincoln-Continental in the days when Lincolns were strong rivals to Cadillacs, and for a long time we bounced back and forth from Detroit to Chicago. He has this very wry sense of humor, and Mom was always flying around, very bubbly and effervescent. Even when I was very young, she'd recite all these nasty poems to me. One of her best: *Spider crawling on the wall/Ain't you got no sense at all?/Don't you know that wall's been plastered?/Get off that wall, you little spider.* She thought that was great.

PLAYBOY: Would it be fair to say that your mother gave you your start in show business?

WILLIAMS: I got her energy and funkafied sense of humor, and I got a grounding thing from Dad.

PLAYBOY: Do you recall the first time you consciously began performing?

WILLIAMS: Yes, I started telling jokes in the seventh grade as a way to keep from getting the shit kicked out of me. Mom and Dad had put me in public school and most of the kids there were bigger than me and wanted to *prove* they were bigger by throwing me into walls.

PLAYBOY: Why? Because you were a rich kid?

WILLIAMS: How could they know I was rich? Just because I'd say, "Hi guys, any of you play lacrosse?" They thought lacrosse was what you find in la church. Because of dad's job we had to move. I finished the seventh grade at a private school for boys where I went from dealing with *shtarkers* to intellectual bullies. All these hyper-intellectuals would really lay into me with lines like, "That was a very *asinine* thing to say, Williams." I remember one kid who was into heavy calculus in the seventh grade and everyone else would go, "Wow, cross-sections of a *cone.* Gee, Chris, I wish *I* could do that." That was one side; the other side was physical abuse. The real problem was that everybody was going through puberty or about to, which produces a lot of tensions. That, combined with going to an all-boys' school, gave us all a certain extended view of women for awhile.

PLAYBOY: Did you get into a lot of trouble at school?

WILLIAMS: Just once. The school's motto was *Monsanto Incorpori Glorius Maxima Copia,* which in Latin means, "When the going gets tough, the tough go shopping." The faculty was dedicated to making sure we acquired poise, and one way to do it was to have us make speeches during lunch. One day when I was in the ninth grade, I did a comedy speech and people liked it, but I told a Polish joke. When I sat down, I immediately found out from my friends that our big heavy assistant headmaster was Polish. Before lunch was over, Mr Kroski came up to me and said, "Williams, may we talk for a moment?" Yes, sir, Mr Kroski, I sure must have lost my head.

PLAYBOY: What else do you remember about that period?

WILLIAMS: All my friends were Jewish, which is why I know so much Yiddish. I went to 14 bar mitzvahs in less than a year, and it was great. My friends made me an honorary Jew and used to tell people I went to services at Temple Beth Dublin. Being an honorary Jew was a real challenge, but I knew I could master the art of guilt. That's about when I took up wrestling too. After getting pushed around for a couple of years, in my first year of high school I decided, fuck it, I'll take control of this thing. So I did a lot of calisthenic work and got on the wrestling team.

PLAYBOY: Were you a good wrestler?

WILLIAMS: I was undefeated in my freshman year, but then I had to go to the state finals, where I was matched against some kid from upstate Michigan who looked like he was 23 and balding. I remember the guy asking me, "Are you a *grappler?''* Grappling is what you do when your opponent has twisted you up in such a way that you're about to bite your own balls. Really, parts of your body will be in places you never dreamed they could go, and you think about this when the inside of your knee somehow gets behind your *neck.* I dislocated my shoulder and had to quit during my sophomore year, but wrestling was fun for me. If you're a small guy, which I was — I competed at 103 pounds — wrestling finally gives you the chance to take out your aggressions on somebody your own size.

PLAYBOY: Did that put an end to your athletic career?

WILLIAMS: No, I was on the football team for a week. They put me at safety and in my one and only scrimmage, the other squad ran every offensive play at me and over me. It was not easy for a 103-pound safety to stop a 200-pound running back. Towards the end of the practice, when the coach told me to get back in there, I asked him if he'd mind painting me white so that I could disguise myself as a yard marker.

After that I played soccer, which was fun because a little guy can dart in and out and not get creamed too bad. In those days, you didn't have soccer teams if you didn't have foreign exchange students. We had an Abdul who didn't like too much contact, and if someone caught him with a flying tackle he'd get up and say, "Thot's eet, I going now." He was an Egyptian playing on a team made up mainly of Jews, with a couple of *goyim* like me thrown in. Abdul and I were friends, but there were days when he suspected that *everyone* was out to get him. "You, too, Thobbie," he once told me. "You pipple all trying *tockle* me." I said, "That's not true, Abdul. We just don't *pass* to you very often."

By the end of my junior year, I had my act together. I was a good student — a member of the magna cum laude society, in fact — and I was going to be president of the senior class. I was looking forward to a very straight existence and was planning to attend either a small college in the Midwest or, if I was lucky, an Ivy League school. But just before my senior year, my dad retired and we all drove out to our new home in Tiburon, California, just north of San Francisco in Marin County.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any expectations about life in California?

WILLIAMS: I had no idea what it was about, but the surprises started when we got near San Francisco and I saw this grey stuff rolling over the hills real *fast.* It was the first time I'd ever seen fog pouring in, and I thought it was poison gas. It scared the piss out of me.

PLAYBOY: Did Marin County's often-satirised lifestyle send you into deep cultural shock?

WILLIAMS: In terms of cultural shock, it probably would have been easier for me to move to Mexico. I had *total* cultural shock. Marin has the image of people bobbing for quaaludes, but it wasn't quite to that stage when I got there. Sausalito, for example, is now all shops and hot and cold running quiche, but in 1969 it was a lot less of a tourist town. I got a job at the Trident restaurant, which had the most beautiful waitresses in the world. They were also the *strangest* waitresses in the world. They wore spray-on two-piece macrame outfits that looked like a pair of socks. It was like, "Sonja, your *nipple's* hanging out." And she'd say, "I know, I'm trying to get tips." Girls literally had to audition for their jobs. They'd come in and get their pictures taken, and most of them were these lovely *mondo organo* earth princesses. They'd go up to a table and tell people, "Hello, I'm your waitress. How's you energy today? Our lunch special is the gestalt sushi — we give you a live fish, and you take the responsibility for killing it."

PLAYBOY: What was school like out there?

WILLIAMS: It was wonderful — and very, very *weird.* I went to Redwood High School, which had courses in 16mm filmmaking and a lot of psychology-type classes. It was the height of the encounter period, and in a lot of classes teachers would get everybody together for an energy hug. I remember this one teacher would sometimes just stop what he was doing and then a few kids would start pounding out a beat and everybody would get up and dance

around the room. They also had a black studies department, even though there was only one black kid in the school — and he didn't want any part of it. He said, "I know I'm black, so just leave me the fuck alone and let me go to school. I don't have to be in no black *studies* program." It was incredible to go from a private all-boys high school to a place where they had gestalt history classes and where kids were always flying around on acid.

PLAYBOY: You obviously regarded your new classmates as whackos. How did they feel about you?

WILLIAMS: Well, at first I still carried my briefcase, and guys would either ask, "Who's the geek?", or else they'd stare at me and say, "Wow, a briefcase — how un*mellow*. You're really creating negative energy." In the Midwest, if your classmates thought you were creating negative energy, you'd hear, "Yo!", followed by a right cross to the jaw. It took me a few weeks before I showed up at Redwood High without a tie on, and within a couple of months I finally took the big step and went to school in jeans.

PLAYBOY: Why was that a big step?

WILLIAMS: At Detroit Country Day School we always had to wear decent slacks and our school blazer, which was blue for the sea that brought us here and gold for the harps we hoped to find. Right after I started wearing jeans somebody gave me my first Hawaiian shirt and after that I was *gone;* I got into a whole wild phase and I learned to totally let go. Among other things, I also learned to say "for sure", which Californians pronounce fur*shirr*.

PLAYBOY: Among other things, did you also try drugs?

WILLIAMS: Fur*shirr*. Before coming to California I didn't even know what grass looked like. One of the first times I smoked it was on an astrological scavenger hunt — people who had the same astrological sign would pile into a bus and you'd drive all over the county searching for things like lost mandalas. The only problem I had with grass was that it got me real sleepy, so I didn't get into it and never have. At the time, though, there was a more important reason why I didn't want to smoke it. I was on the cross-country running team, and I thought it would be bad for me.

PLAYBOY: How did you think marijuana would harm you?

WILLIAMS: I thought that if I smoked grass, it would screw up my endurance. My hero then was Frank Shorter, who later won the Olympic marathon, and I grew a moustache then so that I could look like him. Shorter's running mate was a guy named Jack Bachelor, and me and a teammate named Phil Russell used to fantasise that we were Frank and Jack. Our cross-country team would run up and down these beautiful Northern California hills, and I remember going up this steep trail high on Mt. Tamalpais, and coming to the edge of it — and there, below us, was the fog sitting on Stinson Beach. That gave me a beautiful Zen-like feeling of *satori*, and I ran right down into the ocean. The other guys warned me not to go into the water, but it was too beautiful to resist. The moment I jumped in, both legs went out on me. It was like my body saying, "You use me so hard for an hour and then you do *this* to me? How's about if I cramp up both your legs and make your testicles disappear right up through your scrotum? Think you'll remember not to jump in the water *next* time?"

PLAYBOY: Did that cause you to change your training habits?

WILLIAMS: I only got stoned once on a training run. I remember we came over a hill and there, in the middle of the trail, was this strange thing — a turkey vulture. Marin has a lot of them, and I thought, "Well, he'll just move aside." But when I got close, it went *hsssssss* and spread its wings, and I turned to the rest of the guys and said, "Oh Jesus, I *knew* this would happen if I got stoned. I can't *deal* with it!"

PLAYBOY: Did you ever have a full-fledged freak-out on drugs?

In the Midwest, if your classmates thought you were creating negative energy, you'd hear, "Yo!", followed by a right cross to the jaw.

WILLIAMS: Well, just before graduation, a friend gave me peyote without telling me what it was. I said, "Why is this mushroom so *mangey?*" and he said, "Don't worry about it." A little while later I could see that he was having some problems. I said, "Gosh, your face is turning into Silly Putty, and why is your *head* expanding? Your *eyes* are moving now — why do you have one eye on your chin? Uh-oh, your face is starting to *melt.*"

The closest I came, I guess, was three years ago at the Bread & Roses music festival in Berkeley. During a performance, somebody gave me some cookies which supposedly would give me a buzz. I hadn't had anything to eat that day, so I thought it would probably be okay to eat half a cookie. It wasn't. A few hours later, I was sitting at a pool and all of a sudden it became difficult for me to breathe and I couldn't move. Some little kids came over and asked for an autograph, but I wasn't even able to sign my name — I couldn't do *anything.* Some people get very vivacious and out-going on drugs; I just get debilitated.

PLAYBOY: So you're telling us, despite all the dope references and the rumors, that you've never really gotten into drugs?

WILLIAMS: No, never. And I never will. I mean, somebody once gave me a Valium and it stayed in my blood for a couple of days. I was like [*shakes his head,*] *out of it.* Most times, anything I try, I have the opposite reaction to what I'm supposed to have.

PLAYBOY: Does that include cocaine? Instead of speeding you up it makes you nod out?

WILLIAMS: Yeah, I get passive and just hold back. Most people get talkative; I don't say anything to anybody. It's almost weird, because I don't have regular reactions to any of those things. I don't like doing any of the heavies, because my energy normally is just up when I'm performing.

PLAYBOY: At a *Mork & Mindy* taping we attended, a couple of teenagers in the audience asked you how many "lines" you do every morning. Presumably they meant cocaine or possibly speed. Did that surprise you?

WILLIAMS: No, because if you've got energy, that's their assumption: "Good God, he's got all this energy, what's he really doing? You doing *speed*, man?" They assume you gotta be doing that shit and that it goes with the territory. No, the best drug in the world for me is performing.

PLAYBOY: After a couple of years at university in California, you went to Juilliard acting school in New York City. Was that a heavy adjustment for you to make?

WILLIAMS: I was the walking epitome of fur*shirr* meets yo' ass. On my first day in New York, I went to school dressed like a typical California kid; I wore tie-up yoga pants, a Hawaiian shirt and I kept stepping in dog shit with my thongs. My first week there, I was in a bus going uptown to see an apartment when an old man two seats in front of me suddenly collapsed and died. He slumped over against a woman sitting next to him, and I saw her say, "Get *off* me!" and move away. Somebody told the driver what happened, so he stopped the bus and ordered everybody off, but I wanted to stay and *help.* The driver told me, "He's *dead,* motherfucker, now get off! You can't do *shit* for him so take your raggedy California ass and get outta my bus!" I knew that living in New York was certainly going to be *different.*

PLAYBOY: Were Juilliard's teaching techniques vastly different from those of the colleges you'd attended?

WILLIAMS: Yes, they really were. In the other places, you'd do scenes and then discuss them, but at Juilliard we worked on all the skills needed by an actor. They're a little like the Army; they break you down and then they build you back up. In my first few days at school I learned that I didn't project out, that I talked too fast, and that I swallowed my words. One of the first things I tried in class was a religious monologue Dudley Moore had done in *Beyond The Fringe.* I thought I did fine, but my teacher, a man named Michael Conn, hated it so much that he said, "You have two choices: come back and do it again, or give up any thoughts you have about an acting career." He really was furious with me, and it was because I'd only imitated what I'd heard and hadn't tried to find new things that would make the piece *mine.*

PLAYBOY: Did that shake you up?

WILLIAMS: It did, but that's what it was supposed to do — they wanted to reorient you and get you out of easy patterns. A *lot* of teachers were intense, including a New Yorker named Gene Loesser who'd stop you in the middle of a reading and shout, "What the fuck do you think you're DOING?" What we were doing was working our asses off; between all the acting, speech, movement and even fencing classes, we'd be at Juilliard from eight in the morning 'til nine or 10 o'clock at night. In the same way the Juilliard School of Music didn't acknowledge jazz or pop, the acting school also emphasised the classical approach. John Houseman, who was principal of the acting school, gave a speech one day in which he said, [*imitating Houseman:*] "The theatre *needs* you. Don't be tempted by television or the movies. The theatre needs new plasma, new blood." And then a week later we saw him in a Volvo commercial.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any run-ins with Houseman?

WILLIAMS: He talked to me once when I was blowing a literature course. In a very elegant way, Houseman told me to pull it together. That wasn't easy. Me and Chris Reeve had come in together as advanced students — Chris had gone to Cornell — and we had to catch up to the other students who'd been at Juilliard for a year. Chris lived about five blocks away, and we used to go up to the roof of his apartment building and drink cheap wine and talk about present and lost loves. Except for my friendship with brother Reeve, that first year was rough, especially at Christmas-time. I couldn't afford to go back to California for the holiday, and it was the first cold, cold winter I'd experienced in many years — and New York seemed unbearably bleak and lonely. One day I just started sobbing and couldn't stop, and when I ran out of tears my body kept going; it was like having emotional dry heaves. I went through two days like that, and finally hit rock bottom and realised I had a choice: I could either tube out or level off and relax. At that point I became like a submarine on the bottom that blows out some ballast and gets back up again.

Once all my anxieties were behind me, the rest of that year was easy, and the following year was even better, mostly because of a girl I met who'd recently come to New York from California. She was a free spirit who thought nothing about walking through tough neighborhoods wearing white lace gowns. I told her if she kept it up she'd get killed, and she said, "No, my aura will defend me." Her *aura?* I said, "Your aura's not gonna do shit against a straight razor." I was wrong. She'd blithely walk down the most dangerous streets in Manhattan and guys would stop her and say, "Hey, what's happenin', dear?" or "Yo, you lookin' good *today,* baby." Her best defence was not having one. We had a very wonderful time, and then I went back to California for the summer — and *really* fell in love. That was a transformation point in my life.

PLAYBOY: How so?

WILLIAMS: Well, it began with me not wanting to leave my girl friend. When I came back to Juilliard in the fall, Chris had left to do a soap opera, and the amount of actual training I got dropped off: Juilliard used third-year students to perform shows on the road. We'd go to the Bronx and play at tough high schools and then we'd go to very elegant places upstate where the audiences were straight out of *Night of the Living La Coste.* I really *missed* my lady friend, and I began running up $400 a month telephone bills — and at the time, I was having trouble just making the rent. The tension of a long-distance romance was such a drain that before spring came I dropped out of Juilliard and came back to San Francisco. As soon as I got back, I realised why I left: I was at an impasse there, and it was time to take another step forward.

One day I just started sobbing and couldn't stop, and when I ran out of tears my body kept going; it was like having emotional dry heaves.

PLAYBOY: What did you have in mind?

WILLIAMS: I wasn't sure, but I knew I'd reached the end of the line at Juilliard. When I got back to San Francisco, the girl and I lived together for about a month and then it just fell apart. I went into a massive depression, and when I wasn't accepted by the couple of San Francisco theatre companies that actually pay their actors, I joined a comedy workshop. It didn't take me long to put together my first stand-up routine, and the guy who ran the workshop, Frank Kidder, had us perform on weekends at a place called The Intersection on Union Street. It was a former religious coffee-house, and before we'd go on there'd be poetry readings. I liked the feminist poets best.

PLAYBOY: Did you put your acting career on hold at that point?

WILLIAMS: Yeah, I did that immediately. Comedy had always been an outlet for me, but I'd always treated it as a guerilla activity. It became primary for two reasons: it was a form of therapy that helped me get over the relationship, and it also allowed me to support myself for the first time. I'd do $25-a-night gigs, and I'd actually make enough to pay my $100 a month rent. I was self-sustaining, and I could say, "No, pop, I don't need that check, but thanks." I played a lot of tiny clubs like The Holy City Zoo in San Francisco — I met Valerie there — and the Salamander in Berkeley, which was a *very* strange place. One night, the guy who ran the Salamander shot a customer just because the man asked for change.

It happened pretty quickly for me after that. Before long I was getting good time slots at bigger clubs and I started making decent money. When Valerie and I had been together for about six months, it was time to take the next step and join the great migration south.

PLAYBOY: To Los Angeles?

WILLIAMS: Right. San Francisco comedians were finding work down there, and a couple of them had gotten on *The Merv Griffin Show.* I pulled up roots then, and convinced Valerie to come with me even though it was going to be tough for her. Valerie is a modern dance teacher and there isn't too much of a call for that in Los Angeles. I mean, Twyla Tharp doesn't choreograph the June Taylor Dancers. Valerie went with me, though, and a few days after we got there I auditioned at The Comedy Store and was hired for $200 a week. After that I worked the Improv and other clubs and after about six months in L.A., George Schlatter saw me at The Comedy Store and hired me for *Laugh-In.*

I went into that show with *such* heavy illusions.

PLAYBOY: What were they?

WILLIAMS: I thought I'd made it into the big time and that I'd have a big house and everything else that goes with being on a hit TV show. Unfortunately, doing a remake of a show that was one of the milestones of TV was a little like doing *Jaws VI:* how are you going to top the original? Are you gonna have the shark come up on land and *gum* people to death? *Laugh-In* sure sobered my ass up.

The show lasted 14 weeks, and most of the time I played a redneck or a Russian. My best line: Frank Sinatra was on *Laugh-In* one week and I went up to him and said, "Mr Sinatra, I'm so happy to meet you I could drop a log." I was afraid they'd want to fire me and that I'd have to explain that I never meant to upset Uncle Frank. Thank God he laughed.

PLAYBOY: How do you think your future *will* turn out?

WILLIAMS: I have no idea, but I'll settle for Valerie and living on our ranch in Napa and one day passing on the things I've learned to a child of ours, who'll sit there saying, *"Really,* daddy, I saw *Popeye* yesterday — did you *have* to squint?" As far as being an actor or comedian, I'll always perform because show business is in my blood. Or maybe it's in my feet. Wherever it is, I don't think I'll ever stop.

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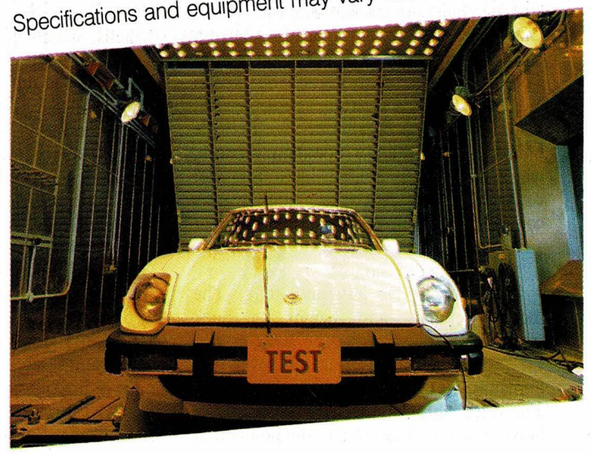

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SHARING

(continued from page 56)

After several bottles of Cabernet, the third girl looks pretty good, too, and I'm seeing trio.

decided. "You will play the kookaburra."

"Hey?"

On the way out, I reassure her that although I will call *her* (rather than vice versa), I'm quite certain she's perfect for the part.

"Hey?" she says.

I fish in my pocket for a chunk of sausage to toss her, find instead the classified ads, and am forced to leave her agape, with her nose all over her face.

This visit and subsequent ones teach me that the kookaburra represents one of two basic poses encountered by the shared accommodation seeker: gratitude and aggression. My research has begun to reveal a number of such sad facts, but nothing yet that I can sink my cinematic teeth into. Still more study is called for.

Back I go to the endless columns, in search of the provocative. A few days later, I find the ad that turns out to be the vignette *par excellence:* "Glebe. Two want third for small flat. Flexible attitude essential."

I drive over to Glebe, put on a flexible expression, and knock. At my touch, the door swings open to a Roy Rogers and Dale Evans duet. Seeing no one, I step inside. Something scuttles behind another door.

"Anyone there?" I push the door open with a forefinger, and look into a dining room. The table is on its side against a wall, and the chairs are stacked atop each other. In the cleared space at the centre, a buxom cowgirl in chaps, spurs, a ten-gallon hat and a pair of pearl-handled six guns sheathed in red plastic holsters is sitting astride a naked man. The latter is on all fours, with a dog's muzzle on his face and a rope about his neck, which the rider is holding like reins. The cowgirl's hair is chartreuse, but the only color in her white-painted face is the stub of a cheroot.

"Excuse me," I say.

Horse and rider jerk and stare. The mount screams and begins to buck violently. "Whoa," yells the cowgirl, but the horse is jack-knifing all over the linoleum, his eyes rolling above the muzzle. The rider whips one of the guns from her holster. Before I can move, she points it at her mount's brainpan and fires.

There is a loud report, and a red plastic bullet ricochets off the horse's temple. His scream of pain and fear is almost human. The rider whinnies and rakes the mount with her spurs, as the stench of burnt sulphur fills the air.

"He's a jumper," whoops the cowperson, jerking the reins to head her mount toward the balcony. A guardrail has been removed at one end and I see that the balcony is close to a smaller building. The roof of the neighboring structure may be reachable with a running jump, but not from hands and knees.

"Giddap, you mangy critter," yelps the gunwoman. I cringe at the bloody welts her spurs are raising on his flanks, but his wagging penis somehow precludes intervention. Horrified, I stand staring from the doorway while two pairs of wild eyes and elbows trundle down the length of the balcony. Just when it looks as though they'll plunge over the edge into the gum-choked arroyo below, the horse rears up on his knees, scrabbling at the rope around his neck. With one hand, the rider holds the reins tight. With the other, she quick-draws, and a tiny red missile arcs into the blue. Inside, Roy and Dale are finishing Happy Trails to You. The sun is not setting, it being 10 o'clock at night, but this nevertheless is the single most cinematic find of my entire research project thus far.

With the rider now bowing and doffing her ten-gallon hat and the naked horse curtsying, it seems only proper to applaud. "Did you really like it?" squeals the armed one. Not wishing to mislead, I say, "You certainly sit an excitable mount."

After that diplomatic exchange, the gent puts on a gown, the lady washes her face, and they offer me coffee. I discover that she drives a forklift and he sells seashells — he goes around the beaches hunting up seashells, which he makes into necklaces and other bits of jewellery. They're active politically. She golfs, he sews, and they have a huge collection of lunch boxes painted with cartoon and TV characters. They have heaps of cowboy lunch boxes. Viciously, I lie that for leisure, I like to go riding. His ears prick up at this but she pulls out her gun again. I wave at the door and canter off, expecting the sting of plastic in the back.

It doesn't come. Around the bend, I breathe easier and decide that some subjects can be *too* cinematic for the movies. What I need is a mysterious setting, the sort of place where things seethe under the surface. I find it in Birchgrove. Let me rephrase that; actually, I don't find it in Birchgrove, but what I do find promises to be even better than things seething under the surface. What I find is this:

"Birchgrove. Three females want male to share large, older-style flat. Own room. Relaxed household. $32.50 p.w."

Three females. . .I'm there in 15 minutes. The female who answers the door is mid-twenties, with a 1960s look. The sort who doesn't call herself a girl or a lady, but a woman. Enough of her dark hair is not in a bun to make obvious she doesn't have a close relationship with her mirror. She's wearing tight blue jeans with a scarf and blouse that have an indeterminate paisley look of tea and jazz about them.

Inside, the house smells of incense and the couches have no legs. Black abstract paintings ooze like sap from the walls. Buddha-like, the stereo reposes in a place of honor. People are clustered in the living room, speaking in foreign accents. One of them, a West German, has been living in the house for a few months but is leaving to travel around Australia. His is the room that will be available. The woman (I'll call her Joanne) takes me upstairs to look at the room. Hers is just down the hall, see? I see. We go down to the dining room, and while she makes coffee, I watch a phalanx of tiny ants as they swarm over the fruit in a bowl on the table.

"This is a relaxed household," I tell her, forgetting where I read it. She smiles and hands me the coffee. Her eyes remind me of a place called Emerald Bay.

One of the other women in residence rushes in and I meet her briefly, before she heads for her job at the cocktail lounge. The third woman, Joanne's sister, is away for a week. Greedily, I wonder if she looks like Joanne.

The German comes into the room and says he's going out for awhile. He puts his hand on the back of Joanne's neck and kisses the top of her head. He leaves, and we absorb this in silence.

Joanne stands in the doorway as I walk down the front steps. There's a breeze, and more of her hair has come undone.

"Don't forget to ring," she says, and puts one foot on top of the other.

I barely hear her, busy as I am with assessing the marketing implications of replacing Isabelle with an Aussie unknown. Of more immediate concern than recasting, though, is that second phone call. Just this one time, it would be great to ring back and find out what she thought of me. What if she said no? I'd be relieved, but crushed. I wouldn't be sure if I wanted to get pissed in celebration, or misery. What if she said yes? I'd be in even bigger trouble.

"I'm ringing because I said I would," I say into the phone, and silently congratulate myself for a statement that is polite, yet meaningless.

"That's nice of you, but we haven't decided on who we want to move in," she says.

Reminding myself that I don't want to move in anyway, I fight the urge to beg.

"Why don't you come by again tomorrow night?" she says. "My sister Connie will be in town then and Cheryl, our other housemate, is off work. We can all sit down and get better acquainted."

I'm there 40 minutes early, and hit a pub to while it away. Connie turns out to be even better-looking, if that's possible, than her sister. After several bottles of Cabernet, the third girl looks pretty good, too, and I'm seeing trio. These visions are aided by the fact that we've had what is known as lively

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repartee. Just when I'm about to get witty, I notice that Connie has fallen over while executing a one-armed head stand, and now is asleep on her neck in a corner. Joanne is intent on getting the cat stoned so she can teach it how to bark, and Cheryl's voice, singing Piece of My Heart, rises from the shower like a genocide in progress.

Just when it looks as if my wildest dreams once again will not come true, Connie unfolds, as new as the dawn that almost has arrived. She takes me by the hand, diverts Joanne from the cat on our way upstairs, and recruits Cheryl as she emerges from the shower. Together, the four of us jump into Joanne's bed, clothes fly, and I am engulfed in a soft warm wave of limbs and tongues. . . I snap awake to hysterical laughter, slamming like a series of shutters across the screen of morning. The kookaburras have risen to mock me.

I unravel from a foetal position on the couch and sit up; the inside of my head sears like childbirth. With ragged bits of vision, I notice that the room is empty. There is a note on the coffee table, which reads: "Thanks for the party. Hugo (the German) has decided to stay after all. Sorry we didn't have the heart to tell you last night."

Everything after Piece of My Heart was a lie. I curse, and the exhalation of my breath almost knocks me out again. What a disappointment. It was the best scene of all my other researching put together. Schlepping out of the house, I'm so depressed that I consider giving up the film business. But later in the day, after a pick-me-up has dusted me off, I reconsider. It's not the film business that disappoints, but my plot. Will I be able to successfully integrate terrorists, car chases and French beauties into a setting of shared accommodation? Is that a real-life expectation? Hell, no — so why not forget the fiction, and go for pure documentary? Something that captures the experience — rather than the essence — of group living and yet still exudes sex and violence. Something that seethes.

Suddenly, I realise it's Saturday, a big day for share accommodation advertisements. I rush to the nearest newsagent, buy a paper, and as my trembling hands turn the pages, the awful truth hits home: I no longer am doing this for research, but for kicks. I have become a share accommodation junkie. That miserable wretch who answers ads on a Saturday just for the thrill of show and tell. The pathetic joke who promises to move into seven different flats on Monday. The ultimate groupie, a sort of communard Nazi, the following that precedes cultism, a basically sick person. Shocked, I throw aside the newspaper. That's it, never again. I'm swearing off, cold turkey. Who needs it, anyway? But even the thought of this self-denial sends chills down what is left of my spine. No sooner do I give it a miss than I'm in a phone booth, dialling. This is sickening, disgusting, I'm revolted, I. . .

" 'ello?"

Mon Dieu, she sounds French!

As it turns out, she isn't. Nevertheless, those fleeting moments of hope recharge my cinematic batteries. Feverishly, I begin drafting the telegram that will turn my dreams into real-life:

"Chere Isabelle Huppert, une question: aimez vous les dirigibles?. . ."

NEXT MONTH

1982 PLAYMATE REVIEW — A FOND FAREWELL TO THE VISUAL DELIGHTS OF THE YEAR THAT WAS.

THE CRIME BEAT — THERE ARE A MILLION STORIES IN THE BIG CITY AND BRIAN BOLTON, AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST CRIME REPORTER, HAS WRITTEN MOST OF THEM.

ISLAND DIVING — A SUB-AQUA SEARCH FOR EXCITEMENT AND SECRETS OF THE DEEP IN THE TROPICAL WATERS OF VANUATU.

FUNNY MAN — EVER FANCY YOURSELF AS A STAND UP COMIC? PLAYBOY'S WRITER TOOK ON THE ASSIGNMENT AND LIVED TO TELL THE TALE.

SHE'S APPLES — DENISE ROBINSON, OUR FIRST TASMANIAN PLAYMATE, MAKES US WONDER WHY WE DIDN'T START PICKIN' 'EM SOONER.

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